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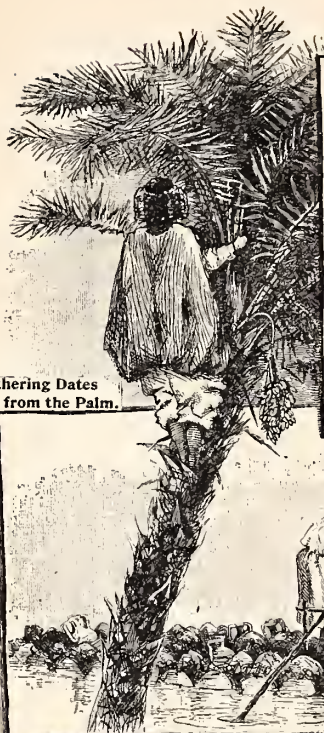






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Gathering Dates
from the Palm.



Nile Scene.



Boat Load of Water Bottles on the Nile.



The Shaduf.



Making Rope.



WANDERINGS

-- IN --

BIBLE LANDS:

NOTES OF TRAVEL

IN ITALY, GREECE, ASIA-MINOR, EGYPT, NUBIA,
ETHIOPIA, CUSH, AND PALESTINE.

By D. L. MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "EUROPE AND BIBLE LANDS."

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PREFACE.

INE years ago, with a considerable degree of reluctance, the author was induced to publish a book of travels bearing the title, "Europe and Bible Lands." The work was received with so much favor that eleven editions were printed to meet the demand for it. From the many kind words written and spoken in regard to the book the author has been led to believe that some good resulted from its publication.

And now, after the lapse of almost a half score of years, another journey has been made to the Lands of the Bible, another series of letters has been written and another book is to be sent out on its mission. The question as to the good to be accomplished by a work of this kind has been anxiously considered by the writer. If no good is to come to humanity from it, then the time spent in travel and writing has been wasted.

What if I have wandered through the ruined halls of Karnac and Luxor, gone down into the Egyptian darkness of the Tombs of the Pharaohs, seen the first rays of the rising sun touch the statues of Rameses at Abou Simbel, and watched the stream of time from the top of the Great Pyramids? What if I have crossed the Land of Goshen and followed the fleeing Israelites across desert and sea and stood where Miriam sang the glad song of deliverance? What if I have visited and revisited the Holy City, walked in the courts of Solomon's Temple, knelt beneath the olive trees in Gethsemane, looked upon the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,

drunk from the Prophet's Fountain at Jericho, bathed in the pure water of Galilee, and wandered through all the Land of Promise? What if all this has been done? Surely the time has been wasted if no good to the church and to humanity is to come from it. But it is hoped that some good may result from these labors.

The object sought in sending out this volume is to awaken a deeper interest in the study of the Bible and make our faith in the Word of God stronger. The Lands of the Bible are teeming with evidences of the truth of the Book of God. Almost daily the pickaxe of the excavator is revealing the records of the past, and infidelity is receiving its strongest blows from this source. A record of all the recent discoveries bearing upon the Bible story would fill many volumes: only the more important find place here.

Elder Joseph Lahman, of Illinois, accompanied the writer on the journey to Egypt and the desert. He proved himself in all respects to be a true and trusty friend, a most agreeable and pleasant traveling companion and a helpful associate. The plural form of the pronoun is used because the Elder was my inseparable companion.

The author does not lay claim to scholarship or literary training. Such as he has he gives. The critic will find errors in composition, but the statements made have been carefully examined and verified, and may be depended upon as being correct.

The following excellent works have been consulted and used in the preparation of this work, and obligation to the various authors is acknowledged:

"St. Paul's Footsteps in Rome," Forbes; "The Catacombs," Forbes; "The Roman Catacombs," Northcote;

"Pompeii," Rolfe; "Italy, Upper and Lower Egypt," Baedeker; "Through Bible Lands," Schaff; "The Nile," Budge; "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," Edwards; "Egypt To-day," Roe; "Ten Years Digging in Egypt," Petrie; "Monuments of Upper Egypt," Mariette Bey; "The Tell Amarna Tablets," Conder; "Ancient Egypt," Maspero; "Egypt Under the Pharaohs," Brugsch; "The Land of the Pharaohs," Manning; "History of Ancient Egypt," Rawlinson; "Biblical Researches," Robinson; "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," Prime; "The Ancient Egyptian," Wilkinson; "Eastern Life," Martineau; "The Great Pyramid," Ford; "A Miracle in Stone," Seiss; "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and Exodus," Robinson; "Pharaoh to Fella," Bell; "The Land and the Book," Thomson; "Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway," Dr. Merrill; also to the Religious Tract Society, London, for illustrations. He is also under special obligations to Grant Mahan, of Mt. Morris College, for valuable assistance in proof reading and in preparing copy for the press, and to L. A. Plate for assistance in proof reading.

In sending this volume out, the author expresses the hope that, under God's blessing, some good may result from its publication. If any one is led to read and examine the Bible, and is thus brought into a closer communion with the Book of books, we shall feel that our long and fatiguing journey and the many weary hours spent over these letters were time and labor not spent in vain.

D. L. Miller.

Mount Morris, Illinois, January 1, 1894.


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CHAPTER I.

New York to Rome.—Crossing the Atlantic.—A Death at Sea.—The Rock of Gibraltar.—Genoa, the Home of Columbus.—Pisa, its Leaning Tower and Baptistry.

T this date, Nov. 12, 1892, in company with our traveling companion, who shall be known as the Elder, we are on board the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II, at the harbor in the City of New York, ready to set sail for the Old World. Ten days hence, if our voyage be prospered, we shall cast anchor off the rocks of Gibraltar, and two days later shall land at Genoa, Italy. A short time spent in Rome, a visit to Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius, and we take ship for Alexandria, Egypt. The winter will be spent on the Nile, the desert, and at Jerusalem. The Seven Churches of Asia are also in the line of our travels, and we hope to travel extensively in the lands of the Bible before our return. Some months ago our wanderings in the Old World were interrupted by illness and the prevalence of the cholera in some of the countries we desired to visit. We turned our faces homeward, saying that if the way opened in the future we should go on with our work and try to finish it, the Lord so directing. So far as we can see with our limited vision, the way seems to be open, and we start upon our mission, trusting in God for the result. How much we shall be able to accomplish is known only to him into whose hands we commit all our ways.

My dear wife, who has hitherto been my ever-constant companion, remains at home. Those who have felt the bitter pang of separation will know, others can only vaguely imagine what this journey means to both of us. With a brave heart she said, "Go, for it seems to be best that I remain at home." And to-day, as I sail out upon the broad Atlantic, I realize that there are lonely, aching hearts at home. God be with them all until we shall meet again.

The charm of travel, it has been said, is in prospect and retrospect. In the actual experience there are many things that are far from being pleasant. Separation from home and friends, danger and fatigue, with many vexations and annoyances, fall to the lot of all travelers. When the journey has been made and the traveler is safe at home again, the vexations are forgotten and it is pleasant to look back and recall the enjoyable part of the trip. But as we write our ship is out at sea, and we bid farewell to home and country.

Sea voyages have been described again and again, and descriptions will continue to multiply until there shall be no more sea. The great, restless ocean, bearing upon its bosom the navies and the commerce of the world, has always had an absorbing interest for humanity. To those who stand on the shore and listen to the dying murmurs of the waves as they lose themselves on the sands of the beach, it has a strange fascination that is always strong, and a deep interest that is ever new. To those who go down to the sea in great ships, there is an added concern. The change from sunshine to clouds, from calm to storm, is watched with wonderful interest. Then, too, there is always present with the traveler a dim, vague sense of uncertainty as to what the sea has in store for him. Many of the works of the Lord and the wonders of the deep are re-

vealed, and yet how many mysteries are buried beneath the blue waves, and how many secrets are covered by the restless waters, never to be revealed until, at the command of him who holds all things in his hands, the sea shall give up her dead.

And now we are off on our long journey. The great ship which is to bear us hence moves out of her dock, swings around upon the bosom of the river, glides like a thing of life down the smooth water of the bay, passing the lower forts, bristling with cannon for the defense of the principal port of our country, and we are out upon the broad waters of the Atlantic Ocean. We stop a moment to drop our pilot, and the last connecting link with country, homes and loved ones is severed, and we must now look for news from home on the other shore. In twelve days, if the Lord prosper our voyage, we hope to cast anchor and land at Genoa, Italy, four thousand, three hundred miles away.

Sailing out upon the great deep on this cloudy November day, we wonder what the sea has in store for us. Shall we be driven hither and thither, and tossed by the stormy wind? Shall we reach our desired haven in safety? The sea holds her own secrets, and the rippling waves whisper not of what she will bring to the wanderers, but hope ever singing in the heart says, "All will be well."

Thoughts like these doubtless came to each of the one hundred and five cabin passengers on board the Kaiser Wilhelm as we stood on deck, taking a last glimpse of our native land. In that company stood an unseen and unwelcome form. The angel of death brooded over the ship and marked one of our number for his own. Before we had been at sea ten hours a young man who had said farewell to father and mother at the dock in New York had ended his earthly voyage. He had been sitting in one of the deck

rooms, and at ten o'clock he said: "I will go down to my room." When he reached the lower deck he sank down, and before the ship's doctor reached him he was dead. Heart failure and hemorrhage were the immediate causes of his death. The sudden and unexpected death cast a gloom over the ship's company and this was increased when, on Sunday morning, it was announced that the body would be buried at sea. As the sun sank behind the western clouds, bathing sea and sky with the tints of red and gold, preparations were made to give the lifeless form to the waves. A platform was fastened to the side of the ship, and all the arrangements were completed. It was sad to think of this burial, and of the stricken hearts in that far-away New England home when the news of the death and burial of their only son should reach them. At the last moment the efforts of some of the passengers were successful. They guaranteed the payment of all expenses. The body was embalmed and will be carried to Genoa, and then sent back to New York.

This act of loving-kindness on the part of strangers makes our faith in humanity stronger. It is one of those acts, so wholly unselfish and disinterested, that come only from a desire to obey the golden rule, and it shall in no wise lose its reward. And so, at the last moment, the sea was robbed of its prey, and the friends at home will have the sorrowful satisfaction of laying the body of their boy in the family tomb.

He was the only child, the joy of a mother's heart, the hope of a father's declining years, gone never to return again. In that home father and mother are anxiously waiting for news from their boy, and when the cable flashes the news back from the shores of Spain, it will carry a sad, sad story; for to them

"The wind of the sea is the waft of death,
The waves are singing a song of woe;
By silent river, by moaning sea,
Long and vain shall the watching be;
Never again shall the sweet voice call,
Never the white hand rise and fall!"

We turn away from this sad picture with heartfelt sympathy for the stricken home. But the sudden appearance of death in our midst left upon all an impression that will not soon be forgotten. Surely, in the midst of life we are in death!

In planning our present trip to the Bible Lands, we aimed to take the most direct route from New York to Port Said, Egypt. Instead of going to Northern Europe, we took a more southerly course which will carry us by the Azores Islands to the Strait of Gibraltar. Heretofore we have landed at Bremen, Germany, fifty-two degrees North Latitude. On this trip we shall catch our first glimpse of the Eastern Continent when we sight Cape St. Vincent, the southern point of Portugal, fifteen degrees south of Bremen.

Two points are gained in taking this southern route. We gain time. We are anxious to spend as much of the winter and spring in Egypt and Palestine as possible. The other point, not so important but not to be overlooked, is, that by taking the southern route we escape the heavy winter storms of the North Atlantic. Having had an experience last December as to what a winter hurricane on the ocean means, we have no desire to try another. Our curiosity in that direction has been more than satisfied.

At this writing, Nov. 21, having been at sea nine days, we can say that our anticipation of a pleasant voyage has thus far been fully realized. The weather has been delightfully pleasant. Sunshine and clear skies, with warm,

balmy breezes have been the order of the days as they have gone by. It has been altogether one of the finest of our five Atlantic voyages. For two days we had the swells of the ocean, caused by a great storm that passed north of us, and we were literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep." Judging from the great, heaving swells that bore down upon us, the storm to the north must have been very severe. We were glad to escape with only two days of rocking and rolling.

When the swells were heaviest, we were standing on deck, looking over the rail at the dark waters below. A number of passengers, ladies mostly, were sitting in steamer chairs, ranged along and fastened to the inner and upper side of the deck. The chairs are made on the principle of an invalid's extension chair so that, when sitting down, one is in a half-reclining posture. The passengers were enjoying the refreshing evening breeze, and were protected by having heavy shawls or traveling blankets thrown over the lower part of the body. Suddenly a mighty swell bore down upon the ship and she rolled over until the deck stood at an angle of at least forty-five degrees. As a result the luckless passengers slid from their chairs down the inclined deck and piled up at the ship's railing. A good deal of screaming was heard, but fortunately no one was injured. After this incident the deck was very soon deserted.

The Elder proves to be a good seaman, having suffered very little from seasickness, and seems to enjoy his first ocean voyage quite well. Barring the sad incident referred to at the beginning of our voyage, our journey has been as pleasant as could be hoped for under the circumstances. We thank the Lord for his protecting care over us, and trust to him for a continuance of the blessings which we have thus far enjoyed.

To-day we cast anchor in the open roadstead off the Rock of Gibraltar, and our Atlantic voyage is ended. We have a thousand miles or less to sail on the Mediterranean before reaching Genoa, where we shall land; but here we pass from the Atlantic Ocean and sail upon the blue waters of the "Great Sea." No sooner is the anchor down than our ship is surrounded by small boats, laden with oranges, tangerines, figs and other semitropical fruits, and the vendors call out, in a jargon of English, Italian and Spanish, the price of the commodities they have for sale. At first it was a question with us as to how they were to reach the passengers who stood twenty feet above them on the deck of the ship. But the problem was soon solved. A rope was thrown up to and caught by the would-be purchaser, a basket was attached, and a means of communication was at once established. The purchaser put his money into the basket, the boatman replaced it with the articles desired, and in this way a brisk trade was kept up for several hours.

The Rock of Gibraltar, the strongest natural fortress in the world, is an immense cliff, composed of limestone, dense gray marble, and red sandstone, some three miles in length, one thousand, four hundred and thirty feet high, and about six miles in circumference. It fell into the hands of the English in 1704, and since then England has held the key to the Mediterranean Sea. In 1779 France and Spain besieged the Rock, and, although they kept up the siege four years, were at last obliged to give it up. The garrison consists of five thousand men in time of peace, with quarters for a hundred thousand when necessity requires. A constant food supply for five years is stored away on the Rock. The hillside is pierced with cave-like openings, from each of which the muzzle of a cannon is faintly discerned. On the highest point of the mountain is

a battery of one hundred ton guns. It requires four hundred and fifty pounds of powder for a single charge for each of these monster implements of death and destruction. On the west side the rock stands on a narrow plateau, and on this and the sloping hillside the town of Gibraltar is built. To the east the cliffs rise like giant walls from the sea. The entire aspect of the place is that of solitude and inaccessibility. It stands like a huge sentinel, keeping everlasting watch over the waters of the sea, nature's own impregnable fortress.

Hoisting anchor, we sail through the Straits with the guns of the rock frowning down upon us. To the south from ten to twenty miles away is the clearly-outlined coast of Africa, where the Atlas Mountains raise a natural bulwark against the sea. Turning the point of the rock we have the coast of Spain laid out in panoramic view before us. All day we coast along these beautiful shores. The snow-covered heights of the Sierras glisten like great domes of silver in the bright sunlight. The sky is marvelously clear, and its blue tint is deepened in contrast with the darker waters of the sea. A gentle breeze, warmed by "Africa's burning sand," is borne lazily to us from the south, breaking the waters into myriads of ripples, which sparkle in the clear light of the sun, as if the diamonds of the world were set in the crest of each tiny wavelet. On such a sea, with such surroundings, one might sail on forever, forgetting the storms which lash the waters to fury and bring swift destruction to many hapless mariners. But as we write the sun drops into the western sea, leaving a pathway of glory behind him. The light fades away, the hills of Spain are seen only in dim outline as the darkness comes down over land and sea, and our day-dream is ended.

Two days and a half we sail along the shores of Spain, France, and Italy; the sea as smooth as glass, the weather most delightful, and then we cast anchor in the beautiful harbor of "Genova La Superba," as the Italians call the City of Genoa. The boat of the health officer comes alongside, and, upon hearing that we have had a death on board, the officer says he must send the doctor to examine us in the morning. We are quarantined for the night. They remember that there were rumors of cholera at New York and are extra careful. As we have a clean bill of health we shall land early in the morning.

Before leaving the Kaiser Wilhelm, which has been our home for nearly two weeks, let us look about us and learn something of our floating house. Very few persons have an idea of the cost at which these leviathan steamships are maintained. Ships of the class of the Kaiser, Majestic and New York have a capacity for carrying two thousand passengers. In other words, you might place in one of these great ocean steamers the entire population of a good-sized country town, with all their personal effects, and transport them very comfortably to the other side of the ocean. The amount of food required to feed the passengers is very great. The steward of one of the great lines gives the following statement as to provisions:

"If I were stocking the ship I would store away ten thousand to twelve thousand pounds of fresh beef just as you see it hanging in front of butcher shops in America. Then five thousand pounds of mutton and lamb—it all comes off the same piece, you know—one thousand pounds of corned beef, two hundred smoked hams, one thousand, five hundred dressed chickens or hens, as the case might be, three thousand pounds of fish, and six hundred pounds of bacon. Now we come to the delicacies,—

big sacks of smoked tongues, dried beef, dried and smoked fish, salmon and halibut principally. Of the fresh fruits we take thirty thousand pounds of tomatoes, pears, oranges, peaches, bananas, watermelons, plums, cherries, grapes, and all other dainties which may be found in any strictly first-class hotel. Now come the tinned (canned) goods. We have enough in stock always to furnish a grocery store in a respectably-sized town. Several tons of canned sardines, potted meats of all description, peaches, apricots, pears, apples, Boston baked beans—in fact, everything under the sun that is preserved in cans can be found in my store-room. Then we come to the relishes, sauces, and pickles of all descriptions, besides fresh garden roots, such as celery, radishes, etc. Thousands of pounds of coffee, tea, chocolate, and cocoa, together with other beverages, are consumed.

“I’m not through yet. We can use up three car-loads of potatoes, beets, parsnips, carrots, cabbages, etc. Now we will add one thousand dozen eggs, twenty barrels of sugar, more or less, two tons of butter, half a ton of lard, and condensed milk enough to make a pond big enough to float the ship. Barrel after barrel of flour has its head knocked in on the trip, and there are numerous other small stores which are indispensable.”

It costs twenty-five thousand dollars to propel a large ocean steamer across the Atlantic. This sum pays the crew, which numbers two hundred and seventy-five men, and the balance goes into numerous other departments. From the captain to the lowest subordinate every one knows his place and everything runs like clockwork. The captain is supreme in command, and his word is law. But instead of being a tyrant he is usually a genial, kind-hearted man. Captain Störmer of the Kaiser is one of

these kind-hearted men. He has unlimited faith in his ship, and inspires confidence in those who sail with him. He is kind to his men and is constantly looking after the comfort of his passengers.

A visit to the engine-room and stokehole of the ship is full of interest. The chief engineer, who is always a well-informed man, is ready to give information. He tells us that "a big ship burns two thousand, five hundred tons of coal for a round trip. It requires about one-third more of American bituminous coal to cross the ocean than it does when Welsh coal is used. Different makes of engines require different quantities of coal. The Majestic of the White Star line runs across with about two hundred tons consumed daily, while the Etruria of the Cunard line, though a smaller and slower ship, will burn three hundred and twenty tons. It is interesting to know that the Cunard company burns from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand tons of coal yearly.

"The engines of a steamship under full steam make sixty to eighty revolutions a minute, four thousand and eight hundred an hour, and a total each trip of about seven hundred thousand revolutions. Away down in the bowels of a great ship the stokers work, naked to the waist, and so dirt-begrimed with soot, coal dust, ashes, and perspiration that they look like natives of Africa. It may look easy to shovel coal, but it is a trade, like everything else, to do it right. They work four hours on and eight hours off in heat which ranges from one hundred and twenty degrees to one hundred and sixty degrees and once in a while higher. The stokers are the firemen who shovel the coal into the furnaces, and it keeps them busy to keep the fires regulated. Each one has four furnaces to look after. He has to keep an eye on his coal trimmers, the fire boxes, and the

steam gauges. At the end of a trip they are pretty badly used up. Legs or arms sprained, hide knocked off by chunks of coal, arms scalded by steam or burned with ashes and clinkers when they are cleaning out the fire-bars.

"Then the coal trimmers or passers have a rough time of it wheeling coal and dumping it at the feet of the stokers. It requires the skill of an acrobat to keep his feet with the ship rolling and pitching, and many a shin is barked and an arm sprained among these hard working slaves."

Let us go down into the heart of the ship where its motive power is throbbing and pulsating with the regularity of the human organ. Going down the narrow, steep, iron stairways, amidst a great confusion of machinery, we stand at length on the bottom of the vessel. We were never so strongly impressed with the meaning of the word power, as applied to machinery, as when we stood looking at the ponderous engines, every stroke of which represented a power equal to that of ten thousand horses. We crept through a narrow gallery, with the machinery in motion all around us, to where the great shaft, running from the center to the stern of the ship, to which the propeller is attached, was rotating with great rapidity and with the regularity of clockwork. The shaft is nearly two feet in diameter and is made of the best steel. It is a difficult matter to manufacture a steel shaft of such great dimensions without a flaw, and the greatest skill is required to produce the best results in shaft casting. We notice that all the bearings of the shaft, and of the heavy machinery, in addition to being well oiled, have a constant stream of cold water pouring upon them. This serves to keep the machinery from heating. A number of assistant engineers are constantly looking at the machinery, all parts of which undergo frequent and careful inspection.

From the engine-room we enter the boiler rooms where thirty-six fierce fires render the air stifling hot, and it seems almost unendurable, but by standing near the great ventilating pipe we were enabled to examine the place. Six immense double-end boilers, made of one and one-eighth inch steel, each with a capacity of nearly two thousand horse power and heated by thirty-six furnaces, supply the motive power to the engines. Here are men black and grimy, shoveling coal into the furnaces. A full supply of coal for a voyage is taken on board at New York, and this, with a surplus of three hundred tons for a case of necessity, makes the total coal supply for a passage across the Atlantic nearly two thousand tons, enough to supply an ordinary-sized village with fuel for an entire year. A look into the partly empty coal room gave us a very good idea of the great width and depth of the ship. A coal bin for two thousand, five hundred tons,—just think of it! Allowing twenty tons to a car-load it would take more than four trains of twenty-five cars each to move the coal supply of the Kaiser for one trip.

Coming up from the depths of the ship we were glad to breathe the fresh, pure sea air again. But we were impressed with the thought that in the very heart of the ship was hidden away from the eyes of the casual observer a force great enough to compass the almost immediate destruction of the vessel. The explosion of a boiler in mid-ocean would result in a lost ship, and no one would be left to tell the story. The thought is not a pleasant one, and we will not pursue it further, but it is certainly one of the weak points in naval architecture.

Disembarking we set our feet on the shores of sunny Italy and enter the City of Genoa. It is one of the most important cities on the Mediterranean and has a permanent

population of two hundred and ten thousand. It is beautifully situated on the hills around about the bay into which more than sixteen thousand ships, from the different parts of the world, enter annually. It also has the distinction of having been, at one time, the home of Columbus, the discoverer of America, the four hundredth anniversary of which event was recently celebrated in the United States. The house in which this distinguished navigator lived is pointed out to travelers. The city has many handsome houses and villas, the homes of the Genoese nobility, which give one a very good idea of the architecture of the past centuries.

We spend one day in Genoa before going on to Rome by way of Pisa. The change from our own home life to that of Italy is a marked one. Language, dress, manners and customs are all so entirely different from what we are used to that we are reminded on every hand that we are in a foreign land, that we have indeed left our own country and are in the Old World. It is not entirely new to the writer, but to the Elder it has all the novelty of a first experience, which, unfortunately, we can fully enjoy only once in this world.

We start out to see something of our new surroundings, and as we leave the door of our hotel, we are at once accosted by several of the natives, who have picked up a smattering of the English and are anxious to serve us in the capacity of guides and interpreters. They press their claims in a mixture of English and Italian which is wholly unintelligible to us. One who speaks English fairly well follows us a considerable distance, insisting that he is a good "guida" and speaks "Inglese vara well." We put together part of what he said, and here it is as it sounds to us: "Me speeka vara good Inglese, vara good guida. Vill

show you ze palais of ze great Cristofò Colombo; vill show you ze whole Genova; only four francs." We conclude to risk our own very limited knowledge of the Italian, and so dismiss our would-be guide with a polite no and a wave of the hand.

It is remarkable how well one can get along in a foreign land if he is acquainted with but a few words of the language spoken. The following incident will illustrate this point. The Elder wanted to purchase a trunk strap. Passing along the street we came to a shop where the desired article was seen. We walked in, pointed to the strap, and said to the shopkeeper, "*Quanto*" (how much)? He replied, "*Tre franco*" (three francs). We paid the money, took the strap, and went our way. Only three words were used in this transaction, and these were all that were needed. How many words we waste in this world! Words are valuable only as they express ideas, and the most effective expression, as a rule, comes from the fewest words, paying due deference to clearness. Ministers and writers make a great mistake when they fill in with words instead of ideas, and how apt we are to fall into this very common error! The reason is not hard to find: ideas are scarce, words are plenty.

The Campo Santo, literally, Holy Field, or Camp of the Saints, as the Genoese call their cemetery, is one of the attractions of the city. The name is beautiful and fitting when applied to the last resting-place of the people of God, but as this is the one great burial-place of Genoa we doubted the appropriateness of the name.

The entire ground is surrounded by a high wall, on the inner side of which is a double row of corridors, formed by columns which support the arched roof. The corridors are wide enough for double rows of graves and open out

upon the cemetery proper. Judging from the rich and lavish display of decorations, only the wealthy find a resting-place in the vaults beneath the pavements of the corridors. The poor are laid to rest in the ground enclosed by the walls.

The most profuse display in sculptured marble, much of it in bad taste, so it seemed to us, adorns the corridors from end to end. It is placed in niches in the wall and between the columns, and gives the interior the appearance of great galleries of sculpture. A description of a single group will give an idea of the realistic character of the work and show the taste displayed. In one of the large circular spaces a large sarcophagus of black marble, beautifully polished, is placed on a platform. On top of it stands a life-size figure of the dead husband and father, cut from pure white marble. At one end of the coffin is the kneeling figure of the wife and mother; at the other end that of a son, a young man of about twenty years. Both are life-size and lifelike. Their faces are the very pictures of grief. On the mother's eyelid trembles a tear-drop. Her modern dress, with her widow's lace cap and her lace collar are all exquisitely cut in the white marble. The son is represented in a fashionable dress suit; his left hand, thrown behind him, holds his round derby hat. The work was done by a master hand, but it seemed to us an unseemly display, and the details of the dress, so carefully worked out, were not in keeping with the sorrow-stricken faces.

There are hundreds of pieces of statuary of a similar character in the corridors, some of which are even more inharmonious than the one described. Altogether the Campo Santo of Genoa is one among the most remarkable modern cemeteries in Europe.

From Genoa we journey to Rome by railroad, a distance of some three hundred miles. On the way we pass

through Pisa where we stop long enough to visit the Leaning Tower and the celebrated Baptistry, both objects of considerable interest to travelers.

The baptistry was built about A. D. 1150, and was constructed especially for the administration of the rite of Christian baptism. The building is circular in form and is built entirely of marble. It is one hundred feet in diameter and a hundred and ninety feet to the top of the conical-shaped dome which covers it. Below it is surrounded with fine marble columns and decorated with statuary. In the interior, exactly in the center beneath the dome, is the pool with fonts for baptism. The pool is made large enough for immersion, and deep enough to immerse the candidate when in a kneeling posture. It is a fact so well known that we need scarcely refer to it, that, until about the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Roman church followed the commission given by Christ, and baptized by trine immersion. This was the almost universal practice up to the foregoing date. And here, in this old baptistry at Pisa, the rite was performed in that way until the change was made to sprinkling and pouring.

The church of Rome claims the right to make changes of this kind when, in the judgment of the Pope and his councilors, it is proper to do so. In 1854 the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary was promulgated, and in 1870 the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope was made an article of the Roman Catholic faith. Just as these new doctrines were set forth by the authority of the Pope and the council, so the change was made from trine immersion to sprinkling and pouring. Luther, in his reformation, made an effort to re-establish trine immersion, but failed, because he did not wholly free himself from the Roman practice of sprinkling. All the Protestant churches

that practice sprinkling are following the mandates of Rome. John Wesley recognized this and preferred to baptize by trine immersion, according to the commission given by Christ. In proof of this we quote as follows: "When Mr. Wesley baptized adults, professing faith in Christ, he chose to do it by trine immersion, if the person would submit to it, judging this to be the apostolic method of baptizing." (Moore's "Life of Wesley," Vol. I, p. 425.)

The pool and fonts in the baptistry at Pisa are beautifully constructed of marble, highly polished and inlaid with various colored stones. It is an octagon in shape, and each of its eight sides is decorated with figures in bas-relief. It is a fine piece of work and shows great artistic taste in its construction. The building is also remarkable for its wonderful echo. The attendant sang a few notes in a deep, rich tone, and, by the watch, the sound was heard twelve seconds, echoing and re-echoing softer and softer, until it died away in a whisper in the top of the lofty dome. A pulpit, constructed in the eleventh century, stands at one side of the baptistry. It is also of marble, and is a fine piece of work. Owing to the echo, we concluded that it would be a difficult place in which to preach a sermon.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa, about which every school-boy has read, is, in its way, one of the wonders of the world. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and its inclination is thirteen feet from the perpendicular. It is ascended by a winding stairway of two hundred and ninety-four steps. We climb to the top and experience a very peculiar sensation. The slant is a regular one, and in walking up and around the tower, we can not free ourselves from the feeling that it may fall over. The top is flat and is surrounded by an iron railing. The slant is quite

marked on top, and very few persons care to walk to the lower side and look over. A plumb, dropped from this side at the top, would strike the ground thirteen feet from the base line of the foundation. Looking over the railing at the lower side, the sense of insecurity is so strong that we start back, feeling that the addition of our weight to the overhanging wall may cause it to topple over. It was here that Galileo made his celebrated experiments regarding the laws of gravitation.

From Pisa to Rome we journeyed by night, reaching the "Eternal City" at midnight. Our first day in Rome, Sunday, Nov. 27, was partly spent in trying to find a church where we might hear English preaching. We secured a cab and driver,—cab fares are very cheap here, twenty cents for two persons for a drive anywhere within the city walls,—and gave him instructions where to drive. After a long drive he stopped and pointed to a doorway. We entered and found a Baptist church, with services conducted in Italian. Of course we were disappointed. We spent several hours in walking through the winding streets before we reached our hotel again.

Rome and its Christian Antiquities will be the subject of several letters to follow this. We are now in one of the cities of the Bible. Here it was that "Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." Here he labored in word and doctrine, and here he gave his life to the cause of Christ.

CHAPTER II.

Rome the Eternal City.—The Coliseum.—Christian Martyrs.—Catacombs.—The Sleeping Places of the Dead.—Inscriptions.—The Fossor.—Decorations.

AT one time in its history a visit to the City of Rome was considered a great event in the lives of those who were fortunate enough to see the Eternal City. This idea grew into a proverb, "See Rome and die," which would indicate that after seeing the City of the Cæsars nothing else in this world would be worth seeing. In our own days of rapid traveling, when we may girdle the world in sixty days, a visit to Rome has but little more than the commonplace in it. And yet for those who come within her gates not for pleasure, but to read the history of the past, she has wonderful lessons to reveal. It is to study some of these lessons that we are spending some time in the City of Seven Hills.

Rome, once the proud mistress of the world, occupies such a vast place in both religious and political history that she has been for centuries past, and for years to come will continue to be, one of the great centres of the world's travel. In the days of her greatest prosperity and power, under the first Cæsars, it was said that "all roads lead to Rome," and the golden milestone set up in the Forum was the centre of her great empire, and she ruled nearly all the known world; so to-day all lines of travel converge in Rome.

One of the most fruitful sources of the great mass of people who visit the city annually is the great church of which she is the center. Two hundred million of the earth's inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and, no matter what we may think or believe about it, every one of them regards his spiritual ruler who dwells on the banks of the Tiber in the great Vatican Palace as the successor of Peter and Christ's legal representative on the earth. Holding this faith, but few of those who are able to do so fail to visit Rome once or more in their lifetime.

But we are not so much interested in the Rome of the present as in the Rome of the past,—the Rome which Paul knew, the Rome which ruled the world when Christ was born. And where shall we look for the city of the past? Not in the life and bustle of the modern city, but amid her own mighty ruins, crumbling to the dust inch by inch as the years roll on. We wander over the steps of broken thrones and shattered altars, we plod our way among the prostrate columns of marble temples, once the pride of emperors and kings, now overthrown and covered with the moss of centuries. We thread our way through the mass of ruins, finding here and there an ancient temple still preserved, standing as a landmark and bearing testimony as to what the city was in her glory. Everywhere we find the dust of ages clinging to her ruins, and the owls and the bats flit about in what were once her pleasant palaces. We are reminded of the words of Byron:

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose sacred dust was scattered long ago."

To-day we stand on the Palatine Hill where once stood the magnificent palace of Tiberius, who ruled Rome when

her empire was at the height of its glory. Our mind goes back to a little village in an obscure Roman province, where a babe was born and laid in a manger. It was the Babe of Bethlehem, whose kingdom should be established and whose reign should continue after Rome's mighty temples had crumbled to dust. When Christ, the King, was born, the palace of Tiberius stood on the height where we walk to-day. It was most magnificent in all its proportions, and grand beyond description in its decorations. Within its marble halls every luxury that human ingenuity could invent and the wealth of the world could purchase was enjoyed by the royal household. Nearly nineteen centuries have passed away; the palace has gone with them. No trace of it is to be seen to-day. We walk beneath the shade of the eucalyptus and pepper trees and pluck roses by the wayside for loved ones at home. At our feet lie the ruins of the Roman Forum, the palaces of the Cæsars, the Arch of Titus and the Coliseum. Ruins everywhere, and we think, What is the value of the work of man! He rears palaces, temples and monuments, he passes away and his works crumble to dust! Surely, if this world were all of life, how little it would be worth living! But we thank God that we can look beyond the ruins and ravages of time to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

THE COLISEUM.

The wonderful structure, grand, massive and imposing in its ruins, was built by the emperors Vespasian and Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem, some twelve thousand Jews who were brought as captives from Palestine by Titus assisting in building the gigantic structure. It is one thousand, six hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, two hundred and eighty-seven feet long, one hundred and

eighty-two feet wide and one hundred and fifty-seven feet to the top of its lofty walls. It was built of stone and brick and covered with marble. Seats were arranged in tiers in the interior so that from all parts of the great structure each of the one hundred thousand people who could find sitting and standing room could see all that transpired in the arena below.

It was completed in the year A. D. 80 and Titus dedicated it with games and gladiatorial contests. It is said that five thousand wild beasts were slain and as many men were killed in the contests, which were continued for one hundred days. Thus the great amphitheatre was dedicated in blood, and it was not many years until, around these old ruins, thousands of Christians were cruelly tortured and torn by wild beasts.

It is in ruins now, but so strong was it built that the lower wall is entire around the whole building and more than a fourth of it stands as it was completed. We walk among the ruins and stand in the arena, we see the dens where the wild beasts were kept and our mind goes back to the ages past. We see the great building filled to its utmost capacity. The games have been played, the contests settled, and now a little band of men and women are led into the arena; they have been brought from prison and stand alone and unarmed in the amphitheatre. They stand, the center of the great, gazing throng, and in all that throng there is not a pitying eye. The cry goes around the great building, "The Christians to the lions, to the lions!" On the faces of the little band who stand alone is a peace that passeth understanding. An old, gray-haired father says: "Let us pray." They kneel reverently in prayer, while the multitudes shout and upbraid them. At a given signal the dens are opened. The famished lions, kept without food

and maddened with the smell of blood, spring into the arena. For an instant they stand dazed by the light, shaking their shaggy manes, then they spring upon their victims. The band of Christian martyrs is torn to pieces and the savage Romans yell themselves hoarse with delight. Such a scene as this comes before us to-day in the arena of the Coliseum, and it is not a picture of the imagination, for thousands of Christians were torn to pieces in Rome by wild beasts. We turn to our traveling companion and say, Let us thank God that we live in an age when such scenes are impossible. Yes, the old amphitheatre is in ruins and we are glad of it. A writer, who once visited the place, said of the Coliseum:

“Its solitude, its awful beauty and its utter desolation, strikes upon the stranger, the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions. To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green, its corridors open to the day; the long grass in its porches; young trees of yesterday springing up on its ragged parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its pit of fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful cross planted in the center; to climb into its upper halls and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus, the Roman Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Nev-

er, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked, a ruin!"

The first Christian martyr who suffered in this place was Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, the disciple of John and the companion of Polycarp. When brought into the arena he knelt down and exclaimed: "Romans, who are present, know that I have not been brought into this place for any crime, but in order that by this means I may merit the fruition of the glory of God, for love of whom I have been made prisoner. I am as the grain of the field, and must be ground by the teeth of lions, that I may become bread fit for his table." Then closing his eyes in silent prayer he so remained until the famished lions were loosed and he was torn to pieces and devoured. Jamieson, in his "Sacred Art," referring to the martyrdom of this servant of God, says: "His story and fate are so well attested, and so sublimely affecting, that it has always been to me a cause of surprise as well as regret, to find so few representations of him."

Soon after the death of Ignatius one hundred and fifteen Christians were shot to death in the arena with arrows, and from this time on, until the end of the pagan persecution, A. D. 315, the history of the place is replete with the sufferings of the Christian martyrs.

We repeat again, we are glad the Coliseum is a ruin. Yes, thank God, a ruin!

THE CATACOMBS.

Long before we came to the City of Rome, we had heard about and read of the great Catacombs. They may be said to encircle the ancient city; for you may go out of

Rome on almost any of the fourteen great consular roads that radiate from the golden milestone in the Roman Forum, and at a distance of two or three miles from the walls of the city you will find entrances to these subterranean galleries. To us they are especially interesting, as they are directly connected with the early history of the Christian religion.

But they are not an object of interest to modern travelers only. In the early centuries of the Christian era they excited as much interest as they do now. Then they were entirely lost sight of for many centuries. The entrances were blocked up, and even their existence became unknown. In the seventeenth century they were discovered, and since then every visitor to Rome sees with interest these ancient galleries.

The Catacombs are first referred to by Jerome, one of the church fathers who wrote A. D. 380. He says: "When I was a boy, being educated at Rome, I and my school-fellows used on Sunday to make the circuit of the sepulchres of the apostles and martyrs. Often we descended into the crypts, which are excavated deep into the earth, and contain as you enter, on either hand in the walls, the graves of the dead; and they are even in all parts dark, so that the language of the prophet seems to be fulfilled: 'Let them go down quick into Hades.' Only occasionally is light let in to mitigate the horror of the gloom; and then not so much through a window as through a hole. When we again advance, the surroundings are made as dark as night; as Virgil says,

'A nameless horror makes the region drear,
The very silence fills the soul with fear.'

Prudentius, the Christian poet who lived and wrote near the close of the fourth century, thus describes the Catacombs:



Interior of the Catacombs, showing Sleeping-places of the Dead.

"In nowise far from the cultured border in advance of the fortified bounds,

Lies a dark crypt sunk in gaping caves.

Into this a descending way leads by hidden steps; the sunbeams,

Concealed by reason of the turnings, are shut out in daytime.

For the dawning light enters the cavity to the door at farthest,

And lightens as far as the threshold of the vestibule.

From thence, gently proceeding, the vista is blackness,

The loculi are obscured in darkness, from the uncertainty of the passages.

There occur apertures, thrust in the roof above,

Which throw a clear gray ray into the cave.

Although from that place, the mazes weave in and out

About narrow galleries and dark courts,

But yet, down below the hollow bowels of the hill,

Often the light penetrates the pierced vaulting.

Thus the absent sun distinguishes the subterranean,

His brightness and shining yields advantage."

The truthfulness of these descriptions will at once be recognized by all those who have gone down into the black darkness and gloom of these underground vaults. But it does not describe them sufficiently for those who have not seen them. Having gone down into them with lighted wax tapers and a trusty guide, and explored some of the dark and intricate passages and galleries, one of the "sleeping places" of the dead of the primitive church of Rome, we propose to give our readers some account of these vast, subterranean cemeteries. In the preparation of this sketch we take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to Dr. Russell Forbes, an eminent authority on the antiquities of Rome, who accompanied us in our walks through the dark passages, and gave interesting explanations as we passed along.

First, then, what are the Catacombs? The name which is modern does not convey any idea as to the use of these underground galleries. Originally they were called *coemeteria*, a Latin word meaning "sleeping places," from which

we have our word cemetery. It will be remembered that the apostles always refer to death as a sleep. Paul speaks of five hundred brethren who saw the Lord, "The greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep;" and again, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;" and, "We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep." Peter also speaks of the fathers as having fallen asleep. How natural then, with the views they had of death and the resurrection, that the Christians should call their tombs sleeping-places! And how expressive of their hope of, and faith in, the raising of the body! The Lord had said of Lazarus, "He sleepeth." So, when death called away one of the early Christians, they said, "He is not dead, but has fallen asleep; when the Lord comes again, he will call him from his sleeping-place."

When Paul came to Rome it was the almost universal custom of the Romans to burn the bodies of their dead friends. The ashes were then carefully collected and placed in funerary urns which were deposited in vaults prepared for that purpose. The very idea of burning their dead was, with the views they held, repugnant to the Christians. As the body of their Lord had been wound in fine linen and laid in a rock-cut tomb, so it was the desire of those who accepted his teachings to be laid away in like manner when they had fallen asleep. This idea culminated in what are now known as the Catacombs. They are simply a series of rock-cut tombs, and were the sleeping-places of those who died in the Lord.

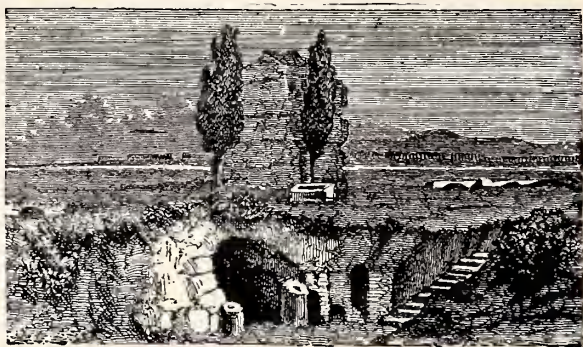
According to the Roman law, frequently re-enacted during the days of the empire, the burial of the dead, or even their ashes, was strictly forbidden within the walls of the city. These laws were, of course, just as binding on

the Christians as they were on the Romans. Hence the burial-places are found from one to three miles from the outer wall of the city. Thus, when Julius Cæsar was assassinated and divine honors were accorded him, it required a special act of the Roman Senate to burn his body and bury the ashes in the Forum.

Another law, made in accordance with the faith of the Roman people, held all burial-places as sacred. It was made a capital offense to desecrate a cemetery or disturb the ashes or the body of the dead. This law explains why the Christians were permitted to excavate tombs for their dead, undisturbed even in times of the most bitter persecution. They even became places of concealment for the Christians, and often, in these underground passages, the persecuted church at Rome met to celebrate the Lord's Supper and partake of the communion. Here, surrounded by their sainted dead, the persecuted Christians celebrated the *agape*, feast of love, and as they were seated around the tables they vowed to be true to each other, sealing their vows with the right hand of fellowship and the holy kiss of peace and charity.

Of these underground meetings Lindsay says: "But all this while there was living beneath the visible and invisible Rome a population unheeded, unreckoned, thought of vaguely, vaguely spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano, yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer and die, and in number, resolution, and physical force sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit, for their Redeemer's sake, to the powers that be! Here, in these dens and caves of the earth, they lived;

here they died—a ‘spectacle’ in their lifetime ‘to men and angels,’ and in their death a ‘triumph’ to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the Capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into the dust.”



Entrance to one of the Catacombs.

But let us examine more minutely these vast subterranean abodes of the dead. Going out of the City of Rome on almost any of the great consular roads a distance of from one to three miles we find the entrances to the Catacombs. We go down by an artificial, modern stairway to a depth of twenty or twenty-five feet and find ourselves in a dark, narrow gallery. This is the entranceway to the underground sleeping-places of the dead. They consist of long, narrow galleries, from two and one-half to three feet wide (and in some places even narrower), and seven or eight feet high, cut in the solid rock, from fifteen to fifty feet below the surface of the earth. The galleries are cut with great regularity, so that the floor and roof are at right angles with the sides. They run in straight lines, but are



A Gallery in one of the Catacombs,

crossed by others, and then by others again, until a perfect network of galleries is formed in a labyrinth where one might wander in the very blackness of darkness, and never find his way out.

The galleries are cut on different levels, so that there are in some places as many as five series of these corridors lying below each other. In the one we visited to-day we found five levels, each reached by a descending stairway cut in the rocks. The walls on either side of the galleries are honeycombed with graves cut in the rock, one above the other. Into these openings, just high and wide enough to admit the body, the dead were laid, and the opening was then closed with a marble slab or terra cotta tiles. No coffins were used in the first centuries in burying the dead. The body was wrapped in linen, with some aromatic spices and herbs, and laid in the sepulchre hewn out of the rock. Thus the early Christians in Rome buried their dead after the example of the burial of their blessed Lord and Master. On the marble slab which closed the grave, the name was usually engraved with the words "*In peace*," or, "*He sleeps in peace*." The older inscriptions are all in Greek, while the later are in Latin. In some cases, in addition to the name, other words and sentiments were engraved on the marble. We give a few of these inscriptions, translated by Dr. Forbes:

"Nicephorus, a sweet soul in refreshment."

"Regina, mayest thou live in the Lord Jesus."

"Valeria sleeps in peace."

"Loticus laid here to sleep."

"Sweet Faustina, may you live in God."

"Agape, thou shalt live forever."

"The place of Basil, the Presbyter, and his wife Felicitas."

"Diogenes the fossor buried in peace on the eighth before the calends of October."

"Lannus Christ's martyr rests here. Made under Diocletian."

"Lawrence to his sweetest son Severus, the well deserving, borne away by the angels on the seventh before the ides of January."

"Primitus in peace. After many torments, a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well deserving."

"Here lies Gordius, deputy of Gaul, who was executed for the faith, with all his family. They rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set this up."

"She died at the age of thirty-five. From the day of her baptism she had lived fifty-seven days."

"Petronia, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones. Spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God. Buried in peace on the third before the nones of October in the consulate of Festus."

"I commend to thee, O Basilla, the innocence of Gemellus. To Paul a well-deserving son, who lived two years and fifty days. May the spirits of all the saints receive thee into peace."

"Centianus, a believer, in peace, who lived thirty-one years, eight months, sixteen days. Also in your prayers pray for us, for we know that you are in Christ."

The translations might be extended almost indefinitely, but these will suffice to give a general idea of what is found in the Catacombs in the way of inscriptions.

The early Christians in burying their dead in rock-cut tombs were only following the Bible examples. Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah "for a possession of a burying place," and he "buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah." "Then Abraham gave up the

ghost and died . . . and his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried him in the cave of Machpelah.”* Isaac and Rebecca and Jacob and Leah were also buried there. Lazarus was buried in a cave, or rather, a rock-hewn tomb: “It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it.”† And most important of all to the early disciples, Christ was laid in a tomb hewn out of the living rock. “And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock.”* It was quite natural, then, for the Christians to follow these examples in preparing resting-places for the bodies of their dead.



Side View of an Ancient Sarcophagus with Sculptured Figures in Bas-relief.

There are about sixty of the Catacombs within a radius of three miles from the Roman Forum. According to De Rossi's careful calculation they cover an area of six hun-

*Gen. 25: 8, 9.

†John 11: 38.

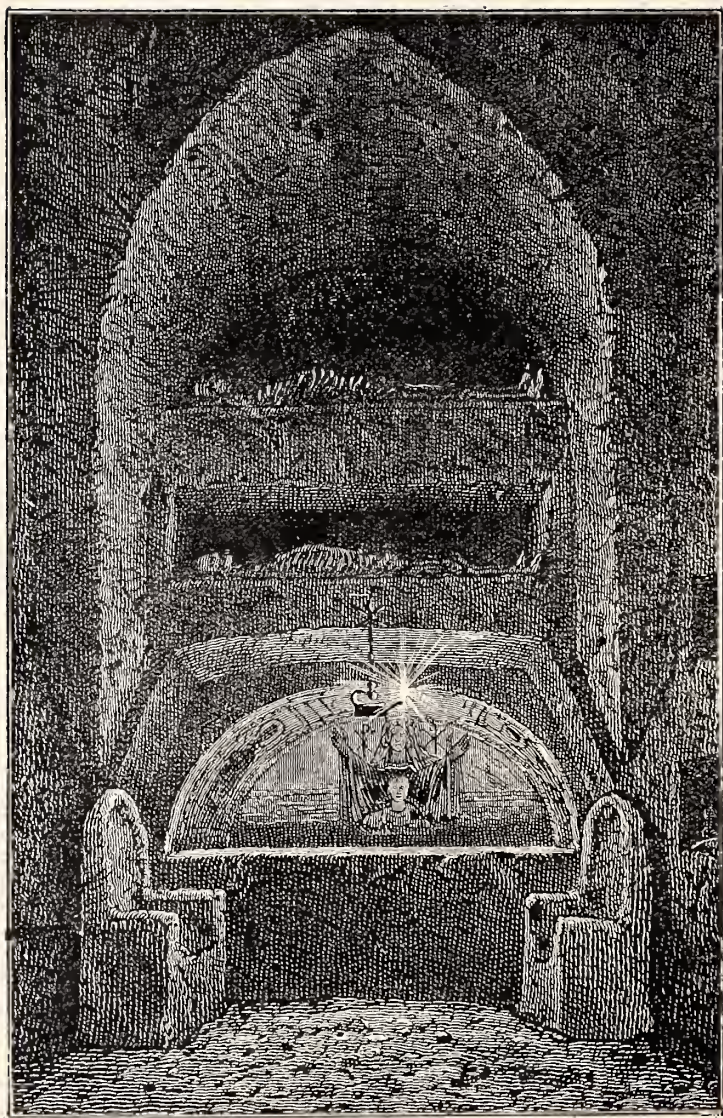
‡Matt. 27: 59, 60.

dred and fifteen acres. It must not be forgotten that the galleries run one above another so that in some places as many as five are thus disposed. It may be said that the Catacombs are five stories high. The deepest level reached is about fifty feet below the surface, and this is nearly on the water level of the Tiber. Had they dug deeper the passages would have been filled with water. If all the underground passages, rooms, galleries, and corridors were placed in a straight line their total length would be nearly seven hundred miles. If stretched between Chicago and Philadelphia, they would almost reach from the City of the Lakes to the City of Brotherly Love.

The rock into which the Catacombs were cut is a stratum of tufa much softer than limestone. The men who excavated the tombs were known as fossores or gravediggers and they performed their labors with pickaxe, hammer and chisel. There is no evidence that any kind of explosives was used in excavating the subterranean passages. These men spent most of their time in hewing out the tombs and at last were laid away, as the inscriptions show, in the niches which they had made.

Another feature of these great burial vaults has not yet been referred to. At some places the galleries are enlarged into square, and at others into circular rooms of considerable size. These were family burial-places and here, about the beginning of the fourth century, stone coffins were first used. The rooms were cut out for those who were able to pay for the work, and were doubtless used, as were the first stone coffins, called sarcophagi, by the wealthy.

In one of the largest of the rooms which we visited, fifty people might find standing-room at one time. In it is the following inscription, clearly cut in a large slab of marble. It was erected by Damasus, Bishop of the church of Rome, A. D. 366:



A Crypt in the Catacombs, showing Skeletons in the Niches.

"Here, if you would know, lie heaped together a number of the holy."

"These honored sepulchres enclose the bodies of the saints."

"Their lofty souls the palace of heaven has received."

"Here lie the companions of Christ, who bear away the trophies from the enemy."

"Here a tribe of elders, which guard the throne of Christ."

"Here is buried the priest who long lived in peace."

"Here the holy ministers who came from Greece."

"Here lie youths and boys, old men and their chaste descendants, who kept their virginity undefiled."

"Here I, Damasus, wished to have laid my limbs, but feared to disturb the holy ashes of the saints."

The good bishop, not finding space for a sepulchre among the martyrs of the early church, caused a tomb to be built for himself at the entrance to the catacomb in which this inscription is to be seen, and there he was laid to rest, and his tomb remains unto this day.



*The Good Shepherd,
Fresco in the
Catacombs.*

Another interesting feature of the Catacombs is that they contain the earliest attempts of the Christians in decorating the tombs of the dead in painting or frescoing. In the larger rooms, many of which were covered with plaster, rude pictures, painted very early in the Christian era, are to be seen. As might be expected, the scenes are all taken from the Bible. That most frequently met with is a representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd. The figure is that of a man with a lamb on his shoulders.

In the baptism of Christ by John in the Jordan the Savior is represented as having stepped down into the water, while

John is probably in the act. The Lord's Supper, the *agape* of the early church, is also painted on the walls of the tombs. Moses striking the rock, and the story of Jonah are also illustrated. In the latter is seen a great sea monster, and not a whale, casting Jonah upon dry ground. This shows that the revised version is correct in rendering it sea monster instead of whale.



*Representation of Loaves and Fish in
the Catacombs.*

The frescoes are but rudely executed, and yet they teach their own lessons. No one would come to the Catacombs to take lessons in theology, and yet they prove beyond all doubt that the prim-

itive church believed that Christ was baptized in the river, and not on its bank, and that the *agape*, or love feast, was practiced in the primitive church.


The frescoes to which we have referred belong to the very earliest period. Later improvement was made in drawing and painting, and in the catacomb we explored we saw the head of our Lord painted on the wall, which showed skill and artistic taste. To this subject we have given considerable study, and in a succeeding letter we will give the latest and most authentic developments on the question as to whether there is a correct portrait of our Savior in existence.

We have merely glanced at the Catacombs and what they contain, and already the limits of our space have been exceeded. We might spend months here and write volumes without exhausting the different subjects. We are confining our work to Christian Antiquities, and our next letter will contain a study of the footsteps of Paul in Rome.

CHAPTER III.

Paul in Italy and Rome.—Putcoli.—Appii Forum and the Three Taverns.—The Appian Way.

"And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—Acts 28: 15.

 HIS ninth day of December, 1892, God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, has permitted us to traverse the Appian Way, over which his servant Paul walked when he was brought a prisoner to Rome. We went out as far as the fourteenth milestone, counting from the center of Rome. Just beyond the eleventh milestone we came to the Three Taverns, where the brethren met Paul and gave him encouragement. And here by the way-side we write these lines, not very far from the place where Paul rested, "thanked God and took courage."

From the Three Taverns the Appian Way ascends the mountain to Albana. To the edge of this village we walk and stand on the ridge of the hill from which, as he came from Appii Forum, Paul caught his first sight of Rome, where he was afterwards to suffer a martyr's death. And what a grand sight it is! Although fourteen miles away, Rome is in plain sight. The dome of St. Peter's Cathedral glistens in the rays of the noonday sun. What a different sight met the eyes of Paul as he stood here more than eighteen hundred years ago and looked upon pagan Rome! He came along this road a prisoner, bound with a chain. In some places the same blocks of stone over which he

walked, worn away by the chariot wheels that passed over them two thousand years ago, are still to be seen. And there is not the least doubt that this is the road by which Paul entered Rome.

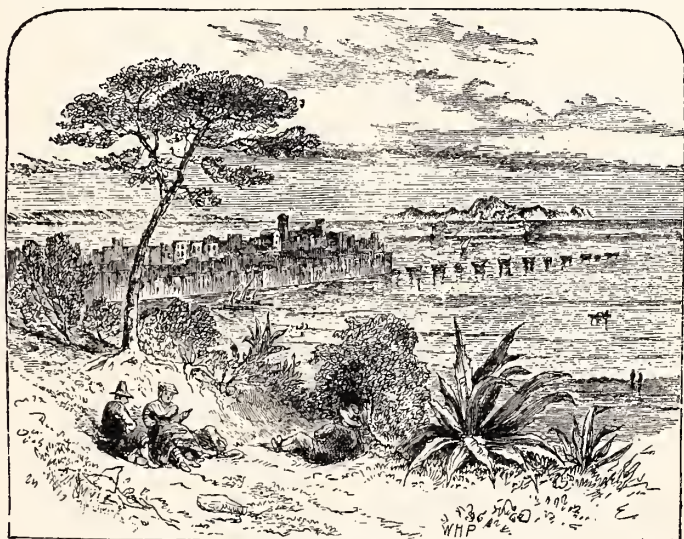
Retracing our steps we return to the Three Taverns. There are three buildings here to-day and it is likely that there was the same number in Paul's time,—an inn, a shop where the broken chariots might be mended, and a dwelling-house. Dr. Forbes in his researches has removed all doubt as to the place, and we are writing to-day at one of the places where the brethren met Paul and gave him new courage to continue in the great work of preaching the Gospel of the Son of God to the Gentiles.

Let us follow Paul from the place where he landed in Italy till he reached the City of Rome. But we defer this until after we visit the place where he landed. In our researches we are not willing to take hearsay evidence when we can see the places we wish to describe.

PUTEOLI.

“And after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli: where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days; and so went toward Rome.” To-day we stood on a part of the old, ruined pier at Pozzuoli, the Italian name for Puteoli. On the foundations of the old pier has been built a new structure, but there is still part of the old to be seen rising above the water, on which Paul landed on his journey to Rome. Already the Christian religion had spread along the shores of the Great Sea and reached the port of Puteoli. And when Paul landed in the spring of A. D. 62 at this place, the brethren met him and his company and prevailed upon them to spend a week with them.

It had been a long, dangerous, and toilsome voyage. They had sailed from Cesarea in the fall of A. D. 61. Touching at Sidon, they sailed by Cyprus to Myra of Lycia. Here they changed ships, and, contrary to Paul's counsel, left port and were shipwrecked on the Island of Malta (Melita). Here they spent the winter and now they had reached the last stage of their journey by ship. After having passed through the great perils of the deep by ship-



Puteoli, Paul's Landing-place in Italy.

wreck, and their long winter sojourn with the barbarous people of the Island of Melita, how it must have rejoiced the hearts of Paul and his company to be received and warmly greeted by the brethren at Puteoli. No doubt they were easily persuaded "to tarry with them seven days," and Paul would comfort and confirm the brethren in their faith.

How soon that week must have passed away! We should like to linger here at Puteoli, but our space will not allow an extended description of Paul's landing-place in Italy, and so we go with him toward Rome. The journey is a long and tedious one, over mountains and valleys. The distance to be traveled on foot is one hundred and seventy miles. The little company of believers start out on the great Consular road (*Via Consularis*), and follow it to its junction with the Appian Road (*Via Appia*), "the queen of long roads," as it was called by the Romans. Here they stop for a short rest at Capua, one hundred and fifty miles from Rome. Continuing their journey along the Appian road they cross the Pontine Marshes and at last reach Appii Forum, where the first company of brethren met them, forty-three miles from the Imperial City.

Here we notice the regard these brethren had for the prisoner who was coming to them. They went out a long distance to meet him, and how their solicitude must have cheered the hearts of the weary travelers. After resting at Appii Forum, the journey was continued to the Three Taverns, the last halting-place before reaching Rome, and eleven miles from the city. And here another and, doubtless, a larger company of the brethren met the prisoner, "whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage."

Here we have an account of two companies of the brethren meeting Paul. Those who went to Appii Forum were, perhaps, able to spend more time than those who came to the Three Taverns. The latter were, doubtless, laborers. They could quit their work at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, go out to the place of meeting, and return again in the early morning in time to begin their day's labor. This may account for the two companies of brethren who went out from Rome to meet Paul and his fellow-travelers.

From the Three Taverns to the city the Appian Way was literally lined on either side with magnificent tombs, costly monuments, great temples and beautiful villas. The



Arch of Drusus through which Paul passed when he entered Rome.

ruins are to be seen to this day and are of much interest to the traveler. With a largely-increased company the last

stage of the apostle's journey begins in the early morning, so that the city may be reached before the heat of the day; and, in all probability, before 9 o'clock Paul passes beneath the Arch of Drusus, enters the Capena Gate, is taken through the city by the Palatine Hill, on which stood the Palace of the Cæsars, and across the Roman Forum to the Camp of the Prætorian Guard. "And when we came to Rome the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard: but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."

Thus ended Paul's long journey. And with him it ended as it began. He was still a prisoner. It is true, he was not cast into prison. Being a Roman citizen that could not lawfully be done without a trial. Yet, while he was allowed some degree of liberty and freedom, so that he could rent a house and dwell by himself, he was still in bondage. A soldier was constantly with him and "kept him," and it is not at all improbable that he was chained to a Roman soldier the greater part of the time.

PAUL IN ROME.

One of the first things the apostle did, after having secured a house and settled his household affairs, was to make an effort to call the Jews who lived in Rome to Christ. He called the chief of the Jews together and gave them some account of himself, telling them that for the hope of Israel he was bound with a chain. Then they appointed a day when they would hear him concerning Jesus, and he preached to them with all the zeal and power of which he was capable. This showed that his heart's desire was that Israel should be saved; but when they rejected the Truth he turned to the Gentiles.

As to Paul's life in Rome we know but little. The concluding words of the last chapter of the Acts of the

Apostles tell us that he "dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him." We know, too, that God overruled Paul's bondage and chains for good, and that it resulted in the organization of a strong church in Rome. So great was the apostle's influence that even some of the members of Cæsar's household were converted to the faith. We know, too, that his life for these two years was active and full of work; not only did he preach the Gospel, but the care of other churches was upon him. Of his labor in Rome he speaks, in writing to the Philippians: "Now I would have you know, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the progress of the gospel; so that my bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard, and to all the rest." Here, too, he wrote the epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Second Timothy and Hebrews.

Chrysostom, writing of Paul and his relations to the church at Rome, says: "I honor Rome for this reason; for though I could celebrate her praises on many accounts,—for her greatness, for her beauty, for her power, for her wealth, and for her warlike exploits, yet passing over all these things I glorify her on this account, that Paul, in his lifetime, wrote to the Romans, and loved them, and was present with, and conversed with them, and ended his life amongst them. Wherefore, the city is, on this account, renowned more than all others. On this account I admire her, not on account of her gold, her columns, or her other splendid decorations."

Another author, writing of the labors of the apostle, says: "Paul had already accomplished much in the conver-

sion of sinners. At Cyprus the Roman officer, Sergius Paulus, had been converted. At Athens he had preached to the court of the Areopagites, and Dionysius, one of that learned body of judges, had accepted the Truth. And now at Rome he was doing valiant work for the Master. His words are heard even in the Golden House of Nero. Not only those who attend the court but some of the household of Cæsar, possibly some of his relatives, yield to the power of the ambassador of Jesus Christ. Then he also gathered a group of eager disciples about him. There was Onesiphorus, of Ephesus, who was not ashamed of Paul's chain, Epaphros, of Colosse, who was captive with him, Timothy, his own son in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, with Hermas, Aristarchus, Marcus, Demas, and Luke, the well-beloved physician, the faithful companion and friend of the apostle." These stood by him and comforted him. How blessed is the man who has helpful, loving friends in time of need,—friends not of a day, a month, or a year, but friends for life and death! Such were Paul's friends, and surely he was richly blessed of God.

On the Palatine Hill stood Cæsar's judgment hall. We walked amid its ruins and thought of Paul standing there alone before Nero, the blood-stained adulterer, who was to judge him and pass upon the charges preferred against him by the Jewish Sanhedrin. He was fully prepared for his trial, and anxious for the time to come. He wrote at this time: "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He was ready to go before Cæsar, but while he was waiting, on May 18, A. D. 64, a great fire broke out in the City of Rome, and raged with

great fury for six days. It is generally agreed that the city was burned by the order of Nero himself, and to escape suspicion he threw the blame on the Christians. The result was a bloody persecution in which many were put to death. We quote the account given by Tacitus of this persecution.



Nero and Poppæa his Wife.

“Hence, to suppress the rumor, he, Nero, falsely charged with the guilt, and punished with the most exquisite tortures, the persons commonly called Christians, who were hated for their enormities (being mixed up by the Romans with the Jews, who, at this time, were in revolt). Christus, the founder of that name, was put to death as a criminal by Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius; but the pernicious superstition, repressed for a time, broke out again, not only throughout Judea, where the mischief originated, but through the City of Rome also. Accordingly, first those were seized who confessed they were Christians; next, on their information, a vast multitude were convicted, not so much on the charge of burning the City, as of hating the human race. And in their deaths they were also made the subjects of sport, for they were

covered with the skins of wild animals and worried to death by dogs, or nailed to crosses, or set fire to, and when day declined, burned to serve for nocturnal lights. Nero offered his own gardens for that spectacle, and exhibited a circensian game, indiscriminately mingling with the common people in the habit of a charioteer, or else standing in his own chariot; whence a feeling of compassion arose towards the sufferers, thought guilty and deserving to be made examples of by capital punishment, because they seemed not to be cut off for the public good, but victims to the ferocity of one man." ("Annals of Tacitus" 15, 44.)

Before the persecution started the great apostle had some hopes of being released and set at liberty. He waited patiently for his trial. Writing to the Philippians at this time he says of Timotheus, "Him therefore I hope to send presently, so soon as I shall see how it will go with me. But I trust in the Lord that I also myself shall come shortly." Philpp. 2: 23, 24. In the same hopeful frame of mind he writes to Philemon: "But withal prepare me also a lodging: for I trust that through your prayers I shall be given unto you." Phil. 22. In his first trial at Cesarea he stood alone: "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge." 2 Tim. 4: 16. Now the brethren of Rome were with him and comforted him: "Eubulus, Pudens, Linus, Claudia and all the brethren." But while he is hopeful, he is also fully prepared for the issues of the trial. Whether it be to live or to die, to depart or to remain, he is ready for the issue. He can say with calmness and in the full assurance of faith: "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Philpp. 1: 20, 21.

But now all is changed. While Paul waits the emperor sets the city on fire and, as we have seen, throws the

blame and odium on the Christians. The terrible persecution is begun. Paul, the well-known leader of the sect called Nazarenes, is placed under close surveillance and the time for his trial is fixed. The persecution rages. Men, women and children are tortured and put to death in the most cruel and heartless manner. The day for the trial of the apostle is at hand, and he knows that the day of his triumph has come. Writing for the last time to his beloved son Timothy he exclaims in prophetic language: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4: 6-8. Grand and fitting words with which to close life's labors. How these words have cheered and comforted weary Christians all the centuries since Paul wrote them; and they will continue to be a comfort until the Master shall come again.

The end of the apostle's suffering and bonds is now at hand. He is taken to Cæsar's judgment hall and stands before the bloody tyrant who is guilty of every crime known in the catalogue of gross human sins. What a contrast! Paul, the aged prisoner of Jesus Christ, whose life had been spent in the service of his Master; Nero, the sensuous voluptuary, the human monster whose very name causes men to shudder even to-day. We have no account of the trial. We know that he was innocent, but he was condemned to death. Under the Roman law no time was allowed between sentence and execution. As Christ was led from Pilate's judgment hall to the place of crucifixion, so Paul was taken from before Cæsar to the circus on the Vatican Hill, and there this valiant soldier of the cross was put to death.

In the center of the Circus stood a silent witness to the sufferings and death of Paul and his followers,—an Egyptian obelisk brought from the quarries at Assuan by the Emperor Caligula. It had been hewn out by Pharaoh's workmen, but had never been erected in Egypt. In 1586 it was removed from the Circus and placed in front of St. Peter's Church in Rome. Standing by this solemn, silent witness of the death of Paul the mind is carried back to the sufferings of this heroic servant of God. It bears the inscription: "Christ is triumphant! Christ reigns! Christ is emperor! Christ paid all our debts."



Circus of Nero, from a Coin.

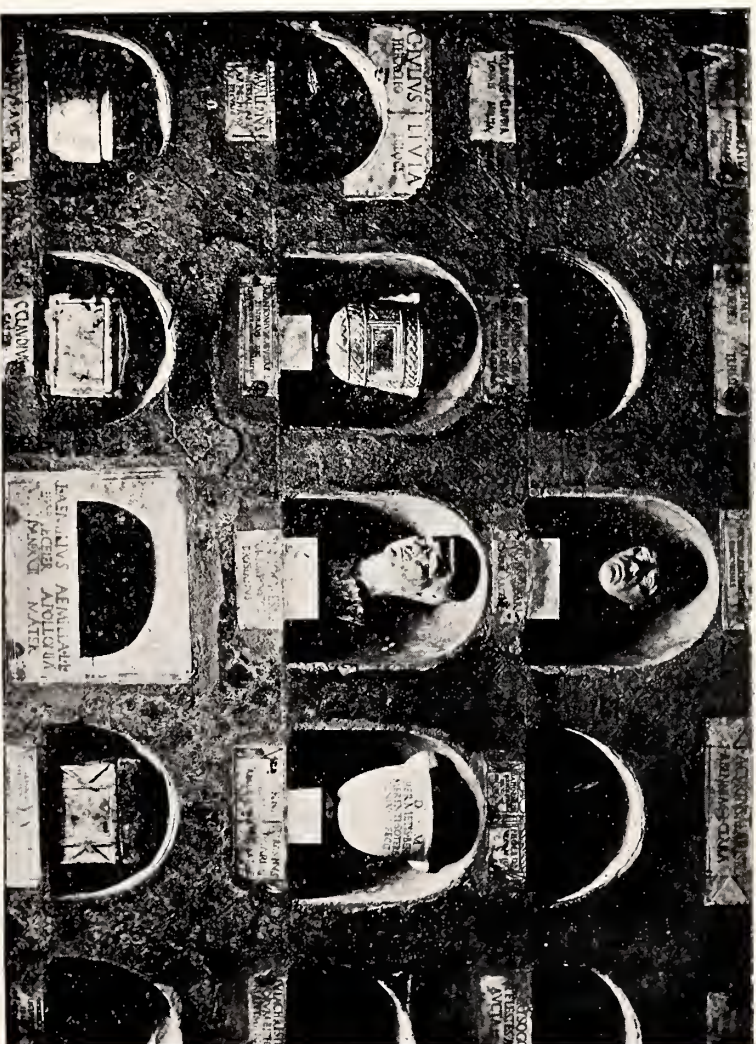
Reference has been made to the fact that when Paul went to Rome it was the custom among the Romans to burn the bodies of the dead. The ashes were put in vases

and these were deposited in underground vaults, especially prepared for that purpose and called columbaria. Like the Catacombs, the columbaria were cut in rock. In the galleries on either side niches were cut and in these were placed the cinerary urns or vases containing the ashes of the dead. Beneath these were



Portrait of Paul painted on a Glass Vase of the Fifth Century.

placed marble slabs containing inscriptions relating to those whose ashes rested here.



Columbaria in Rome, where the Ashes of the Dead were Deposited.

We visited the columbaria of Scipio and of the servants of Cæsar's household. The latter contain the ashes of the officers and members of the imperial family from Cæsar to Nero inclusive. It is interesting because it is in an excellent state of preservation and because some of the names found in it are mentioned in the New Testament. The following are the inscriptions:

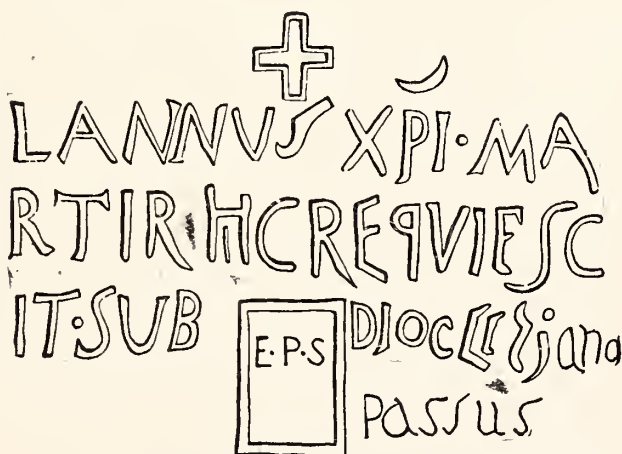
"Tryphena Valeria and Valerius."

"Futianus to the memory of the mother Tryphena."

"Varia Tryphosa, patron, and M. Eppius Clemens erected this to his well-beloved wife who lived thirty years."

"Ampliatius made this for his well-deserving brother Restitutus."

The names of Onesimus, Philetus and Epaphras also occur in the inscriptions.



An Inscription in the Catacombs.

Paul in his letter to the Romans, written at Corinth A. D. 68, refers to Tryphena and Tryphosa. He says: "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord."


Rom. 16: 12. To Philemon he says: "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus, whom I have begotten in my bonds." Phil. 10. Ampliatus is spoken of in the letter to the Romans and Epaphras in the letter to the Colossians as "our dear fellow servant" and "one of you, a servant of Christ," and to Philemon as "my fellow prisoner in Christ Jesus."

The inscriptions compared with the writings of the apostle show that the names used are the same. The question at once arises, Are they the same? Can we to-day look upon the ashes of those early Christians in Rome? The answer by Dr. Forbes is given. Speaking of these names he says: "They are uncommon and we have them mentioned only by Paul and on these marble slabs, which slabs are in the columbaria of the freedmen of the Cæsars, agreeing in date with the time of Paul's letters, who himself preached to and had converts among the household of Cæsar, in the Prætorian Camp, and in the imperial palace upon the Palatine Hill. He says, writing to the Philippians (chapter 1: 13): 'So that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places;' and in chapter 4: 22, 'All the saints salute you, chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household.'"

The name of Valeria was taken by Tryphena when she obtained her freedom from her mistress, the Empress Messalina, whose name was Valeria. The slabs were erected by their fellow-servants in the official household of Cæsar, and show in what esteem these men and women who had embraced Christianity were held by their associates, and there seems to be no doubt that the names inscribed on the marble slabs in the columbarium are likewise named by Paul.

CHAPTER IV.

The Arch of Titus.—The Golden Candlestick and Table of Showbread.—St. Peter's Cathedral.—The Bronze Statue.—St. Paul's Church.—The Portrait of our Lord.

N one occasion the disciples called the attention of our Lord to the great buildings of the temple at Jerusalem; and as they stood beholding the wonderful structure, he said to them: "See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." After this he sat on the Mount of Olives, with the Holy City spread out before him, and, calling his disciples to him, gave them that wonderful prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, recorded by Matthew, which, was so literally fulfilled forty-one years later.

When Christ spoke the words of this prophecy to his disciples the reign of Tiberius was drawing to a close. He was succeeded by Caligula, who reigned four years and gave place to Claudius, who was succeeded by the tyrant Nero (54-68) under whose reign occurred the first persecution in Rome, in which Paul, and, it is supposed, Peter also suffered martyrdom. The immediate successors of Nero were Galba, Otho and Vitellius, each reigning but a few months. A change then occurred in the reigning family. Vitellius was the last of the Julian family, as the immediate successors of Julius Cæsar were called. He was succeeded by a soldier named Vespasian, and it was during his reign

(A. D. 69-79) that his son Titus marched against Jerusalem and, after a long siege, took and completely destroyed the City of David. Thus it will be seen that, from the time our Savior foretold the destruction of Jerusalem until all his words concerning that event were fulfilled, seven different emperors ruled in Rome. We refer to this to show what great changes had taken place in the Imperial City.

After the destruction of Jerusalem the Roman Senate conferred upon Titus divine honors and accorded him a triumphal entry into the City of Rome. It was a grand display in honor of the conqueror. At the head of the procession rode the victorious general, followed by his veteran soldiers. Then came the captives,—men, women and children,—who were to be sold into a slavery worse than death. No doubt among that band of prisoners who marched through Rome that day were some who had heard of the prophecy of Christ and had seen him crucified. Now, too late, they realized what they had done. Following the captive Jews came the spoils of war. And here was to be seen the furniture of Solomon's Temple—the golden candlestick, the table of showbread and the Ark of the Covenant—all carried on the shoulders of captive Jews. It must have been an imposing spectacle.

After this the Senate decreed that a triumphal arch should be erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem and the victory of Titus. This was built in A. D. 81, and in this structure we have a silent witness to the truth of the Bible. To-day the arch is standing across the triumphal way. It is finely embellished with statuary in relief. One figure represents Titus crowned by victory. But the most interesting part of the work is a representation of the triumphal procession with the captive Jews, the victors

Arch of Titus, showing Golden Candlesstick and Table of Showbread.





carrying the golden candlestick with seven branches and the table with the showbread. The work was finely wrought in marble, and the carved candlestick agrees exactly with the description given in the Bible. It shows that the artist had the candlestick before him when he did the work. The features of the men are also of the well-known Jewish type. Here is indisputable evidence that Titus destroyed Jerusalem, that he carried the Jews into captivity and that he brought the holy vessels and the furniture of the temple to Rome.

We made a careful and critical examination of this relic of the past, and to us it seems a wonderful witness of the truth of God's Book. As we stood beneath the lofty arch, we thought of Hawthorne's words, "Standing beneath the Arch of Titus, and amid so much dust, it is difficult to forbear the commonplaces of enthusiasm, on which hundreds of tourists have already insisted. Over the half-worn pavement, and beneath this arch, the Roman armies had trodden in their outward march, to fight the battles, a world's width away. Returning victorious, with royal captives and inestimable spoil, a Roman triumph, that most gorgeous pageant of earthly pride, has streamed and flaunted in hundredfold succession over these same flagstones, and through this yet stalwart archway."

CHURCHES AND CATHEDRALS.

Rome is a city of churches. There are hundreds of them, ranging in splendor from St. Peter's Cathedral down to the modest wayside chapel. We have space here to refer briefly to only two of them,—St. Peter's within the gates, and St. Paul's a mile from the city wall. Anything like a full description of either of these wonderful buildings would require a volume instead of the space we can give here.

St. Peter's Cathedral stands near the place where Paul was beheaded and is on the supposed site of Peter's crucifixion. The first church was built here by Constantine the Great. The present structure dates from the year 1450 when the reconstruction of the old church was begun by Nicholas V; it was dedicated Nov. 18, 1626. Additions were made to it, so that, at the beginning of the present century, the total cost of construction and decorations amounted to over fifty million dollars. An addition to the church by Pius VI, cost nearly one million dollars and the annual cost of its maintenance and repairs is three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

The following measurements are given as being approximately correct. Total length of building, including the portico, is six hundred and ninety-six feet; the greatest width in the transept, four hundred and fifty feet; the height of the ceiling in the central nave, one hundred and fifty feet, and from the pavement to the summit of the dome, four hundred and thirty-five feet. The area inside of the walls is eighteen thousand square yards, nearly double that of the next largest cathedral in the world. The immense size of the building makes it the most imposing, and, at the same time, the most expensive church in the world. A calculation as to the number of people who might find standing room in the church shows that, by placing three upon each square yard, fifty-four thousand persons might be crowded into the immense structure.

The interiors of many of the great cathedrals of Europe are dark, damp and gloomy. This is true of St. Paul's in London, Notre Dame in Paris, and the Cologne Cathedral. To this St. Peter's is a notable exception. It is flooded with light. As you enter the building the light falls on the many-colored, polished marble floor and is re-

flected on rich walls, on columns of variegated marble, agate and porphyry, lighting up the richly-coffered, gilded ceiling with dazzling effect. The first impression is one of bewilderment, but as the eye gradually takes in the vast proportions and the beauty of the interior, and the mind grasps the plan which Michael Angelo, the architect, wrought out, the beholder is filled with wonder and amazement by the harmony and symmetry of its proportions and the wondrous beauty of the building. The great dome rests on four huge columns, each two hundred and thirty-four feet in circumference, and yet so well are these proportioned that they seem light and airy in the huge structure.

Beneath the dome, in the center of the church, is an imposing bronze canopy, ninety-five feet in height, under which is the high altar. It is said to stand immediately over the tomb of the Apostle Peter. Around it are eighty-nine lamps, kept constantly burning. Here the Pope of Rome alone officiates on occasions of high church festivals. At such times the great building is crowded to its utmost capacity. Here once each year he washes, wipes and kisses the feet of twelve of his cardinals, selected for that purpose. This is done in imitation of the washing of the disciples' feet by the Master. We could not but reflect upon the contrast between the two scenes.

At Jerusalem in an upper chamber, borrowed or hired for the occasion, Jesus with the twelve sat down to eat his last supper with those he loved. It was a humble little group, poor in this world's goods but rich above all in heavenly possessions. He rose from supper and washed their feet. The Son of God had not where to lay his head. The Pope of Rome officiates in a fifty million dollar church. And here, amid all this splendor, robed in rich

vestments, sparkling with the costliest gems, he follows the example of Christ and washes his cardinals' feet. Could there be a greater or a more striking contrast?

One thing more about the cathedral and we leave it. Near the high altar is a bronze statue, said to represent Peter. The figure is in a sitting posture and is placed on a marble throne. The right foot is slightly extended, or rather what is left of it, for it is partly worn away. Every faithful Catholic who passed by as we stood looking at the statue pressed his lips against the bronze foot, wiping it before and after kissing it. Some, after kissing, placed the forehead against the foot and offered a prayer. Much kissing and wiping have worn away the hard bronze, until the toes are nearly all gone. Surely, this is zeal without knowledge!

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

We give this splendid church a mere passing notice. One writer has said that the finest monument ever erected in this world is the church at Rome to the memory of Paul, the apostle to the Gentiles. The edifice is one vast hall of fine marble and mosaics, and has been reared by contributions from nearly all parts of the world. The interior is grand and imposing and is nicely decorated with different colored marble. The ceiling is richly coffered and is supported by eighty immense granite columns, beautifully polished.

“Imperial splendor all the roof adorns;
Whose vaults a monarch built to God, and graced
With golden hues the vast circumference.
With gold the beams he covered, that within
The light might emulate the beams of morn.”

In this church is to be seen in mosaics a head of Christ after the description of Isaiah, “He hath no form nor

comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him." The artist succeeded in making a face without a single line of beauty in it.

After visiting these magnificent structures we have many reflections. Two thoughts were especially impressed upon the mind.

1. Here are millions upon millions of dollars spent in extravagant display, and within easy distance of St. Peter's, thousands of people are suffering for the necessities of life. At the doorways of these costly structures every visitor is beset by beggars who depend upon the generosity of strangers for bread. There seems to be something radically wrong with a system that produces such striking contrasts in the lives of its followers. Splendor, magnificence, lavish display, untold extravagance within: beggary, hunger, starvation without.

2. If the piety of a people, and the correctness of their beliefs were to be measured by the amount of money they give, then these must stand very high, for see the fabulous sums spent here in the construction of these great churches. We have referred to two, and there are hundreds of them. It is true that piety and faith can not be measured in that way, but the zeal of the Roman Catholic church can be. And they put to shame many who give so sparingly to the church of their choice. We profess, as a people, to follow the Master in all his teachings, and we believe we are right. Let us show our zeal and earnestness, not in building stately and magnificent churches but in spreading the Gospel and in keeping the poor. A man, rich in this world's goods, can only be saved from degradation and ruin by a liberal benevolence.

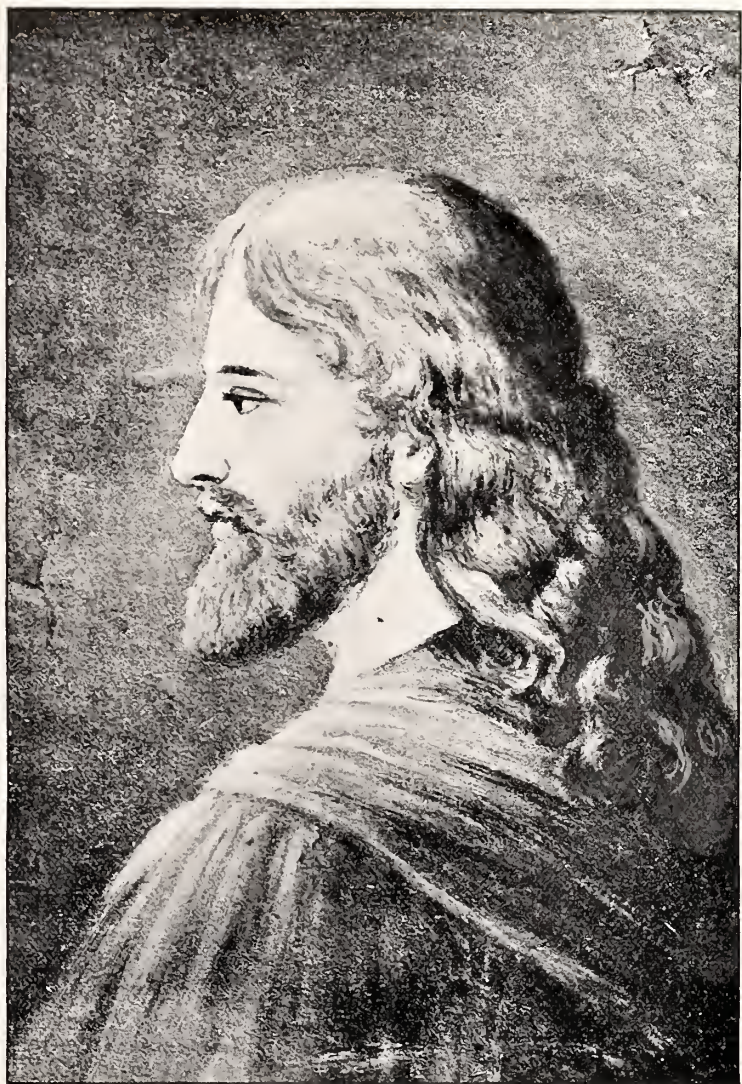
THE PORTRAIT OF OUR LORD.

The accompanying portrait of our Savior is from a photograph purchased in Cologne, Germany, several years ago. The face has about it a wondrous beauty. The following words are printed beneath the portrait: "*Das einzige richtige Portrait unseres Heilandes Jesu Christi.*" On the back of the card is printed in German a sketch of the painting from which the photograph was taken. Translated it reads as follows:

"THE ONLY TRUE PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOR.

"The picture on the other side is the copy of a cut in emerald, which was made at the order of the Emperor Tiberius and kept in the treasury at Constantinople. Later on, the original was used by the Emperor of the Turks as a ransom for his brother who had at the time, under Pope Innocent V, been captured by the Christians. The faithfulness of the picture is shown through Publius Lentulus, at that time governor of Judea, in whose writings to the senate and the Roman people a passage is found of which the following is a translation:

"There has appeared in these days a very virtuous man, Jesus Christ by name, who is still living among us and is looked upon as a prophet by the heathens, but by his own disciples he is called Son of God. He raises people from the dead and heals all kinds of disease. A man of somewhat tall and imposing stature and of very venerable appearance, so that those who see him are led both to fear and to love him. His hair has the color of a fully ripened hazelnut, almost smooth down to the ears; from there on it is somewhat curled, flowing over his shoulders, and of more nearly oriental color; after the manner of the Nazarenes it is parted in the middle. His forehead is free and smooth, his face without spots or wrinkles, beautiful, of a pleasing red. Nose and mouth have a form with which no



Portrait of our Savior,



fault can be found. The beard is full, its color matching well with that of the hair, not very long. His eyes are gray, clear and full of life; his body is well formed and firmly built, his hands and arms in good proportion. In censure he is terrible, in admonition kind and fascinating, in his speech temperate, wise and modest, joined with dignity. No one can recall that he has seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep.'

"A man surpassing the children of men in his singular beauty."

The traveler in Europe will find, in many of the shops where pictures are sold, numerous so-called portraits of our Savior. In price they range from a few pennies for the cheaper lithographs to large sums of money for the beautiful copies, in oil colors, of the masterpieces of Guido, Michael Angelo and Raphael. It is said that Raphael's head of Christ in the great transfiguration scene has never been equaled. The face has a glorified beauty about it that is marvelous. At a very early date the artists made many attempts to depict the features of the Savior and the result is an immense number of portraits.

The question, Is there an authentic portrait of our Lord in existence? is of more than common interest. The Roman Catholic church claims that there is; but this claim is not well founded, and many of the portraits purporting to represent the face of our Savior are nothing more than pious frauds. While in the Imperial City we had an excellent opportunity to carefully examine the subject. We saw and secured a number of the so-called portraits, and one needs only to compare them, and see the difference between them, to come to the conclusion that, to say the very least, it is not at all likely that there is a true representation of the head of our Savior in existence.

We were also fortunate, during our stay in Rome, to receive some very valuable information on this subject from Dr. Forbes, and we propose to give to our readers the benefit of the researches made by him on this subject. The information here given may be considered as entirely reliable, and is well worth a careful study. It is the result of a long, careful, painstaking investigation of the entire question:

“It may seem strange to many that none of the Lord's disciples describe his appearance, although there are pretended descriptive portraits of him, written at a later date. Isaiah foretells his appearance, and his are the only references in the Sacred Scriptures that tell us what the Son of Man was like personally. ‘His visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.’ 52: 14. ‘He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.’ 53: 2.

“This was exactly the way in which the early Byzantine artists portrayed Christ, as for example in the fifth century mosaic on the arch of triumph in the church of St. Paul without the walls.

“Lampridius, in his life of Alexander Severus, speaks of that emperor having a bust of Christ in the chapel of his household gods. This proves that portraits of our Savior, either true or ideal, were existing in the third century. St. John Damascenus, in the eighth century, speaks of a portrait that Constantine had done from a supposed ‘description of Christ, written to the Roman Senate by Publius Lentulus, proconsul of Judea before Herod.’ We have failed to trace any such proconsul, but it is the oldest description of the Lord extant, most probably late in the second century when all sorts of apocryphal writings were circulated;

“‘At this time appeared a man who is still living and endowed with mighty power; his name is Jesus Christ. His disciples call him the Son of God; others regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life and heals the sick of every description of infirmity and disease. This man is of lofty stature and well proportioned; his countenance, severe and virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings both of fear and love. The hair of his head is of the color of wine, and from the top of the head to the ears, straight and without radiance, but it descends from the ears to the shoulders in shining curls. From the shoulders the hair flows down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his forehead is clear and without wrinkle, his face free from blemish, and slightly tinged with red, his physiognomy noble and gracious. The nose and mouth faultless, his beard is abundant, the same color as the hair and forked. His eyes blue and very brilliant. In reproving or censuring, he is awe-inspiring; in exhorting and teaching, his speech is gentle and caressing. His countenance is marvelous in seriousness and grace. He has never once been seen to laugh; but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person, has hands straight and long, his arms beautiful. Grave and solemn in his discourse, his language is simple and quiet. He is, in appearance, the most beautiful of the children of men.’—*Codex Apocryphus Nov. Test. ab Fabricium, 1703, pt. I, page 301.*

“In the Apocryphal New Testament there are epistles supposed to have been written by Jesus and Abgarus, King of Edessa. They are quoted by Eusebius, and John Damascenus adds that ‘Abgarus charged his messenger to employ some artist to make a portrait of our Lord Jesus, from whom nothing is hidden, and to whom nothing is impossible. Being aware of the intention of Abgarus he took a piece of linen, applied it to his face, and depicted thereon his own image. This very portrait is in existence at the

present day, and in perfect preservation.' We remember photographs of this pretended portrait being sold in London some years ago. It was said to be preserved in the church of Silvestro in Capite, Rome, till 1870 when it was removed to the Vatican. In S. Prassede is a miniature on a texture, but the features are obliterated; it shows a figure in outline down to the waist. This is also claimed to have been sent by Christ to Abgarus. This naturally reminds us of the story of St. Veronica, who is said to have wiped the Savior's face on his way to Golgotha, and that the impression of his features remained on her handkerchief. This is displayed on grand occasions at St. Peter's, and facsimiles can be bought in the Roman shops. We may also consider as of the second century the rare bronze medal upon which the Lord's profile is engraved. This medallion was exhibited in Rome, in the time of Pope Julius II, and has been discussed by various writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though its story is comparatively little known now. It will be found engraved and described in the Rev. R. Walsh's essay on ancient coins, 1828, he having bought it of a Jew at Rostock. In 1700 one was dug up at the ancient circus of Brin-gwin in Wales, and sent by Rowland to Luid, at the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, but it was lost in transit. Another was found in 1812 at Friarswalk, in Cork. The style of this medallion shows that it can not be later than the age of the Antonines, say A. D. 180; it was not a piece of money, but a talisman to be worn as a charm. One impression, in the possession of Mrs. T. W. Vessey, Bristol, has a hole in it, so that it could be suspended round the neck.

"The reverse of the medal has written, in Hebrew characters, in five lines, 'The Messiah has reigned, he came in peace, and, being made the Light of man, he lives.' On the obverse is the head of our Lord in profile, to the left, as described by Lentulus. On the left field is written, in Hebrew, Jesus, and on the right, the letter aleph, the ini-

tial of Adonar, Lord. The portrait on this medallion has become received in western art as the type likeness of Christ, the Byzantine artists making their heads of Jesus more round, of which there are many specimens in the mosaics of Rome. We are rather inclined to think that the letter of Lentulus and the medallion are of the same origin, and made to fit one another. The Christians of the first and early part of the second century certainly had no portraits of Christ, the Jewish influence and the second commandment would prohibit that.

"We now come back to the first century, to the days of the Messiah, to inquire if any portrait of our Lord was made in his lifetime; and if so, if any trace of it is existing. We think it improbable that any of the apostles should have painted the features of Jesus, and those paintings, attributed to St. Luke, are pious frauds. Of all these, and there are many, that at the Scala Sancta is said to have been done by St. Luke in outline, and that invisible hands filled in the coloring during his absence from the studio. It is a late Byzantine portrait, a pear-shaped head with beard and mustache. Wood-cuts and photographs of it are sold at the Scala Sancta.

"Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, in the days of Constantine, speaks of having seen 'representations of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and of Christ himself, still preserved in paintings.' He also speaks of a statue of Jesus at Cesarea Philippi, as follows: 'They say that the woman who had an issue of blood, mentioned by the evangelists, and who obtained deliverance from her affliction by our Savior, was a native of this place, and that her house is shown in the city, and the wonderful monuments of our Savior's benefit to her are still remaining. At the gates of her house, on an elevated stone, stands a bronze image of a woman on her bended knee, with her hands stretched out before her like one entreating. Opposite to this there is another bronze statue of a man, erect, decently clad in a mantle

and stretching out his hand to the woman. Before her feet, and on the same pedestal, there is a certain strange plant growing, which, rising as high as the hem of the brazen garment, is a kind of antidote to all kinds of diseases. This statue, they say, is a statue of Jesus Christ, and it has remained even until our times; so that we ourselves saw it whilst tarrying in that city.' (Eusebius E. H. VII, 18.) Sozomen also speaks of it and says, 'Julian commanded it to be taken down, and a statue of himself to be erected in its place; but fire from heaven was poured down upon Julian's statue, and the head and breast were broken, and it was thrown to the ground with the face downwards; it is still to be seen on the spot where it fell, blackened by the effects of the lightning. The statue of Christ was dragged round the city and mutilated by the Pagans; but the Christians recovered the fragments and deposited the statue in the church in which it is still preserved.' (E. H. V., 21.)

"There is nothing unreasonable in believing that the woman did erect the group which Eusebius says he saw, and we may presume that the artist would make the Lord's likeness as the woman described it. It has not been existing for very many years, for Sozomen speaks of its destruction, but a marble relief of the fourth century, depicting the scene at Cesarea, exists in the Lateran Christian Museum. On the left at the top of the hall of Sarcophagi is one under a canopy; at one end of it is the scene of Peter denying Christ, with buildings in the background; and at the other end is the woman and our Lord, also with buildings in the background, as described above by Eusebius. One of these is evidently the woman's house, a church and baptistry is also shown, evidently the scene at Cesarea. We believe the group in relief to be a copy of the bronze one at Cesarea, and so this would represent the oldest portrait of our Lord; and it agrees with the bronze medallion described above.


“The figures of our Lord in the early sculpture work invariably depict him as a young man, as for example in the scene with Peter at the other end of the above cited sarcophagus, but the figure in the relief with the woman is of the received type as described by Lentulus. We consider that the relief and medal hand down to us, perhaps roughly, the features of Jesus Christ. The heads of Christ in the catacombs are not earlier than the ninth century, and they follow the type at St. Paul’s with an attempt to beautify it in accordance with the decree of Adrian I, 772-95, that ‘Christ should be represented under as beautiful a form as art could display.’”

From the foregoing it will be seen that we are fully justified in the conclusion that there is no authentic portrait of our Lord in existence. Some of the older portraits, made after the description by Lentulus, may, in a general way, give us some of his features, but as a rule the later paintings are largely drawn from the imagination of the artists themselves.

At this writing, Dec. 16, we are in the City of Naples. In a few days we take the Steamer Rosetta for Port Said, Egypt. From there we go to Suez, and to the route of the Exodus of the Children of Israel from Egypt. Then, crossing over the Land of Goshen, we go to Cairo, hoping to reach the latter place on Christmas Day. We are both enjoying excellent health. The Lord has abundantly blessed us, and we give him thanks and praise.

CHAPTER V.

From Rome to Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.—An Eruption.

FROM Rome we journey by rail to Naples, a distance of some two hundred miles. After leaving the Imperial City the road crosses the Tiber and passes the ruins of the old aqueduct and the tombs along the Appian Way. After crossing the Campagna we pass through a rough, hilly country, given up almost entirely to the cultivation of the vine, and finally reach Naples, the largest city in Italy, with a population of about half a million. The city is built around about the bay of the same name, and has always been noted for the beauty of its situation.

The chief attractions of the place are Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii and Herculaneum, all within easy distance of the city. The peculiar customs of the place are very striking and interesting to the traveler. Our first walk through the city was in the early morning. We noticed flocks of goats being driven about the streets and found that many families receive their supply of milk from these animals. They are driven from door to door and up the stairways to the upper stories of the houses where they are milked while the customer stands by and waits for his supply of the rich, lacteal fluid.

Cows are also driven about the streets and milked at the doors of those who buy the milk. There are two advantages in this system: it does away with milk wagons,

and the people of Naples, it would seem, are sure that they get pure milk without the addition of chalk and water, which, it is said, are sometimes served to customers in our large cities at home. But appearances are deceptive. The milkmen of Naples carry water in rubber bags 'secreted' under the folds of their coats. A small tube passing down beneath the sleeve of the garment is so manipulated that a quantity of water is allowed to run into the can while the process of milking is going on. Some of the customers, aware of the tricks of the milkmen, do the milking themselves, and thus get pure milk.

Mount Vesuvius, one of the most noted volcanoes in the world, rises in isolated majesty near the Bay of Naples. It is something over four thousand feet from the sea level to the top of its cone, in the center of which is the great crater. In ancient times, according to Strabo, Vesuvius "was covered with beautiful meadows, with the exception of the summit. The latter is, indeed, for the most part level, but quite sterile; for it has an appearance like ashes, and shows rugged rocks of sooty consistency and color, as if they had been consumed by fire." During the reign of Nero, A. D. 63, a fearful earthquake occurred, and sixteen years later, in the reign of Titus, nine years after the destruction of Jerusalem, the great volcanic eruption occurred, which overwhelmed all the cities in the plain and converted the beautiful meadows into sterile wastes of ashes and lava. Since then the mountain has been an active volcano. The greatest eruption in recent times occurred in April, 1872. The lava burst forth on every side, running down the mountain in a molten stream. A number of persons were overtaken and destroyed by the liquid stream of fire. A writer who witnessed the eruption says: "At the same time, amidst terrific thundering, the crater poured

forth huge volumes of smoke, mingled with red-hot stones and lava, to a height of four thousand feet; whilst clouds of ashes, rising to double that height, were carried by the wind as far as Cosenza, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. The lava emitted during this eruption covers an area of two square miles, and averages thirteen feet in depth."

The distance from Naples to the foot of the great cone is fifteen and one-half miles, and from this point a wire rope railway conveys the traveler upward nine hundred yards to the foot of the upper cone. From the upper station we climbed along a well-constructed path to the rim of the crater. We made two attempts to reach the top of the mountain and succeeded in getting a good view of the crater on Dec. 15. Soon after leaving the upper station, we noticed light wreaths of smoke issuing from the crevices along our upward pathway. A rumbling noise, resembling distant thunder, was heard at regular intervals and we had an indistinct feeling that the mountain quaked. Our guide said, "He," meaning the volcano, "working; but he no dangare." As we continued our upward course the smoke increased and the strong fumes of sulphur emitted were decidedly unpleasant. At one place a hole in the rock was emitting smoke in puffs. We put our hand in but removed it at once; it was quite hot.

At this point the explosions, which occur at regular intervals in the crater, could be very distinctly heard and the tremor of the mountain felt. Still higher the smoke and sulphur grew thicker, and we were compelled to cover mouth and nose with handkerchiefs. At last we reached the rim of the crater, and looking down, we beheld a fearful sight. We thought of the bottomless pit. As we stood looking into the awful abyss, there came a terrific explo-

sion. The mountain shook, great masses of stone and lava were thrown high into the air and fell back again into the restless crater. Great tongues of bright-red flames burst through the dense volumes of smoke that rolled upward from the pit. The scene was a frightful one and our curiosity to see a volcano at work was fully gratified in a very short time. The guide continued to assure us there was no "dangare," but we went away to a point of greater security, where we watched the explosions for some time.

One of the lessons here impressed was our own littleness and helplessness. What wonderful powers God has stored away in the forces of nature! Man, standing in the presence of the manifestation of this mighty power, is less than a worm of the dust. Behold the Lord toucheth "the mountains, and they shall smoke. He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke." The smoking mountain and the trembling earth seen and felt this day shall never be forgotten. Well may man say, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am."

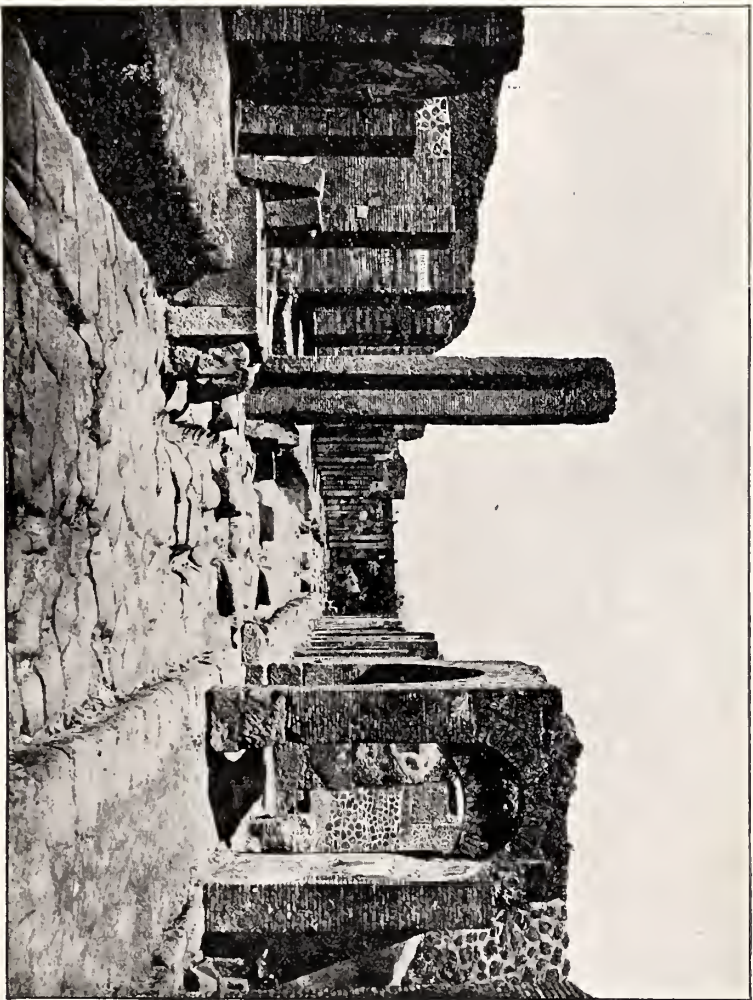
POMPEII.

On the twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 79, the residents of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the other cities and villages located in the vicinity of Vesuvius, were startled by a terrific eruption of the mountain. A great column of smoke and ashes rose high in the air and spread out in the shape of a dense black cloud; the light of the sun was totally obscured, and in a short time a dense shower of ashes fell upon the doomed cities. When the eruption ended, Pompeii was covered with ashes and small stone to a depth of twenty feet. Some of the inhabitants fled at the first alarm and escaped. Others remained to remove their val-

uables and perished. It is estimated that at least two thousand perished in the ruins of their homes. Years rolled into centuries and the name and site of the city passed from the memory of man. More than sixteen hundred years went by and the city was rediscovered, and at this time about one-half of the buried city has been uncovered. The work of excavation is carried on by the Italian Government, and it is estimated that at the present rate of progress it will be sixty years before the entire city is excavated.

When the city was buried it was full of life and activity, and in the excavation many things are found as they were left on that terrible day in August. We walked through the streets of the excavated city, which are paved with blocks of stone. In many places deep ruts are worn into the pavements, showing that the Pompeiians drove through their streets with chariots and carts. The houses and shops are, in many places, remarkably well preserved. Here is a baker's shop. The ovens are still preserved and in one of them eighty-one loaves of bread were found, on some of which the baker's name was stamped. The loaves are still well preserved, and we see the bread that was placed in the oven A. D. 79 and taken out only a few years ago. Connected with the baker's shop are mills for grinding grain, and in them was found grain of various kinds, left there when the slaves who turned the mills fled for a place of safety.

The articles found are placed in a large building for safe keeping, and here they may be examined and studied. Here one can form a good idea of the home life of the Pompeiians, as almost everything used in domestic life can be seen: articles of food, all kinds of grain, fruit, such as figs, dates, etc., oil, well preserved in glass bottles, the remains of household furniture, iron money chests, in shape



An Excavated Street in Pompeii, showing Ruts of Chariot Wheels.

resembling the modern iron safe, tools of various kinds and shapes, fishing-hooks, just the same as we use to-day, surgical instruments, and ornaments of all kinds, such as jewels, bracelets, rings and chains, in great abundance.

Among the many interesting objects to be seen at Pompeii, none are more wonderful than the plaster casts of objects found in the ashes which enveloped and covered up the city. These consist of human bodies, the bodies of animals, and other perishable objects. The following explanation will give our readers an idea as to how the casts of the various objects found are obtained.

The first layer of matter that fell upon the city was fine ashes, and it completely covered up the lower part of the houses. It was so fine that it permeated every crack and crevice. It was finer than ordinary domestic dust, and enveloped the substances completely. Rolfe says,* It will be readily understood that it made an equal pressure all around them, and that they were consequently as completely surrounded as if they had been immersed in water.

The substances and objects thus covered made an exact mould of their forms in the ashes, which hardened a short time after their fall. Thus the form was most accurately preserved. An object buried in a snow-drift makes an exact mould in the snow. This gives an accurate idea of the process by which the moulds of objects were formed in the ashes that covered up Pompeii.

Our readers will readily understand that all that was perishable in the substances buried crumbled to dust in the lapse of centuries. That is to say, the clothes and flesh of the victims, the woodwork of the doors and the willow of the baskets have all completely vanished; but the parts

*We give an abridged account of the process found in Rolfe's excellent work on Pompeii.

less liable to decay remain, such as the iron and the bronze work of the doors and the bones and ornaments of the human subjects. These all remained exactly as they were then covered, and held their original places in an accurate mould which the falling ashes made around them. We think this will be understood by our readers.

The next process is more simple. When the excavators come to one of these moulds, which is made apparent in the rise of the layer of ashes, a slight opening is made into the cavity and liquid plaster of Paris is poured in and allowed to remain undisturbed until it thoroughly hardens. The external mould of ashes is then removed and an exact cast of the object is thus obtained, all that was perishable being now replaced by the plaster of Paris, and all that did not decay being firmly fixed in the plaster, and in its original place.

In this way the exact form and even the features of men and women who perished here eighteen hundred years ago are as well preserved as if they had been cut in imperishable marble. In some of the faces, and in the positions of the bodies, is to be seen the evidence of intense suffering. We might devote this entire letter to these interesting objects, but refer to only a few of them.

The first is the form of a Roman soldier, found at one of the gates of the city, where he was standing on guard when the eruption came, and, instead of fleeing, fell at his post, true to the instincts of the Romans. This incident is often referred to as an example of faithfulness and fidelity.

Another is that of a slave, evidently an African. The nose and lips clearly indicate the negro type, and the imprint of the curly hair is plainly to be seen. The folds of his clothing show with remarkable clearness. The right hand is firmly clasped and the expression of the mouth and



Cast from Mould of Human Figure found in Pompeii.

face shows intense agony. The left hand grasps his belt and the lower limbs are extended.

The form of a dog, that was found tied to his kennel, is remarkably well preserved. The poor animal was tied, but had trodden the falling ashes under his feet till the length of his chain prevented him from getting any further, when he died, on his back, in great agony. His mouth is open and his legs are extended. The form is perfect.

Among other objects preserved in this way are a number of doors of the houses, and here is the first example of a panel door known. From the fact that the center pieces form a cross it is believed that it came from the house of a Christian, for it is well known that, before the destruction of Pompeii, Christianity had found converts in Italy. Puteoli, where Paul landed, is only a few miles across the bay from the ruined city. If there were brethren at Paul's landing-place, it is only fair to assume that seventeen years later there were brethren in Pompeii. The author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" takes this view, and we believe he is correct.

THE MORALS OF THE PEOPLE.

The brethren in Pompeii found a terrible state of affairs in the moral and social depravity of the people. In Paul's Epistle to the Romans is found a characterization of the people of that city, and the first chapter of that letter would have applied to the Pompeiians, even if it had been intensified twofold. The ruins of the city give silent yet unmistakable evidence of its vice and wickedness. Many of their practices were so vile, and their morality so low, that language cannot be used to express the depths of infamy to which they had gone. Sodomy, and like vices, were among their sinful practices. Sodom was overthrown

because of its wickedness, and Pompeii certainly deserved the same fate. The degradation of woman was complete, and, as a result, men were equally depraved and degraded, for the one follows the other as surely as like causes produce like effects. As we walked through the streets of the excavated city and saw evidences of the utter depravity and wickedness of the people, we said to the Elder, "No wonder God destroyed this place." And, in some respects, it is a pity that after eighteen hundred years it should have been uncovered, yet it shows, beyond all doubt, that Paul's characterization of the immorality of the Romans is by no means overdrawn, and it thus becomes a terrible witness of the truth of the apostle's words in the first chapter of his letter to the brethren in Rome.

In traveling in the different countries of the world, the condition of the masses of the people always forms an item of special interest to us, and we are constantly drawing contrasts between the conditions of the people in Europe and the East and those of our own favored land. The questions as to how the laboring class lives, what wages they receive, what is the condition of the poor, will, no doubt, be interesting and instructive to our readers. Last year, in our wanderings in northern Europe, we gave this subject considerable attention, and we now refer to the condition of the laboring classes in Italy.

In all the cities of Italy the poverty that prevails is made apparent by the great crowd of beggars that meet us wherever we go. If we enter a church we are beset, both in going in and coming out, by an importunate crowd of poor unfortunates, who stand in groups about the doors, showing their deformities, hoping to excite sympathy and secure alms. If we walk out of any of the gates of the cities, the same thing occurs, only the crowd of beggars is

larger and more importunate. Giving does not satisfy. It only increases the demands made upon you by the begging throng of men and women, boys and girls. If we drive along the public highway, our carriage becomes the center of attack, and whether we drive slow or fast, the beggars are with us. They run by the side of the carriage long distances, imploring us for money. Half-grown girls, each carrying a baby brother or sister, will follow a carriage several hundred yards, keeping pace with the trotting horses. Giving by no means rids us of the nuisance. It only makes the matter worse.

The following experience will illustrate the result of giving. Driving one day from Naples to Mt. Vesuvius, we passed through the poorer part of the city, lying on the slope of the mountain. We were making a steep ascent along a narrow street, and had to drive slow. As usual, we were beset with beggars, and we distributed a few pennies for sweet charity's sake. Immediately our carriage was literally surrounded by beggars. Our simple act of giving seemed to have turned every boy and girl in the street into a beggar. They filled the air with their cries of "*Signor! Signor!*" If we threw pennies on the ground, hoping thus to rid ourselves of the nuisance, there was a rush and a struggle until the question of ownership was settled, then, with whetted appetite for more, they came on more clamorous than ever. We simply had to endure the noise and make the best of it. After following us a mile or more, they grew tired and fell back.

It is said that begging is the curse of Italy, and we are willing to give half assent to the statement. The beggar loses all self-respect and independence of character. Once a beggar, always a beggar, is the rule. Indiscriminate giving is an evil, not only in Italy, but in our own land. It

has made a race of beggars in Italy. It is encouraging a race of tramps at home, and the responsibility rests upon those who give with mistaken notions of charity. To give judiciously, to help the worthy poor, is a Christian duty, but it is equally a Christian duty not to give where giving will result in evil.

The home life of the poor people here does not, it seems to us, have a single ray of light in it. They are deprived of everything that makes life worth living to us. Poverty-stricken as they are, they live in the merest hovels, and filth too horrible to mention is found on all sides. It is among this class of people that the cholera finds its victims by the hundreds. The bacilli, or cholera germs, delight in filth, and here they revel in the very luxury of dirt, grow fat, and daily increase the death rate to an alarming extent.

In Rome and in Naples we visited the homes of the poor people. We passed through the streets and went into some of the houses. In Naples the conditions seem to be worse than in Rome. Here the houses open on the street. Indeed, the women and children spend the winter days sitting on the sunny side of the street. Here they keep warm. Stoves are not known among them. Those who are able, build a fire in an iron pan and sit around it when it is cold. Women and children old enough to work are busy. Plaiting straw, knitting and sewing are the principal occupations. Inside the house, the floor of the single room is usually made of brick or flat stones. On one side stands the bed. If the family owns a donkey, he has his place in one corner of the room. The chickens, and there are usually one or two dozen in each house, go in and out of the door at will, roosting, in some cases, in the family room. As a rule no windows are seen, the door admitting the light.

Here, in the darkness and filth, men, women and children have what they call their homes. Here they exist. They seem cheerful and contented with their lot, and that is the worst part of it. It is hard to improve the condition of a people who have settled down to a dull contentment, born of a condition in which there is no hope of a better day. If it is true that happiness consists in the things we learn to do without, these people ought to be happy. They live on what many families waste in our country. But deprivation of the common necessities of life is not the only evil among them. The ordinary proprieties, nay, the common decencies of our home life, are entirely wanting.

The condition of the small farmer and the country laborer is not essentially better than that of the poorer classes in the cities. He owns a small parcel of ground, from two to four acres. His home is devoid of comfort, and his life is one of toil. He, with his family, spends part of his time in farming their few acres. The ground is all turned over with a spade, men and women laboring together at this hard work. Of course plows are used on the larger farms. After his few acres are planted and sown, the farmer seeks work wherever he can find it. The women and children plait straw and make baskets, thus eking out their scanty living.

In many districts the very best farm laborer can secure only from forty to fifty dollars a year, and part of the time he must board himself out of this very small sum. Signor Bodo, an authority on Italian statistics, gives the average wages in summer, for a male adult, as two lire (forty cents) a day, and in winter, one lira and fifty centesimi (thirty cents) a day. He further remarks that account

must be taken of the times when no work can be had. A fair average estimate for three hundred working days each year is fifteen cents a day. It must be remembered that this amount can be earned by only the best farm laborers. Some work for ten cents, and even less a day. At home our laborers would not be able to live on such wages, much less lay something aside each year, as we are glad to know many of them do.

The condition of woman here is no improvement over that found in northern Europe, to which we referred at some length in our letters last year. She is found laboring in the fields, turning over the ground with the spade, working side by side with men, and apparently doing as much work as the stronger sex, but receiving here, as in our own country, less wages for doing the same amount and same kind of work. When will men learn to deal justly with women? Why should a man receive more wages for doing a certain piece of work than a woman who does it equally well and often better? It is simply a piece of injustice that we, as men, all ought to be ashamed of.

But we find women at work, not only in the fields, but in the stone-quarries, on the railway, on buildings, and, in fact, in every occupation, in which men engage. We saw women at work in the quarries, carrying heavy stones on their heads, moving them from place to place. We saw them carrying stones, in the same manner, to masons who were engaged in building a wall. We saw them removing earth from excavations, by putting it into baskets, then putting the baskets on their heads and carrying them away like beasts of burden. All this seems hard enough to look at, but when it is known that for this slavish work the highest price paid to woman is ten cents a day, it seems almost incredible. To her it is a question of starvation, and she is

willing to labor all the weary day for a mere pittance, which is certainly not enough to supply her with a sufficient quantity of good, wholesome food. After her hard day's work in the field or quarry, which, by the way, is not a day of ten hours, but "from early morn till dewy eve," she goes to her cheerless home, where poverty and want are constant guests, and where, if she have strength left, she spends some hours of the night in plaiting straw or making baskets.

One who has not seen something of the condition of the people here can scarcely form an idea as to their poverty and wretchedness. Poorly housed, poorly clothed, and poorly fed, they work like galley-slaves, for the very least sum that will keep life in the body. When sickness comes to them, and their scanty wages are cut off, begging or stealing is their only resource, and they do both. To us the women appear coarse, and they are coarse, but how can they be otherwise? The finer sensibilities are crushed out of their lives by their hard lot. The sunshine of a comfortable home is not theirs. The tender regard for wife and mother is entirely wanting. Their lives are so many desperate daily struggles for an existence, and in this struggle they often fail. They become dull-eyed and haggard, and learn to know what the pangs of hunger are.

We have given but a brief sketch of what we have seen. Our time was much too limited to give this subject much attention. What we have seen only confirms us in our conviction that in no country in the world are the people, as a whole, so prosperous as in the United States. In no other country is labor better paid. Every laboring man may, by practicing ordinary economy and not spending his wages for tobacco and strong drink, lay by some money each year, and thus have a surplus capital. Notwithstanding all this,

much dissatisfaction prevails. Men, who receive for a month's work double as much as laborers here receive for a year's labor, are striking for higher wages. We are ungrateful and fail to appreciate the blessings we enjoy, and, unless we are much mistaken, this ingratitude will bring its own punishment. Will the conditions found in southern Italy, and, indeed, all over Europe, ever exist in our own country? Perhaps for our ingratitude they may come. God uses various means to bring about results, and the means to this end *are at work now*. An ungrateful people, forgetting the abundant blessings of Almighty God, will surely receive their just recompense of reward.



CHAPTER VI.

From Europe to Africa.—Last View of Vesuvius.—Stromboli.—Port Said.—The Suez Canal.—Ismailia.—Cairo.—Street Scenes.—Water-carriers.

AFTER spending a week at Naples and in its vicinity, we board the oriental steamer Rosetta, bound for Calcutta, India, and set sail for the "land of the Pharaohs," eleven hundred miles away. Steaming out of the beautiful Bay of Naples we see five of the great warships belonging to the Italian navy, among which are said to be some of the heaviest and best steel-plated ships yet constructed. It is a sad commentary on the professed Christianity of Europe when we reflect that all these Christian (?) nations are literally armed to the teeth to protect themselves from the depredations of each other. Italy, with a population less than half of our own, has a standing army larger by ten times than that of the United States. To support her large army the people are ground down by taxation. No wonder poverty and begging are so very common in sunny Italy.

Across the Bay of Naples, in the clear evening light, we have a last view of Mount Vesuvius rising in isolated grandeur from the surrounding plain. The mountain pours forth volume after volume of smoke, giving evidence of the great fire imprisoned in its bosom, and we see the last of it only when we are far out at sea, on our way to another of the great natural divisions of our globe, Africa.

It is a bright, beautiful night, and although it is past the middle of December, it is as warm as the spring months at home. The sky is as clear as crystal, and the stars shine with an unusual degree of brilliancy, not uncommon in this favored climate. It must have been a night like this that inspired David to say, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." It is not a night for sleep, and we spend a part of it on deck. At two o'clock in the morning we pass the island on which is located the active volcano Stromboli. At intervals of half an hour the mountain belches forth great volumes of fire and melted lava. The bright red flames are at least a hundred feet high, lighting up the mountain with their lurid glare; great streams of melted lava, red and glowing, pour down the mountain side to the level of the sea. It is a grand display of nature's fireworks, once seen never to be forgotten.

Our voyage from Naples to Port Said is a pleasant one. The "great sea" is as smooth as a river, and we have clear and calm weather during the entire voyage. On the third day out we "sail close by Crete," so close that we can distinctly see the coast line of the island, and we know that we are not far from the course taken by the ship which conveyed Paul to the port from which we have sailed.

On the morning of the fourth day we catch sight of a level coast line, and with the aid of our glass we can see the buildings of Port Said, which stands at the entrance to the Suez Canal. An hour later our ship casts anchor and the health officer comes aboard. After a careful examination (for owing to the prevalence of cholera in Europe they have rigid quarantine regulations here), the *Rosetta* is de-

clared free. Going down the ship's ladder and entering a small boat we are rowed ashore and land in Africa. Our first care on landing is to telegraph to loved ones at home of our safe arrival in Egypt. A single word of a private cipher, arranged before we left home, was flashed over a continent and beneath the waters of the Atlantic, and half way across the United States, a distance of seven thousand miles, taking to anxious hearts at home news of our safety and good health.

IN THE LAND OF EGYPT.

And now at last we are in the land of the Pharaohs. Nine years ago when we visited Palestine our desire was to visit Egypt also, but at that time a war among the tribes on the Nile prevented us. Last winter we started for the East, but the way was closed by the cholera, and we turned homeward. Now, after the lapse of a number of years since we first thought the trip possible for us, we are, under God's blessing, permitted to realize our hopes and desires.

We are to see this wonderland of the Nile. We are to climb the great pyramids and enter the tombs and temples, cut and built by the Pharaohs who lived with Joseph, Jacob and Moses. We are to wander through the "land of Goshen," where the children of Israel dwelt, where they felt the heavy hand of oppression, and from which they were led by the hand of Moses. We are to follow them in their journey to the Red Sea and into the desert where they wandered forty years. We are to ascend the life-giving waters of the Nile a thousand miles, and visit on the way the magnificent ruins of Thebes, Karnac and Luxor. We are to continue our journey into Nubia, following the Nile into the Torrid Zone of Africa, and learn something of the life of

the people who live there. All this we hope to accomplish, the Lord being our keeper.

And then, on our homeward journey, a kind Providence permitting, we shall revisit the Holy Land, and, if possible, see the seven churches of Asia, which were established through the efforts of the great missionary, Paul.

We feel that we are enjoying a great privilege in being thus permitted to wander in the Lands of the Bible. As Dr. Schaff so well says, it is an inestimable advantage to see with one's own eyes the birthplaces of the authors of the sacred writings, and their surroundings, and to be able to speak from personal experience and observation. The manners and customs of the people in the East are so unchangeable that we are transferred, as if by magic, to the age of the patriarchs, prophets and apostles. A flood of light is thrown on the meaning of many passages of Scripture which appear strange at a distance, but quite natural on the spot. The thoughtful traveler fills his memory with scenes more valuable to him than any number of books; whenever he reads afterwards of the visits of Abraham, Joseph and Jacob to Egypt, the miracles of Moses, the wanderings of the Israelites, of Hebron, Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, the Lake of Gennesaret, Mount Hermon, the Cedars of Lebanon, Jerusalem, Bethany, Gethsemane, and Mount Olivet, the places and scenes rise before him with a vividness they never had before. The ruinous condition of the Lands of the Bible may diminish the poetry, but the impression of the reality is deepened. A sound and correct historical understanding of the Bible has gained much from travelers who have made a study of the land where the Book was written, and it will gain still more in time to come. For the Holy Scriptures have a human body as well as a divine soul; they strike

their roots deep into the soil from which they sprang; while their ideas soar to heaven, they are thoroughly oriental, and yet wonderfully adapted for all mankind, in all ages of the world.*

And now, at the very outset of our journeyings in Egypt, the question arises, What shall we write? The land of the Nile is so rich in historic interest and sacred association that the wandering editor finds no lack of material, and these letters might be expanded into volumes without exhausting the subject. To select from the great mass of material such matter as will be best suited and of the greatest interest and benefit to our readers, is a matter of considerable importance. A glance at the magnitude of the subject will more fully illustrate our meaning.

The history of Egypt dates far back into the ages of antiquity, and fades away among the earliest traditions of the human race. When God called Abram from his home in the land of Mesopotamia to go "unto a land that I will shew thee," a prosperous nation with considerable knowledge of the arts and sciences dwelt in Egypt. Civilization prevailed, and the records show that, for centuries before Abram's call, the Pharaohs reigned in the land of the Nile. They founded cities, built temples and pyramids, erected monuments, and cut immense tombs in the rocks, the ruins of which are the wonder of the world to this day. After Abram left his own country and settled in Canaan, the history of Egypt touches the Bible narrative at many points; and no country in the world, outside of the Holy Land itself, has so many associations directly connected with the Bible record.

The world owes a debt of gratitude to Egypt that is not fully recognized. It preserved the Jewish race. Soon

*Schaff, "Through Bible Lands."

after Abram made his home in Palestine he was compelled by famine to seek food from the fertile soil on the banks of the Nile, "And there was a famine in the land: and Abram went down into Egypt to sojourn there; for the famine was sore in the land." Gen. 12: 10. Two hundred years later we have the beautiful story of Joseph, known wherever the Bible is read, and again the Hebrews are preserved. And Jacob said to his sons, "I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die." The corn was bought, the line of Judah was preserved, and Egypt gave to the world a great law-giver, Moses the Hebrew. Fifteen hundred years later a babe, greater than Pharaoh, greater than Moses, greater than the prophets, was carried from Bethlehem down into Egypt. The Son of God, the Savior of the world was preserved from the cruel hatred of Herod, and the Scripture was fulfilled which saith, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

We have taken but a glimpse of the rich mass of materials from which we are to draw our letters. The very richness of the field makes the task of writing the more difficult. What to select that will be most interesting and instructive is not so easy to decide. We shall, however, do the best we can in culling from the abundant material at hand. To write about all that is of interest in the land of the Pharaohs would be to write many volumes.

From Port Said to Cairo we travel first by Egyptian mail boat on the Suez Canal to Ismailia, and thence by rail to the capital of modern Egypt.

The Suez Canal, which unites the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas, is a wonderful achievement of engineering skill. It is one hundred miles in length, seventy-two feet wide at the bottom, and from two hun-

dred to three hundred and sixty feet wide on the surface. A regular depth of twenty-six feet of water is maintained, so that the largest ships may pass through. The canal is controlled by English capital, but is open to the vessels of all nations. Two dollars is charged for each passenger who passes through the canal, and the same amount for each ton of freight. The large revenue thus collected keeps the canal in repair and pays a handsome dividend on the capital.

From Ismailia to Cairo by rail, a distance of ninety-eight miles, we pass over a part of the Arabian Desert, and have an amount of dust and sand that makes breathing a difficult matter. The compartments are filled with dust and by the time we reach Cairo our clothing has entirely changed color, being literally covered with the white dust of the desert.

Forty miles of desert travel brings us to the Land of Goshen, where the sons of Jacob took up their abode when they went down into Egypt. "And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle." Gen. 47: 5, 6. Unto this day the Land of Goshen is fertile. Canals lead the waters from the Nile to this favored district, and its green fields look especially attractive after the desert trip.

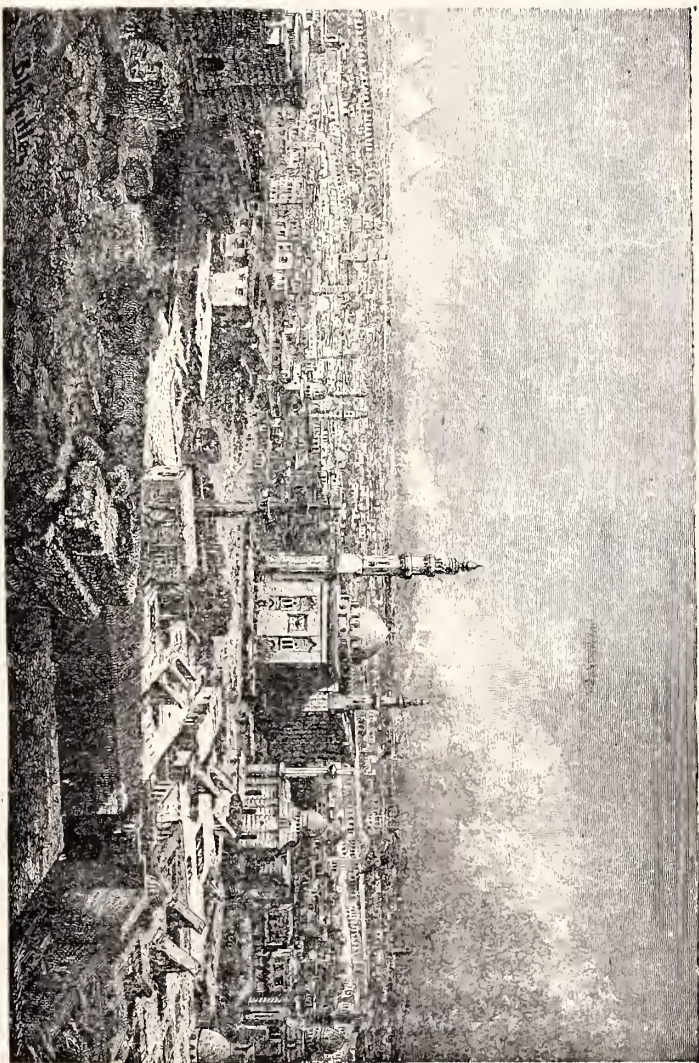
Crossing over the Land of Goshen we pass by *Tell El Yehudiyeh* (Hill of the Jews). Here Onias the high priest, B. C. 146, under the protection of Ptolemy Philometor, built a temple for the use of his countrymen who had been expelled from Palestine. When it was said to him that no

true temple could exist except at Jerusalem, he quoted in answer the language of Isaiah, "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord." Isa. 19: 19.

But we leave the Land of Goshen for a later and more extended visit, when we hope to visit the ruins of the treasure cities of Pithom and Raamses, built by the Israelites for the Pharaoh of the oppression, Rameses II. "Therefore they did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." Ex. 1: 11. These important cities have recently been discovered and excavated by the Egyptian Exploration Society, and add additional proof to the already great mass of evidence of the truth of the Book of God. We shall have something more to say of Goshen on our return from Ethiopia.

From the window of our compartment we see in the distance a large city with numerous mosques and minarets. As we draw nearer to the place we have a glimpse of the top of a great pyramid, and all doubt as to the name of the city vanishes. It can be no other than Cairo, the city of the Khaliffs. Our train pulls into a large depot, and we are at once surrounded by a yelling mob of Arab donkey-boys, guides and cab-drivers. The noise is deafening, and confusion reigns supreme. Having taken the precaution to notify the proprietor of the Khedival Hotel of our arrival, we remain quietly in the car until we hear some one calling, "Mr. Mee-ler." It is the *commissionnaire* of the hotel, who speaks a few words in English. Calling him to us, we place our baggage and ourselves in his charge, and are soon rid of the crowd and comfortably located in a quiet, pleasant, home-like hotel.

Cairo is the one great oriental city in the world. It has an estimated population of four hundred thousand souls.



GENERAL VIEW OF CAIRO, WITH THE PYRAMIDS IN THE DISTANCE.

Among its permanent residents may be found Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Americans, Austrians, Greeks, together with Egyptians, Arabians, Fellah Settlers, Copts, Jews, Northern Africans, Beduins, Syrians, Persians, Indians, Negroes, and other oriental races. With its mixed population and peculiar customs it is one of the most interesting cities in the world.

The business streets on which the retail shops are located, "bazaars," as they are called here, present a striking appearance, and are filled with strange sights and scenes. We have traveled from the New World to the Old, but here in this oriental city is a world entirely new to us. Here we have presented to us in the same street the contrasts between barbarous, half-civilized and civilized life. It is a kind of mosaic of the customs and habits of many nations of the earth. It has well been called a living museum of all imaginable and unimaginable phases of existence, of refinement and degeneracy, of civilization and barbarism, of knowledge and ignorance, of Paganism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism.

Of the Muski, the principal business street, Baedeker says, "The busy traffic in this street often presents an interminably ravelled and twisted string of men, women, and animals, of walkers, riders and carriages of every description. Add to this the cracking of drivers' whips, the jingling of the money at the tables of the changers, established at the corner of every street, the rattling of the brazen cups of the water-carriers, the moaning of the camels, the braying of donkeys, and barking of dogs, and you have a perfect pandemonium."

Then, too, this great mass of moving, struggling humanity presents almost every variety of costume and style of dress. Here are the fashionably-dressed Europeans, el-

bowing the scantily-clad Ethiopian from Upper Nubia; and between these two extremes may be seen a wonderful variety of wearing apparel. Here are turbaned Turks, with baggy trousers and richly embroidered vestments; the Beduin of the desert, with simple robe and highly-colored head-dress, kept in place by a black cord, half an inch thick, from which hang heavy tassels; the descendants of Mohammed in flowing robes and green turbans; the Nubian, bare-headed, bare-armed and bare-legged, his dark skin glistening in the bright sunlight; the richly-dressed, closely-veiled women of the harem, enveloped in great robes of black silk; the poorer women with a simple blue gown and a veil covering the lower part of the face, with a profusion of copper earrings, bracelets, ankle-rings, and, in the case of the inhabitants of Upper Egypt, nose-rings. All these go to make up a scene as bewildering as it is possible to imagine and leave on the mind of the traveler an impression not soon to be forgotten.

The Elder and the writer threaded the business streets of Cairo the second day after our arrival. We selected the afternoon, when the scene is most animated. We were mounted on trusty little donkeys, and our only attendants were two intelligent Arab donkey-boys. One of them, Ali, spoke a little English, of which he seemed very proud. At the word "Yallah," which is Arabic for forward, we started on our tour of the shops and bazaars of Cairo, and we enjoyed an excellent opportunity of seeing the busy streets and the many phases of life which they present. It was an interesting ride. The denseness of the crowd, as it moved slowly forward, seemed at times to wholly block our way, but our donkey-boys, Hammar, as they are called here, elbowed a passageway for us and we got through in safety.

Every department of business is kept separate, and many of the articles offered for sale are manufactured on the streets. We pass through a street wholly given up to the shoemakers, and here are made and sold the red and yellow slippers worn by the natives. In another street are the booksellers and bookbinders, and you may see the process of binding books carried on in the streets. So, too, the brass beaters, the silversmiths, the wood-workers, and other craftsmen carry on their work in the open air. The entire business of the city is carried on in this way, and it presents a striking contrast to our methods of business at home.

One of the familiar sights in Cairo is that of the Sais, or outrunners. This ancient custom is still maintained. Before the carriages of the wealthy one or two men run, giving notice of the coming of the carriage, and clearing the way for it. We saw them a number of times and were impressed with their fleetness of foot and wonderful power of endurance. In the broad avenues they run before the fast trotting horses and manage to keep well in the lead. The custom is an eastern one and is as old as the Bible. Elijah the prophet performed this service at one time for Ahab. "And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." 1 Kings 18: 44-46.

Then there is the sakka, or water-carrier, with his goat-skin of water slung across his back and shoulders, carrying the water from the Nile to the houses, or offering to sell it

to the people in the streets. He offers a drink in small brazen cups, which he rattles in his hands, calling out to the passers to come and buy. It was from this ancient custom of calling to the thirsty to come and buy water that the beautiful figure, found in Isa. 55: 1, was drawn, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

The sakka also serves in the capacity of a street sprinkler. With his goatskin bottle filled with water (and they hold from five to ten gallons, according to size) he takes the neck in his hand and, by a dextrous movement of the hand and arm, throws the water in a shower of spray for a considerable distance all around him. We saw a number of men engaged at this kind of work. It is surprising to see how far they could throw the water and how well and rapidly they sprinkled the dusty streets. He carries his heavy burden from the Nile, and is but poorly paid for his work. He tries to lighten his toil by repeating in a monotone the words, "*Ya auwad Allah.*" (May God recompense me.)

The donkeys and donkey-boys are an important institution in Cairo. They supply the place of cabs and street railways for those who do not care to pay the high price asked for carriages. For a short ride inside the city you pay from five to ten cents, according to distance. Or you may hire a donkey and boy by the day for less than one dollar. The donkey and the boy always go together, and it is usual, after a day's ride, to give the latter a piaster (about five cents) as backsheesh. After a little practice, donkey-riding becomes an easy, comfortable and very convenient mode of travel. The animals are gentle and have an easy pace, even when they gallop, and the boys are



AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY-BOY.

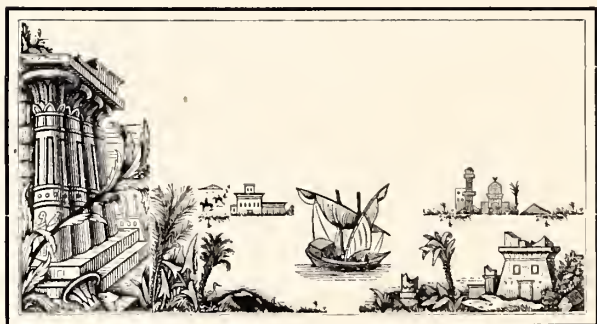
bright and intelligent. Many of them speak a little English. They have wonderful powers of endurance. Our boys followed us one day some fifteen miles, nearly half the distance being across the sandy desert to Sakkara, and the entire journey was made in three hours.

They are always anxious to talk and learn more of our language. They never tire of praising their donkeys, and we hear many times repeated that ours is "very good donkey, he understand English." One of our boys, whose name was Abdul Moses, was exceptionally bright and intelligent. We asked him if he made much money. His reply was: "Sometimes money plenty, sometimes no money. When money plenty, Moses have plenty friends; everybody say, 'Good morning, Moses;' when money finish, Moses finish." Even the donkey-boys in Egypt have learned the lesson that prosperity brings many friends, whilst adversity sees them drop away one by one. The sentence, "When money finish, Moses finish," though spoken by a simple Arab donkey-boy, tells the experience of thousands all over this broad earth, who, when they lost their money, lost their fawning friends. While this is true, we are glad to know that there are friends who are true, even in adversity, and, above all, that there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Of this Friend the Arab donkey-boy has no knowledge; and what a field is open here for the missionary of the cross!

At this writing we are in Nubia, the Ethiopia or Cush of the Bible. We are in the enjoyment of excellent health. Hitherto the Lord has been our helper, and we praise his holy name.

Our mail reached us at Assuan on the borderland of Nubia. How glad we were to get good news from home. The letters were written and mailed nearly a month before

we received them. It brought very vividly to mind the fact that we were many thousand miles from home and loved ones. And while we were glad to hear from them and would be loath to do without letters, yet they brought, to the writer's heart at least, the yearning for home, the meaning of which is known only to those who have felt it.



CHAPTER VII.

The Pyramid of Cheops.—Climbing the Great Pyramid.—View from the Top.—The Interior.—Grand Gallery.—The King's Chamber.—The Queen's Chamber.—The Sphinx.—The Granite Temple.

EVERYTHING fears time, but time fears the Pyramids," wrote an Arabian physician (Abdellatiff) at the close of the eleventh century. Eight hundred years have been numbered in the flight of time since the Arabian wrote, and still the old pyramids, old when Abraham first visited Egypt, older still when Moses was born, stand in their solitary grandeur on the verge of the Libyan desert plain. Time has dealt gently with these huge structures, and, although the Greeks, Romans, and Saracens robbed them of their polished granite casing, they are as imposing in their grandeur to-day as they were a thousand years ago. They are standing yet, one of the wonders of the world, and they will doubtless stand until it shall be declared that time shall be no more.

"A visit to the pyramids," says Dr. Schaff, "is an event in a man's life. It is worth a visit to Egypt. The pyramids and the sphinxes are the fittest symbols, the best welcome, and the best farewell to the land of the Pharaohs, who themselves rose like pyramids, in solitary grandeur, far above the desert plain of slavery around them." We are not prepared to say that the pyramids are worth a trip from America to Egypt, but having come to Egypt, no one would think of going away without seeing these great masses of masonry.

Our visit to the pyramids was made Dec. 26, 1892, a day long to be remembered. A carriage drive of seven miles, through the streets of Cairo, across the Nile bridge, along a splendid road (completely shaded by rows of acacia trees) on which we met numerous caravans of camels on their way to Cairo, brought us to the edge of the desert. On the way we caught occasional glimpses of pyramids, and as we approached them they seemed to grow in size. But it was not until the edge of the desert was reached, the long, sandy slope and the rocky platform had been climbed, and we stood at the foot of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, that we realized how stupendous the great structure was. The effect was quite overwhelming. The pyramid shuts off the line of the horizon, and hides behind its massive squares six smaller structures of the same character.

Standing on the rocky platform which forms the foundation of the Great Pyramid, we had our first realization of its extent and magnitude. We had seen pictures of Cheops, a name given to the largest pyramid, in our school-books forty-five years ago. Since then we have read numerous interesting descriptions of it, and, especially during the last few years, we have carefully studied the plan of its construction and its measurements. We have also examined photographs and drawings of it, and yet we were only acquainted with its general appearance and form. Of its size we really knew but little save the figures, which fail to convey to the mind the reality.

We knew that its base originally covered an area of sixty-five thousand square feet, that each of its four base lines was seven hundred and sixty-eight feet long, that it was nearly five hundred feet high, that it contained no less than three and a quarter million cubic feet of masonry, and



The Pyramids and the Sphinx.

that the entire weight of the stones in the structure was more than seven million tons. But these figures, with which we were familiar, had not been fully grasped by the mind. They had not given to us an adequate conception of the reality. In order to obtain this, one must stand at the foot of the monster, walk the length of each of its four sides, climb step after step of its cyclopean masonry, until, wearied by the exertion, he sinks down to rest on the topmost tier. Only after an experience of this kind did we fully realize the great magnitude of this, the most colossal structure ever erected by human hands.

The campus of Mount Morris College contains seven acres. If we add as much more to this, so as to make a square plat of ground containing fourteen acres, we shall have a piece of ground about the size of that originally covered by the Great Pyramid. If it were farmed it would require a man with two horses seven days to plough it, and in some of our western states would produce a thousand bushels of corn.

On this plat of ground containing more than thirteen acres the builders of the pyramid erected a four-sided structure, the greatest the world has ever seen. It is fifty-three feet higher than the dome of St. Peter's church in Rome and is within a few feet as high as the Washington Monument. There are two hundred and nine courses of squared blocks of stone cut and fit together with wonderful accuracy. The courses differ in thickness, the thickest being four feet and eight inches and the next four feet. Up to the fiftieth course the blocks are not less than three feet thick. From this to the top they decrease in thickness until they fall below two feet. Ford says these blocks of rock were laid course upon course, on this foundation of thirteen acres, up, and still up, stone upon stone, to the im-

mense height of nearly five hundred feet. These solid blocks of rock, one of which it would take an average of two hundred men to raise an eighth of an inch from the ground, were lifted high up in the air, and swung into their destined places with an exactness that varies not a fraction of an inch. By what machinery, what derricks and levers and pulleys, what engineering contrivances these massive blocks were thus raised and placed in position, the science of this boasted nineteenth century cannot even guess. These practical illustrations will assist us in obtaining an idea of the extent and magnitude of Cheops.

When were the great pyramids built, and what were they built for? These questions have been asked and never fully answered. Various dates are assigned as the time of their construction, ranging from B. C. 2,000 to B. C. 3,000. We shall not enter upon a discussion of this question. Space forbids, and then volumes have already been written upon the question involved. An examination of the subject leads us to the conclusion that they have stood on the banks of the Nile for more than four thousand years.

Herodotus, who is called the father of history, and who wrote four hundred and fifteen years before Christ, says that the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, and that he employed one hundred thousand men in the work. "They took ten years to make the road for the transport of the stone, which, in my opinion, must have been almost as laborious a task as the building of the pyramid itself; for the length of the road was five stadia (one thousand and seventeen yards); its breadth is ten fathoms (sixty feet), and its height, at the highest places is eight fathoms (forty-eight feet), and it is constructed entirely of polished stone, with

figures engraved on it.* Ten years were thus consumed in making this road, and the subterranean chambers on the hill occupied by the pyramids. . . . Now the construction of the pyramids occupied twenty years. Each of the sides, which face the different points of the compass, for there are four sides measuring eight pletra (eight hundred and twenty feet), and the height is the same. It is covered with polished stones, well jointed, none of which are less than thirty feet long.

“This pyрмаid was first built in the form of a flight of steps. After the workmen had completed the pyramid in this form, they raised the other stones, used for the incrustation, by means of machines, made of short beams, from the ground to the first tier of steps; and after the stone was placed there it was raised to the second tier by another machine; for there were as many machines as there were tiers of steps; or perhaps the same machine, if it was easily moved, was raised from one tier to the other, as it was required for lifting the stones. The highest part of the pyramid was thus finished first, the parts adjoining it were taken next, and the lowest part, next to the earth, was completed last.†”

As to the object for which they were built, it was the opinion of all who had examined the pyramids that they were intended as tombs for the bodies of the kings who constructed them. In 1837 Col. Howard Nyse made some measurements of the Great Pyramid, and suggested that it was not built for a tomb, but that it embodied the highest development of scientific skill, and that it contained a prophecy of the first and second coming of Christ. This

*This road is still traceable.

†Recent investigations confirm this account of the building of the pyramids. Of course it will be understood that the latter part of the description refers to the putting on of the outside layer of polished granite stones.

theory was carried farther by John Taylor, of London, from 1859 to 1864. It however remained for Mr. Piazzzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, to fully complete the theory thus advanced.

In 1874 Prof. Smyth with his wife spent four months at the Great Pyramid, and carefully measured it, examined its mathematical features and proportions. He had at his command the best mathematical and scientific instruments, and made very careful and painstaking measurements.

His conclusions are given at great length in his works, "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," and, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," in four volumes. We are indebted to Dr. Schaff for the following synopsis of Prof. Smyth's theory.*

He finds the proper solution of the riddle of this pyramid, not in the hieroglyphic science of Egypt, but in the mathematical and physical science of our day. Its message is expressed not in any written or spoken language, but in facts and features now interpreted by science. Accordingly the pyramid is a prophetic parable in stone, constructed on the principles of science, to convey a new proof to men in the present age of the existence of a personal God, his supernatural interference in patriarchal times, and his revelation of the first and second advent of Christ. The pyramid stands at the apex (or rather ten miles south of the apex of the delta of the Nile), and in the centre of the habitable globe, or the land surface of the earth. It stands four square on the thirtieth parallel of latitude, its four sides facing exactly the four points of the compass,—north, south, east, and west. There are, in each side of the base, just three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth cubits, which is the precise number of days in

* "Through Bible Lands." Dr. Philip Schaff.

the year with six hours added. Its chief corner-stone is not at the base, but at the top, the apex, and symbolizes Christ, "the head stone of the corner." Ps. 118: 22. It has no trace of idolatry in writing, painting, or sculpture. The lidless and empty coffer in the King's Chamber was never intended for a sarcophagus or royal tomb, but it is a metrological monument, or standard of measure of capacity for all ages and nations, equivalent to the laver of the Hebrews and the four quarters of English measure. It accomplishes the mathematical feat of squaring the circle, the height being to the circumference of the base as the radius is to the circumference of a circle. The very name of the pyramid means "measure of wheat" (from *puros*, wheat, and *metron*, measure). The Grand Gallery, which leads to the King's Chamber, symbolizes the Christian dispensation, and indicates in pyramid inches the thirty-three years of the Savior's earth life. The first ascending passage represents the Mosaic dispensation, the other narrow passages mean lower religions. Such profound designs and wisdom can only be traced to divine revelation, like the building of the tabernacle by Moses. The Great Pyramid though *in* Egypt, was not of Egypt, but stands in contrast to Egyptian idolatry and beast worship. It was probably built by Melchisedec, the friend of Abraham, the worshiper of the only True God, the priest-king who typified our Savior. He was that mysterious stranger, the Shepherd "Philitis" or Philition, *i. e.*, a Philistian from Palestine, who, as Herodotus was informed, fed his flocks at Gæzeh, at the place and at the time when the Great Pyramid was built, and took some part in it. Cheops merely furnished the workmen and the material for his royal sepulchre; but Melchisedec executed his plan, revealed to him from God, for a monument of the pure faith, in the midst

of surrounding idolatry, and as a sign and wonder for after ages.

Such is the theory given to the world by Prof. Smyth, a man eminent for his learning and acquirements in scientific work. Since the publication of his works on the pyramid, a number of writers, both English and American, have accepted his views, and have also written and published books on the subject. No one can dispute the correctness of the Professor's measurements; but the conclusion he draws, and the speculations in which he indulges, meet the objections of the best Egyptian scholars, and the theory seems to meet less favor now than it did twenty years ago.

Our readers will have noticed the statement that the Great Pyramid stands exactly on the thirtieth parallel of North Latitude and that its four sides face the four points of the compass. The exact and scientific manner in which this has been done leaves no doubt that the builders had a very correct and thorough knowledge of astronomy. The placing of a building exactly with the points of the compass is called by astronomers orientation.

Richard Proctor, one of the greatest of modern astronomers, says: "I think if there is one purpose among, probably, many which the builders had in their thoughts which can be unmistakably inferred from the pyramids themselves, independently of all traditions, it is the purpose of constructing edifices which should enable men to observe the heavenly bodies in some way not otherwise obtainable. If the orienting of the faces of the pyramids, that is, placing them to the points of the compass, had been effected in some such way as is used in the orienting of most of our churches and cathedrals,—that is in a manner sufficiently exact as tested by ordinary observation,—it might reason-

ably enough be inferred, that having to erect square buildings for any purpose whatever, men were likely enough to set them four square to the cardinal points, and that therefore no stress can be laid on this feature of the pyramids' construction. But when we find that the orienting of the pyramid has been effected with extreme care, that in the case of the Great Pyramid, which is typical of its kind, the orienting bears the closest astronomical scrutiny, we can not doubt that this feature indicates an astronomical purpose as surely as it indicates astronomical methods."*

Prof. Smyth in his measurements used the finest and most accurate astronomical instruments of this wonderful age of invention and improvement, and he found that the men who built the Great Pyramid more than four thousand years ago measured just as accurately as he could, that they found the center of that circle along which the Pole Star moves, found the spot in the heavens to which the earth's polar axis points—found the true north and reared a mighty building accordingly. And there it stands to-day, displaying a scientific knowledge equal to anything attained in this boasted age.†

We climbed to the top of the Great Pyramid, a feat of some difficulty, when our two hundred pounds avoirdupois is taken into consideration; but with the help of three Arabs, and a half hour's climbing and resting, we reached the top and found a platform thirty feet square.

The Arabs who assisted in the ascent by pushing and pulling were strong, athletic fellows. They understand their business, which is to take travelers up and down and get all the backsheesh out of them they possibly can. They speak English, and encouraged me on the way up by

* *Contemporary Review*, September, 1879.

† "The Great Pyramid," page 29.



Climbing the Great Pyramid.

saying, "You go up very good, very good Arab, you give me backsheesh."

From the top of Cheops a magnificent view is had of the Nile Valley and the desert. The living green of the garden-like fields, and the yellow sand of the desert meet, and the line between the two is sharply marked. It is a picture of life and death set in sharp and striking contrast. The fertile fields, receiving the life-giving waters of the Nile, are teeming with living green. Groves of palm trees, stately and majestic, dot all the plain to the east. The City of Cairo, with its mosques, minarets, citadel and domes, appears beyond the Nile like a jewel in a setting of emerald green. To the west an ocean of sand stretches away, far beyond the line of human vision. Silent and mysterious, it is a fit emblem of death. To the south the Nile, like a silver thread in a ribbon of green, reaches out toward the Nubian border. It is a wonderful panorama, and can be seen from no other spot in the world except from the top of the Great Pyramid.

The descent of the pyramid, while not so difficult as the ascent, is exceedingly trying to the muscles of the lower limbs, and one feels the effects for days after the exercise has been taken. After coming down we were beset on all sides by demands for backsheesh. Our guides who had been fully and amply paid for their service were now asking for money with as much earnestness as if they had not been paid a cent. Even the dignified sheik of the pyramids, as the chief man of the Arab village is called, laid claim to a gratuity after we had paid him in full the price agreed upon. Out of sheer necessity, to rid ourselves of the importunate crowd, we distributed a few small coins and hurriedly left them comparing what they had received,

Having climbed to the top of the Great Pyramid we determined to explore its interior. This was, in some respects, a more difficult task than the first. On the outside

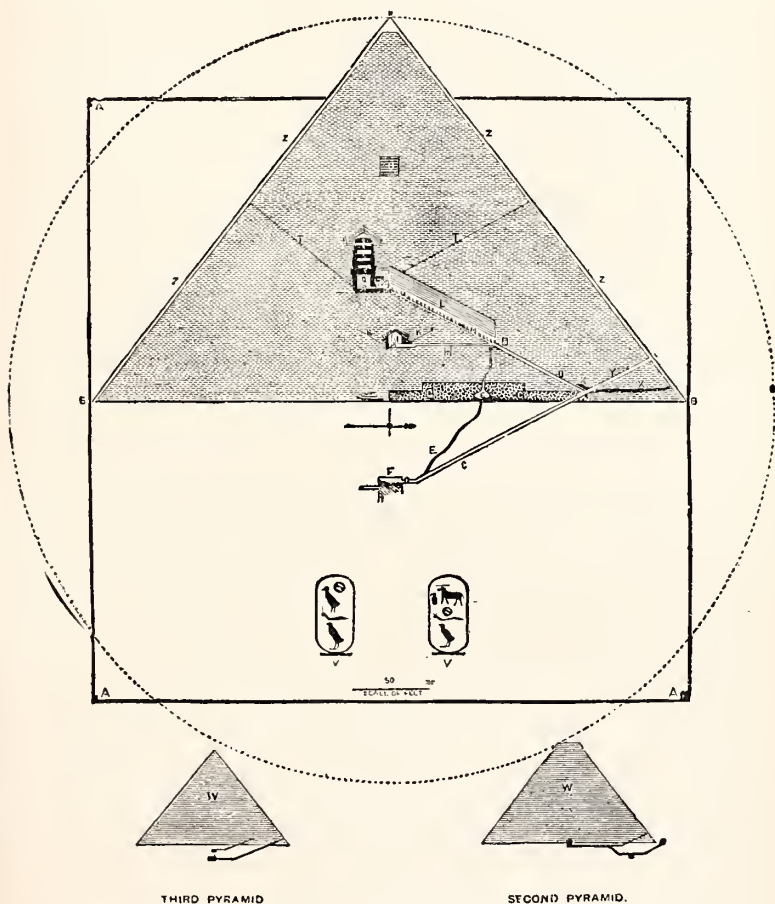


Diagram of the Great Pyramid.

we had an abundance of pure fresh air and plenty of light. In the interior the darkness of Egypt is felt, the air is hot

and stifling and smells strongly of bats. Most of the interior passageways are low and narrow and the steep floors are very slippery. Here we must stoop and crawl to conquer. Our trustworthy guide-book tells us that travelers at all predisposed to apoplectic or fainting fits should not by any means attempt to penetrate the stifling chambers of the interior.

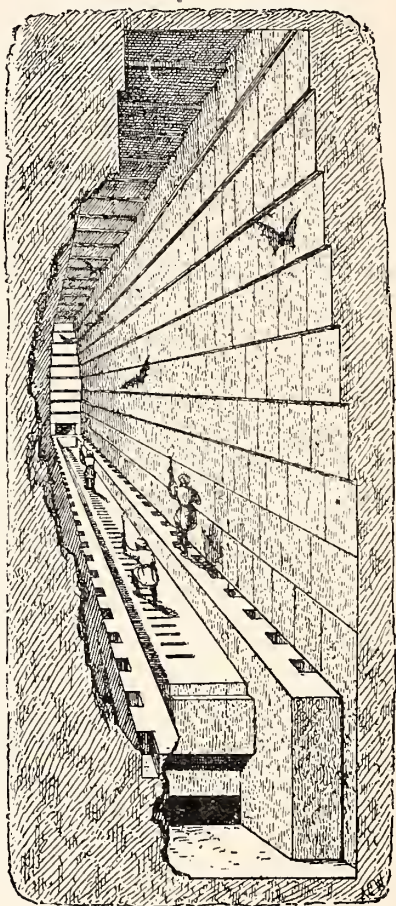
Before going into the narrow passageway we give the following measurements from Baedeker, which are approximately correct. The diagram here given will assist in obtaining a correct idea of the interior of Cheops. The letters in the diagram may be plainly seen with the aid of a magnifying glass.

The entrance passage CCC is three feet, four inches in height and three feet, eleven inches in width. It descends in a straight direction at an angle of twenty-six degrees and forty-one seconds, and is altogether three hundred and nineteen and a half feet in length. The passage ends at F, a subterranean chamber excavated in the solid rock on which the pyramid rests. This chamber is not now accessible. At DD on the diagram is the first ascending passage, one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. It ascends at the same angle as the first and reaches the Grand Gallery, L, and through it the King's Chamber, Q. TT are air shafts made for the purpose of ventilating the King's Chamber. They are six by eight inches. The one on the north side is two hundred and thirty-four and the other one hundred and seventy-four feet long. At the entrance to the Grand Gallery a horizontal passage leads to the Queen's Chamber, I. This room is eighteen feet, ten inches long, seventeen feet wide and twenty feet, four inches high, including the pointed roof, which consists of enormous blocks of rock placed obliquely and leaning against

each other, and projecting a distance of five and a half feet beyond the sides of the walls into the surrounding masonry. At the lower end of the Grand Gallery a shaft, EE, descends to the Chamber F. The dark line, XX, shows the forced passage cut and blasted by the Arabs A. D. 813-33, when they succeeded in finding the passage leading to the King's Chamber. ZZ show the outer granite casing of the Pyramid, long since removed. VV are the cartouches or names of the supposed builders of the pyramid.

The entrance to Cheops is on the thirteenth layer, or tier of stones, and is on the north side of the structure, forty-eight feet above the ground. Having secured competent and trusty guides with a good supply of torches and candles we enter the opening and find ourselves in a dark, rapidly-descending passage, so low that we must stoop as much as possible in order to pass through. It is so steep that every step must be taken with great care. A slip would result in a serious disaster. The angle of descent is somewhat steeper than what is known as a quarter pitch comb roof. The stooping posture becomes very tiresome and makes the entrance so much the more difficult. The air is stifling hot and the sweat bursts from every pore in the body. The experience is something like a hot-air bath. After going down a distance of sixty feet we find a passageway ascending at about the same angle, running in the direction of the center of the structure. Entering this and climbing up one hundred and twenty-three feet we enter the Grand Gallery, which is twenty-eight feet high, one hundred and twenty-three feet long, and seven feet at its greatest width. Here we stand erect, the first time since we entered the pyramid, and breathe and look about us with more freedom. As our torches light up the dark hallway innumerable bats, disturbed in their slumbers, flit about

us, flapping their wings in our faces, gnashing their teeth, and emitting an odor which makes the hot, stifling air almost unendurable. But we do not think of turning back. We came to see and are not to be deterred by these difficulties. Pressing on we reach the upper end of the hall and here burning some magnesium wire we have a light equal to that made by electricity, and the beauty of the Grand Gallery is revealed to us. The work of polishing and jointing the great blocks of fine-grained limestone, with which the sides and roof of the hall are formed, has been done with wonderful accuracy. The builders of this old pyramid possessed an unsurpassable and marvelous skill in masonry. So smoothly are the stones polished and so closely and evenly joined together that you could not place the point of a needle or even the finest hair into the joints of the stones. One



The Grand Gallery.

scarcely knows which to admire most, the great magnitude of the work or the wonderful skill shown by the workmen. Think of a structure containing seven million tons of solid stonework standing at least four thousand years! And the masonry of these interior chambers has not swerved a hair-breadth from the position in which it was laid so many centuries ago.

At the end of the Grand Gallery is a small passage the entrance to which is shown in our engravings. The opening is so low that we must crawl in and through the passage, which is twenty-two feet long. After passing through we find ourselves in the King's Chamber, the most interesting part of the pyramid. The north and south sides of the chamber are each seventeen feet in length, the east and west sides thirty-four and a half feet, and the height is nineteen feet. The floor of the chamber is one hundred and thirty-nine and a half feet above the solid rock foundation upon which the pyramid stands. The walls, floor and ceiling are constructed of red granite brought from the quarries at Assuan. The granite blocks are beautifully polished and are fitted together with wonderful skill. We searched at some places, even with the aid of a powerful magnesium light, for the joining seams between the stones, but were unable to make them out. Nine enormous slabs of polished granite, each eighteen and a half feet long, form the roof or ceiling of this beautiful chamber. In the center stands an empty, lidless coffer or sarcophagus, one corner of which has been broken away. It is seven and a half feet long, three feet, three inches wide and three feet, four inches high. It was cut from a large block of granite, the massive sides of which ring with a clear tone when struck a heavy blow. It bears no trace of name or inscription of any kind. What was this granite coffer used for? Was it

the sarcophagus of one of the ancient kings of Egypt, or was it, as Smyth supposes, a sacred standard of measure? Who can answer the question? Empty and lidless it was found when an entrance was forced into the King's Chamber a thousand years ago, and so it stands to-day, guarding well its own secret.

After spending some time in the King's Chamber we carefully retrace our steps. The Elder and the writer, with six Arabs, compose the party. We think of the Englishman who was robbed of all his possessions in these dark galleries a few years ago, but as it is not pleasant to contemplate we dismiss the thought. Going down the steep stone floor one of the Arabs slips and falls, but escapes without serious injury. At last we see the glimmering light at the entrance and emerge from the awe-inspiring chambers and galleries, glad to breathe again the pure air of heaven.

We turn away from the pyramid with a feeling of awe. Having climbed to the top and crawled to its centre it seems greater and more stupendous than ever. It stands alone in its grandeur, "monarch of all that human hands have reared," and will doubtless stand until the earth and sea shall give up their dead.

"I asked of Time: 'To whom arose this high,
Majestic pile, here mouldering in decay?'
He answered not, but swifter sped his way,
With ceaseless pinions winnowing the sky.

"To Fame I turned: 'Speak thou whose sons defy
The waste of years and deathless works essay!'
She heaved a sigh, as one to grief a prey,
And silent, downward cast her eye.

"Onward I passed, but sad and thoughtful grown;
When, stern in aspect, o'er the ruined shrine,
I saw oblivion stalk from stone to stone.

“‘Dread Power!’ I cried, ‘tell me, whose vast design?’
He checked my further speech, in sullen tone;
‘Whose once it was, I care not; *now* ’tis mine.’”

We next visit the colossal Sphinx, about eight hundred steps from the Great Pyramid. It is one among the most famous monuments in Egypt. For thousands of years it has kept its silent, sleepless watch over the vast



The Sphinx from the Northeast.

burial-ground around the pyramids. Vedder, the great artist, has painted a picture which he named “*The Secret of the Sphinx.*” “In the picture we see a brown, half-naked, toil-worn fella laying his ear to the stone lips of a colossal sphinx, buried to the neck in sand. Some instinct of the old Egyptian blood tells him the creature is God-like. He is conscious of a great mystery lying far back in the past. He has, perhaps, a dim, confused notion that the Big Head knows it all, whatever it may be. He has never heard of the morning song of Memnon; but fancies, somehow, that those closed lips might speak if questioned.

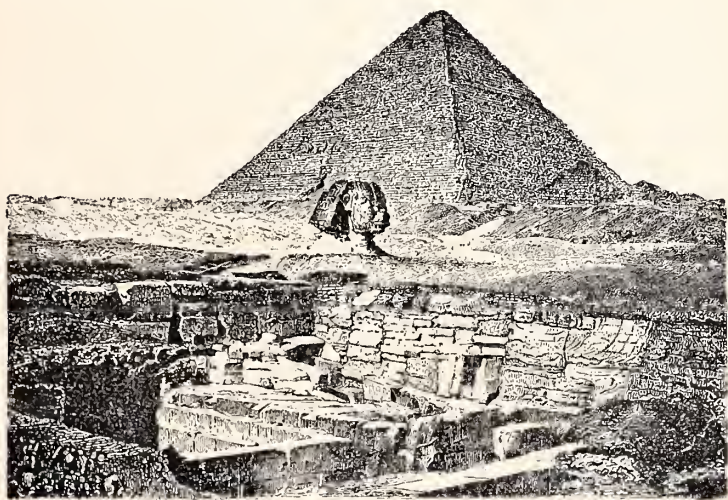
Fellah and sphinx are alone in the desert. It is night, and the stars are shining. Has he chosen the right hour? What does he seek to know? What does he hope to hear? Each must interpret for himself the secret of the sphinx.”*

The Sphinx is hewn out of the natural rock, but pieces of stone have been added when necessary. It has been moulded into the shape of a colossal lion in a recumbent posture, with a human head. The body was left in a rough shape, but the head and face were carefully finished. An early Arabian writer says that the face was very pleasing, of a graceful and beautiful type and that one might almost say of it “that it smiles winningly.” The body of the lion is one hundred and fifty feet long, the paws are fifty feet long and between them is a small temple. The distance from the top of the head to the pavement on which the figure rests is about seventy feet. The head is thirty feet long and the face fourteen feet wide. The ear, according to Marietté, is four and a half feet, the nose five feet, seven inches, and the mouth seven feet, seven inches in length. These measurements do not convey to the mind the immense size of the monument. One must see it to fully realize what it is. The Sphinx is now but a ruin of what it once was. The face is much mutilated, but it is still imposing in its grandeur. The Arabs call it *Abu ’l hol*, “father of terror,” derived from *bel-hit*, the watchful. “We shall die, and Islam shall wither away, and still that sleepless rock will be watching and watching the works of a new, busy race with the same sad, earnest eyes and the same sad, earnest mien everlastingly. You dare not mock the Sphinx.”

A few steps southeast of the Sphinx is a granite temple, discovered by M. Mariette in 1853. The chambers are

*A. B. Edwards.

kept free from sand and are easy of access. The material is alabaster and the red granite from Assuan. The architecture is simple in style. The skill of the stone-cutter and mason is fully equal to that displayed in the Grand Gallery and King's Chamber of the pyramid. The great masses of granite are shaped with exquisite skill, and the lapse of ages has not moved them a hairbreadth from where the masons laid them. We spent but two days at the Pyramids and the Sphinx, only time enough to become fully impressed with the magnitude and grandeur of these vast monuments of antiquity.




*The Granite Temple, the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid
from the Southeast.*



Map of Egypt. The Heavy Lines Indicate the Author's Route.

CHAPTER VIII.

*The Nile.—The Sakkieh and Shaduf.—Memphis, the Noph of the Bible.
—Sakkara.—The Tombs.—Embalming the Dead.—The Scrapeum.
—The Temple of Tih.—The Step Pyramid.—Our Southward Way.*

WENTY years ago the Nile trip was one of much difficulty and could only be made by those who had plenty of money to spend. Steamboats now run regularly as far south as Assuan and at stated seasons as far south as Wady Halfa and the second cataract. The cost of a trip from Cairo to the second cataract and return by tourist steamer, including all expenses for dragoman, interpreters, donkeys and camels for excursions to visit ruined temples by the way, is about three hundred and fifty dollars. Something must be added to this for the inevitable demand for backsheesh.

All necessary arrangements are completed and on the twenty-sixth day of December we bid farewell to Cairo and go on board the small steamer Tervfik, which is to take us as far as Assuan on our journey southward. Our object in going up the Nile is to see the ruins of the old temples and the rock-cut tombs, which reveal to us to-day the history of ancient Egypt and confirm the Bible story. Here on the banks of the Nile we shall see the quarries, the temples, and the tombs in which the children of Israel were made to serve. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour." Ex. 1: 14.

The Lord willing, we shall continue our journey as far south as the second cataract and visit the land of Ethiopia, the Cush of the Bible. This will take us south of the Tropic of Cancer, and we shall spend some time at least in the torrid zone of Africa. The time allotted for the journey of "a thousand miles up the Nile" is one month, so that we shall not return to Cairo until the latter part of January, 1893.

As we embark for a month's voyage on the broad waters of the Nile let us give a brief sketch of the river. The Nile is said to be the longest river in the world. It rises under the equator, and, flowing northward, empties into the Mediterranean on the northern coast of Egypt. It has been explored for thirty-five hundred miles, and is about two-thirds of a mile wide at its widest place. It flows for nearly two thousand miles without an affluent. Although for all this distance it receives the help of no inflowing stream, making its way through a frightful desert and constantly losing by evaporation and the water taken out for irrigation in Nubia and Egypt, yet it empties into the Mediterranean Sea an immense volume of water.

The Nile is the life of Egypt. Without it the country would be but a desert waste. The inundation of the river is caused by the heavy rainfall in Abyssinia. At the first cataract the river begins to rise about the first of June, and a steady increase goes on until the middle of July. It then remains stationary for several weeks, and then increases until its greatest height is reached in October. It then begins to subside and falls steadily until June, when its lowest level is reached. The average rise of the river at the first cataract, where there is a Nilometer, a gauge made to measure the overflow, is forty-five feet; at Thebes, thirty-eight feet, and at Cairo, twenty-five feet. A rise of a few

feet more or less than the average is always attended with disaster. The former causes an overflow of the embankments made to control the water in Lower Egypt, and the latter results in a famine. When there is a "good Nile," as the Egyptians say, when it rises forty-five feet at Assuan, there is general rejoicing all over the land, for it means a year of plenty for the farmers.

It was on account of the continued low water in the Nile that the seven years of famine followed the seven years of plenty, caused by a "good Nile," of which we have such an interesting account in the Bible. It will be noticed that Pharaoh saw the kine come up from the river, so the years of plenty and of famine came from the river.

The Nile is often mentioned in the Scriptures under various names. Jeremiah says, "Who is this that cometh up as a flood, whose waters are moved as the rivers? Egypt riseth up like a flood, and his waters are moved like the rivers." The prophet Amos also refers to the Nile as the flood of Egypt.

Concerning the Nile Isaiah utters this remarkable prophecy, which has been literally fulfilled: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea; and with his mighty wind shall he shake his hand over the river, and shall smite it in the seven streams, and make men go over dryshod." Isa. 11: 15. Originally the Nile divided a few miles north of where Cairo now is and flowed into the sea by seven mouths. These seven streams, the prophet says, shall be smitten, and smitten they have been. To-day the Nile has two *artificially-constructed* openings, Damietta and Rosetta, by which its waters pour into the sea. Five have been dried up and men go over dryshod. How the words of the prophet have been fulfilled!

Egypt, it has been said, is the gift of the Nile, and this saying is literally true. The annual overflow leaves the ground covered with a thin coating of mud which is exceedingly fertile. Even before the water has fully receded from the fields, the farmer sows the seed, thus literally casting his bread upon the waters, hoping for and receiving a rich return after many days. The deposit of the river, he says, is not mud, but gold. The ground needs no fertilizing, and but little labor is required to prepare it for and put in the crops. A light pole is dragged over the fields and the seed is covered with mud. Two, and sometimes three, abundant crops are raised in one year. When the waters recede the dry atmosphere takes up the moisture very rapidly, and water must be given to the growing crops. In order to accomplish this many canals are made to carry the water to the farmers from the river, and from the river and canals the water must be raised to the level of the fields. This requires an immense amount of labor, for, as the Nile recedes, the water must be raised from twenty to thirty feet.

For the purpose of raising the water the sakkieh (a water-wheel) and the shaduf are principally used. The former is a wheel, hung over the canal or a well dug near the river, with a double endless rope thrown over it, which reaches into the water. At regular intervals of about eighteen inches, earthen jars, holding about one gallon each, are securely fastened between the ropes. The wheel is geared to a long arm, to which oxen or camels are hitched. The wheel turns slowly, the jars go down empty on one side, come up full on the other and empty into a trough, from which the water is carried in a ditch to the fields.

The shaduf is one of the oldest and most primitive methods of raising water. It was used in Egypt when Abraham first went to that country, and, without the slightest change or modification, it is still used to-day. It was used by the children of Israel to raise water to the brick-yard, just as it is used by the brick-makers for the same purpose here now. Some of our readers will recall the old-fashioned well-sweep, now almost entirely superseded by the pump,—a long pole, so fastened to a beam that it swung up and down easily, at one end a heavy weight attached, at the other a rope and a bucket. This was patterned after the shaduf, which has been in use in Egypt for at least four thousand years.

In the soft, steep banks of the Nile, or of the numerous canals which pass through the land, terraces are made about ten feet above each other. The lower one has a trench cut into it from the river. The water at the bottom of the trench is about two feet deep. On either side of the trench is a heavy post or a strong column built of sun-dried brick. The posts or columns stand about six feet apart. A cross-beam is firmly attached to the top of the pillars, and under this poles twelve feet long are attached, four feet from the heavy end, by means of strong cords made of the fiber of the palm tree. The poles are tied so that they swing up and down easily. Behind, that is, at the shorter end of the poles, the end farthest from the river, is fastened a heavy lump of clay, and from the other end hangs a rope or long palm twig, to the lower end of which is fastened a closely-woven basket, or a leathern bucket. On top of the terrace a reservoir is formed of layers of reeds and palm stems, well daubed with Nile mud. An Arab stands on either side of the trench; by pulling down on the ropes the buckets are lowered and filled with



The Shaduf. Raising Water in Egypt.

water. The clay balls on the shorter ends of the poles raise the full buckets, the laborer guiding them and emptying their contents into the reservoir. From this reservoir the water is raised by the same means into another, and another, the number depending on the height of the banks of the river. At one place we saw four shadufs, one above the other, with eight men raising water to the level of the fields. The full page photogravure will give our readers a good idea of the shaduf.

Having reached the highest reservoir, the water flows by a ditch to a series of border channels, and is then conducted in smaller streams through the fields that are to be watered. When the river rises the terraces, columns and reservoirs are swept away, and new ones must be constructed every year.*

The men who work at these water-raising apparatuses are a class of their own. They are tall, straight and muscular fellows, and are called "fathers of the shaduf." They stand by the river bank, lowering and raising the buckets, singing in a low monotone a plaintive melody that sounds exceedingly mournful as it is borne to us over the waters of the Nile. It seems to speak of unremitting toil and oppression. With but a simple cloth about their loins, the "fathers of the shaduf" look like bronze statues of Hercules in motion as they raise the life-giving waters of the Nile to the fields of corn and wheat.

In the irrigation of his fields the Egyptian uses the same methods employed when Moses lived and wrote the books of the Pentateuch. He said: "For the land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but

*Kingsley's "Egypt."

the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven." Deut. 11: 10, 11. After the water has been raised to the level of the fields, the Egyptian literally waters the land with his feet. Going into his little field or garden, as we have seen him do many times, often without hoe or other implement in his hand, he opens and closes the ditches with his feet, allowing the water to run here and there, and leading it to all parts of his field. We look upon the very method of irrigation described by Moses in the Scripture quoted. The conditions named by the inspired writer are all met here. The land is flat and level, and above the delta it drinketh not the "water of the rain of heaven." And yet, although Egypt is, practically speaking, without rain, it is deluged with an abundance of water each year.

One of the questions which came up time and again in our travels in Egypt, is why, in these days of modern improvement and advancement, better means for irrigating the land have not been introduced. Why should not steam be used to raise the water? The question is partly answered in the broken and rusted engines, pumps and water-pipes, which are to be seen on the banks of the river to-day.

The former ruler of Egypt sought to lighten the heavy burdens of the farmer, and placed a number of steam pumps and engines on the banks of the Nile in Upper Egypt. They were used a short time, and then the natives fell back to the old method. The farmer did not like the new plan. It was easier than the old, but fuel must be gathered for the engine, and it got out of repair. He liked the old way of doing things the best. "*Inshallah*" (God willing), he said, "my fathers used the shaduf all the days of their lives. Who am I that I should depart from the ways of my fathers; am I wiser than they?" So the

engines, pumps and water-pipes rust unused on the banks of the Nile, while, at the side of them, stand the "fathers of the shaduf," with the burning rays of the sun beating down on their naked backs, raising the water and singing their mournful song, as their fathers did forty centuries ago. It is a case of adherence to the customs of the fathers, more to be commended for its conservatism than for its wisdom. In Lower Egypt, and at some of the sugar plantations where the European influence is stronger, the steam engine is used in raising water from the Nile.

We have been particularly struck, as we have traveled up the Nile, with the condition of the people. There is much hard work and oppression, but they seem to be well fed and contented, even happy, in their lot. Miss Martineau says: "I was agreeably surprised, in my travels throughout Egypt, by the appearance of the people. About the dirt there can be no doubt, the dirt of the dwellings and the diseases which proceed from a want of cleanliness; but the people appeared to us to be sleek, well fed and cheerful. I am not sure I saw an ill-fed person in all Egypt. There are hardships enough of other kinds, abundance of misery to sadden the heart of the traveler; but not that, so far as we saw, of want of food. I am told, and no doubt truly, that this is owing to the law of the Koran, by which every man is bound to share what he has, even to the last mouthful, with his brother in need." If the same rule of distribution were observed all over the world, there would be no hungry people, for there is enough for all and to spare.

And now we are steaming up the Nile, which "flows through old, hushed Egypt and its sands, like some grave, mighty thought, threading a dream." While we have been writing about river, water-wheel and shaduf, we have

reached our first stopping-place. Firmly moored to the shore is a large flatboat, on which is painted in large letters the name Bedrachin. It is the landing-place at the ruins of Memphis, the ancient capital of Lower Egypt.

A hundred men and boys are on the shore, with nearly as many donkeys. As there are at least three donkeys for every passenger we expect a lively time, and are not disappointed. No sooner have we stepped ashore than we are surrounded by the yelling crowd, each solicitous that we shall mount his donkey. The din and confusion are simply indescribable. We try to take a stand and see what is going on, but it is useless; we are pulled and shoved by the crowd, until at last, seeing a good-sized animal, we make a rush for him and in a few minutes are mounted and away from the yelling crowd. The Elder has also succeeded in mounting, and we start for a long ride to Memphis and across the desert to Sakkara and the tombs of the sacred Apis, known as the Serapeum.

The Hebrew name for the ancient Egyptian city of Men-Nefrew (Pyramid City), known to us as Memphis, was Noph, and except in Hosea 9: 6, where it is called Memphis, the former name is applied to it in the Bible. It was a flourishing city when the Great Pyramid was built, and when Joseph was taken from the prison to the palace of Pharaoh to interpret the dreams of the ruler of Egypt he passed through the streets of that city. The early history is lost in the dim ages of the past, and we have not space to speak of the more recent records. Memphis, suffice it to say, is as old as the history of the country of which it was for so many centuries the proud capital.

Mounted on our trusty little donkeys, we are now ready for a ride to explore the ruins of Noph, to verify the truth of the Bible, for it says: "Noph shall be waste and

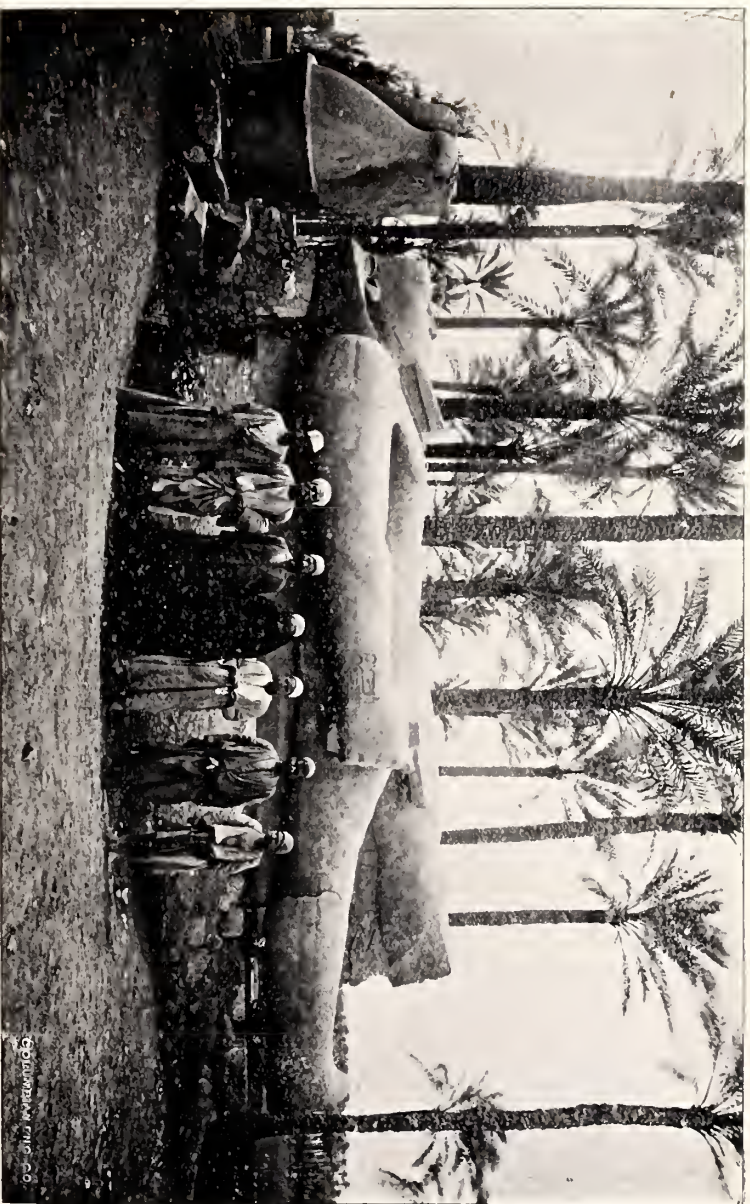
desolate without an inhabitant." Above us is the cloudless sky, from which the sun shines even in the middle of winter with force enough to make a sunshade quite desirable. The air is very clear, so that the most distant objects seem very near. The Great Pyramid, which stood like a sentinel over Memphis, looms up in the distance. Leaving the river, the road leads through fields of growing grain. The dark green color and rank growth tell of the richness of the soil. Here and there the valley is interspersed with small groves of stately palms. We ride beneath them, glad for the little shade they afford. A short distance from the river we are met by a score or more of scantily-clothed Arab children, who are clamorous for backshesh. Then we enter and ride through a village composed of flat-roofed, one-story houses, built of sun-dried brick. On top of the houses are built small, round towers with dome-shaped roofs. Many holes are cut into the towers. They are the pigeon houses. Our dragoman told us that every time a man took a new wife he built or added several new pigeon towers to his house in honor of the event. In some places the pigeon towers are the largest part of the house, and they give the towns of Upper Egypt a peculiar appearance.

The streets of the village or town are narrow and winding, and many of them end abruptly at the door of a house. On either side of the streets only bare mud walls are observed. Windows and window-glass are not often seen. The door serves as an opening at which to go in and out, and to admit light. Chimneys are not seen, as fires are seldom lighted in the house. The climate is dry and warm, and fire is not needed. Cooking is usually done outside of the houses. As rain seldom falls here the sun-dried brick last for centuries. One of the heavy, dashing rains, lasting for several days, which we often have at home, would re-

duce one of the Egyptian towns to a mud heap in a very short time.

Leaving the village we approach the line of the desert, and here is to be seen a colossal statue of Rameses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed Israel. It is made of fine, hard limestone, and is forty-two feet in height. Budge says it is probably one of the statues which stood in front of the Temple of Ptah, mentioned by Herodotus and Diodorus. It bears in Egyptian characters the name of Rameses II, and with another of the same kind, recently discovered a short distance away, we have all that has been uncovered of the City of Memphis. At one time it was thirteen miles in circumference, now its former site is almost wholly covered with sand. It is one of the buried cities of the Bible.

The statue, referred to in the preceding paragraph, and of which our engraving is an exact reproduction, must have been magnificent before it was broken and mutilated. The features are finely cut and the face is Egyptian. Originally the statue was fifty feet high, and was one of a pair which stood in front of the temple, the other having recently been discovered in the Nile mud. We stood some time looking at this defaced, mutilated, fallen statue of the greatest of all the Pharaohs, under whose reign Israel was oppressed and Moses fled away from Egypt, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." How appropriately the words of Isaiah apply to the mighty conqueror, "They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou



Statue of Ramesses II at the Site of Ancient Memphis.

art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet." Isa. 14: 16-19.

We ride over the sand that partly covers the site of ancient Memphis, passing the Arab village of Mitrahenny and going on to Sakkara where the dead of Noph were buried. On the way men and boys meet us, offering for sale lamps, scarabs (the sacred beetle of ancient Egypt) and other antiquities, some taken from the tombs, others manufactured at Cairo. One held up the mummified hand of an ancient Memphite, offering to sell it for two shillings, saying: "Him very good mummy hand."

Reaching the tombs we look about us. There is sand everywhere. Before us is the great desert sand-waste, part of which we have just passed over. The eddies of the wind carry the yellow and white sand into ridge-like drifts, as snow is drifted on our western prairies. The lifeless, interminable desert reflects with lurid glare the cloudless blue sky. Everywhere around and about us is the depth of silence and desolation. It is the burial-place of a dead nation, covered with the drifting sands of the desert. "We were standing among the tombs of those who died four thousand years ago."

And this sandy waste has once been the site of a populous city, the capital of Egypt. Here Moses lived as the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Here the oppressor of Israel had his court, and here he reigned sixty-seven years. Here six hundred years before Christ, long before Alexandria was founded, the city of Noph flourished, and Jeremiah wrote these words concerning the great city, "Noph shall be waste and desolate." Could a prophecy be more literally fulfilled? Waste and desolation are written all

over the site of ancient Memphis. "And without an inhabitant." You may search for an inhabitant in this sandy waste, but you will find none. You will meet the descendants of the ancient Egyptians as you ride across the desert, but their dwelling-place is at Bedrachin, on the banks of the Nile. The words of the prophet of God have come to pass to the very letter.

The tombs of the wealthy class of the ancient Egyptians were cut in the living rock. Great sums of money were expended in this way, the size of the tomb depending upon the wealth and importance of the personage for whom it was made. The tombs were made during the lifetime of those who were to occupy them after death. Here, not in the larger chambers of the tombs, but in a secret chamber, the entrance to which was carefully hid, the body, after having been carefully embalmed, was laid away to rest. The tombs are interesting because they contain the name and often a sketch of the life of the owner. The walls are painted with scenes from the life of the ancient Egyptians, and contain many hieroglyphics, which have been read and translated, so that we can read them and know about the lives and history of these remarkable people.

Singularly enough, as it may seem, the largest tombs at Sakkara are known as the Serapeum, in which, after they had been carefully embalmed, the sacred bulls of Apis were buried. "Living, these animals were worshiped in a magnificent temple in Memphis; dead, they were buried in the vaults at Sakkara." We go down into these rock-cut tombs with a trusty guide, and candles and torches to light our way. It is a huge, vaulted tunnel, divided into three parts, one of which is twelve hundred feet long, and another one-half that length. From either side of the tunnel chambers are made, in the center of which are ponderous

granite coffins thirteen feet long, eight feet wide, and twelve feet deep. We saw twenty-four of these huge sarcophagi, cut from a single block of red granite and very highly polished. A slab of the same material, of great weight, was placed on top of the sarcophagus, closing it like a lid. The Khedive of Egypt was anxious to remove



*Interior of one of the Vaulted Galleries in the Serapeum
at Sakkara.*

one of the granite coffins and place it in the modern museum at Cairo. His men succeeded in removing it from its chamber into the vaulted passage, but could take it no further; the inclined plane which leads to the mouth of the tunnel was an insuperable barrier. And yet the ancient Egyptians transported hundreds of these huge coffins from Syene, where the quarries are located, a distance of six hundred miles, and placed them in these chambers. In

these great granite coffins the bodies of the sacred animals were placed for burial.

We grope around in the Egyptian darkness of the subterranean tunnels and chambers. Our torches and candles only make the gloom and darkness apparent. Thousands of great bats, disturbed in their slumbers, flit about our heads, and make a peculiar noise like the gnashing of teeth. The air is close and warm, and the odor emitted by the bats is almost unendurable. Our dim candles and torches cast great, indistinct shadows on the rocky walls. It is a strange, weird place in which we are wandering. Our guide (he is called a dragoman here) has a quantity of magnesium wire, which burns with brilliancy equal to the electric light. By burning wire in the chambers we are enabled to note every detail of the interior of the rooms, and the workmanship of the sarcophagi. On the walls are numberless inscriptions with dates which have an important bearing on the chronology of Egyptian history. They also touch the chronology of the Bible. After what seems to us a long time in the stifling atmosphere of the vaults, we grope our way to the entrance, glad to breathe the fresh, pure air of heaven again.

The pomp and splendor with which the worship of Apis was surrounded, the care taken of his dead body, and the worship of the sacred ox at Heliopolis, only a short distance from Memphis, will help us to understand more fully the cause of the apostasy of Israel in the wilderness. When they demanded of Aaron that he should make them a god, a molten calf was made, the god Apis, and when it was set up the people said: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." Ex. 32: 4. They had seen divine honors paid to the calf so many times in Egypt, even by Pharaoh himself, they had worked

so long in the quarries at Syene where the coffins of Apis were made, that they had come to look upon the animal as sacred. And at Sinai, where Moses left them for only a few days, their hearts went back to the gods of Egypt and they "corrupted themselves, turning aside out of the way which the Lord commanded them."

Here is a lesson which teaches the truth of another Scripture, which says: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Israel, in this long intercourse with the people of Egypt, became corrupted with idolatry, of which they were cured only after centuries of hard experience and severe punishment.

At Sakkara we also visit the temple of Tih, in which are to be seen some of the best preserved frescoes in Egypt. The pictures in bright colors give us an insight into the home life and the customs of the ancient Egyptians. It is remarkable how well the colors have been preserved. They are as bright as when they were spread on the walls by the Egyptian artists thousands of years ago.

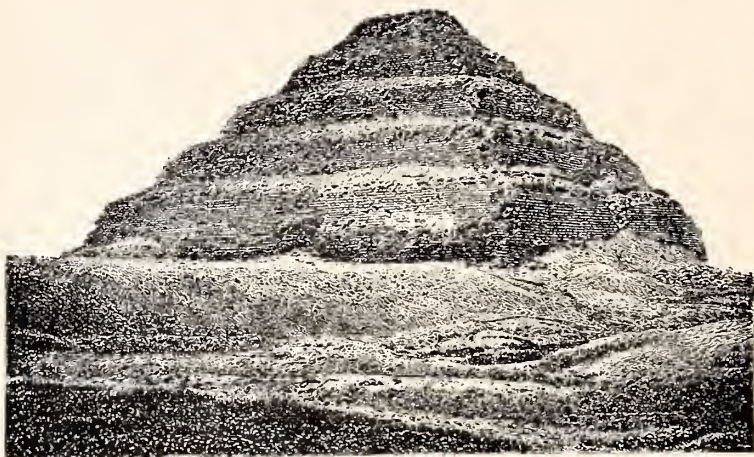
Around about Sakkara are eleven small pyramids. The one known as the Step Pyramid is the most interesting. It consists of six stages or steps, ranging in height from twenty-nine to thirty-eight feet. Each of the steps is six and a half feet wide. The perpendicular height is one hundred and ninety-seven feet.

Some authorities are of the opinion that the Step Pyramid is older than Cheops. The interior contains a number of passages and chambers. Mariette, after a careful examination of the chambers, was led to conclude that this pyramid had once contained the tombs of Apis.

On our return to the steamer we secure some of the antiquities offered for sale by the wayside venders. We have a lamp that was probably used four thousand years

ago, with several stone-cut scarabs nearly as old, which we hope to bring home with us.

The day has been one of hard work, but of intense interest. The shades of evening are gathering around us as



The Step Pyramid at Sakkara.

we recross the site of ancient Memphis. Our thoughts are carried back to the time when Moses and Aaron went before Pharaoh and demanded that he should let Israel go. "In the city, now buried beneath mouldering heaps and desert sand, the faithful and fearless leader braved the wrath of the King; for he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible. This was the spot where Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead! Our thoughts pass away from the palaces, smitten with this sudden and sore bereavement, to the homes of the enslaved race, waiting securely for the signal to depart, whilst through faith they

‘kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest He that destroyed the first born should touch them.’ Great as was the historical importance of this event, seeing that it was the birth of a nation, it gains yet deeper significance in the fact that it was a type of the great Antitype: ‘For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.’ ”*

We are again on our way southward. The sun, in full-orbed glory, has sunk behind the western desert, the moon, nearly full, with pale light, rises in the heavens. Evenings like this we never see in our moist, northern climates. The lines of Addison have a new meaning when read on such an evening as this:

“Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale.
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.”

So passed our first day on the Nile. Can it ever be forgotten?

*Manning, “Land of the Pharaohs.”



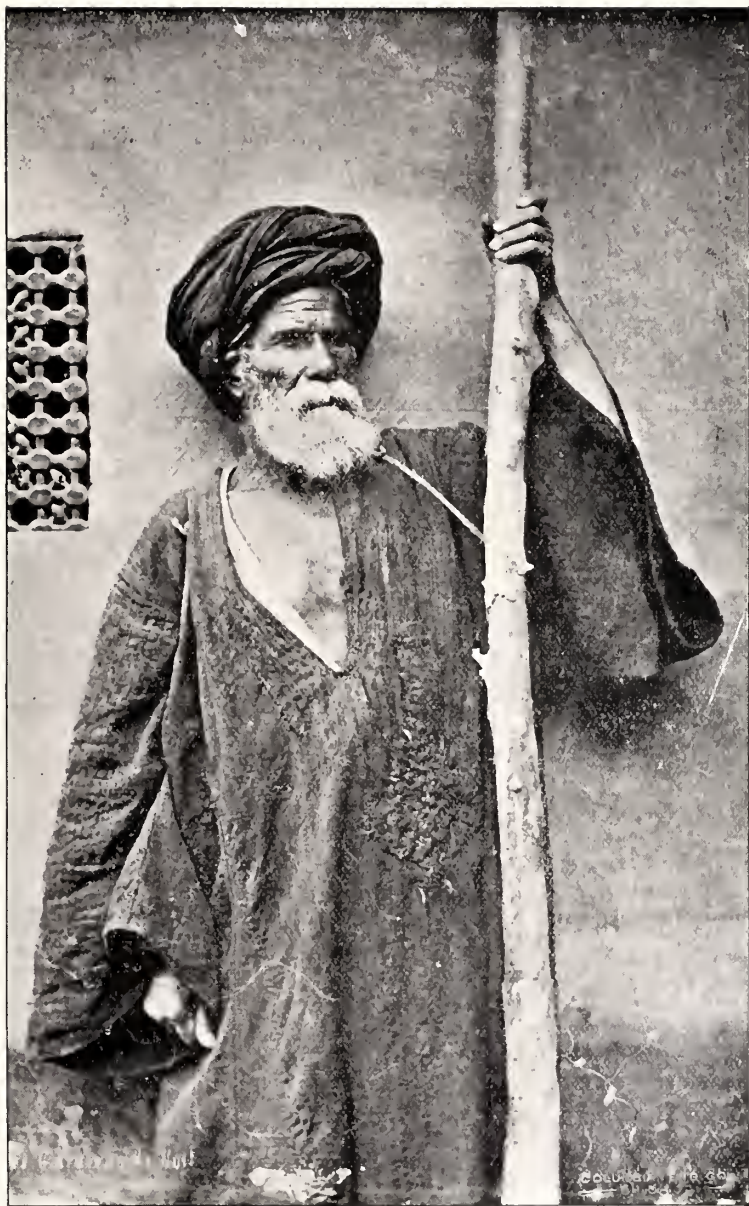
CHAPTER IX.

Nile Scenes.—Our Pilot.—The Natives and their Villages.—Death and Burial.—The School and the Schoolmaster.—The Doom Palm.—The Papyrus Reed.—Fulfillment of Prophecy.



WERE we to write the record of each day's experience and impressions, as we journey up and down in this wonderland of the Nile, volumes would not contain all that might be written. Our journey up the river is made almost entirely by daylight. Owing to the shifting channel and the deposit of mud, navigation is rendered somewhat difficult, and the Nile pilots prefer to run their boats by the light of the sun. At the bow of the boat stands an Arab with a long pole in his hands. Every few minutes he thrusts it into the water to ascertain its depth, which he reports to the pilot by calling out in a loud voice. Notwithstanding all this precaution, our steamer was run on hidden mudbars several times, and had to be backed off and a different course taken.

South of Cairo, until Assuan and the first cataract are reached, the Nile flows through an ever widening and narrowing valley of rich, arable land. At places the valley is but a few yards wide, at others the desert stretches out on either side of the river, and the valley widens to a number of miles. The banks of the river thus present a constantly changing, a varying landscape. The lights and shades on the Libyan Mountains, the desert sand, and the green valley, are a study for an artist. Innumerable groves of great,



Our Pilot on the Nile.

stately palms wave their plume-like branches in the air, giving an oriental cast to the scene. On either shore the narrow valley is covered with growing crops of maize, wheat, lentils and beans; even to the very water's edge.

Then there are the villages of the natives, built on the edge of the sandy desert, so that all the land covered by the overflow of the river may be farmed. We went into a number of the villages and found them entirely devoid of anything like cleanliness or comfort. Vermin of all kinds abound. The houses are mere mud huts, and are without furniture. One can scarcely imagine a condition so comfortless as that of the fellah of Egypt, as the laborer is called. His lot is one of incessant toil, which continues as long as life lasts. "He dies where he was born, after passing through a life of intolerable hardships, and is buried in the sands of the desert not far from his humble home."

At Beni Hassan we rode across the plain to visit the rock-cut tombs. On the way we passed a house in which one of the inmates had just died. Long before we reached the house we heard the cry of the mourners, and the sad sound was borne to our ears long after we had passed the place. Four hours later, on our return, the body had been buried in a hastily-made grave in the sands of the desert. Again at Assuan, when walking through the streets with our dragoman, we came to a house from which the spirit of the owner had just taken its flight to the great unknown world. A score or more of men were moving slowly and with dignity about the street in front of the house, giving vent to their feelings of sorrow in a sad, mournful cry. Occasionally one and then another would take up the skirt of his outer garment and rend it, thereby manifesting more strongly the depth of his grief. These were the friends and relatives of the dead man who had come to mourn over his

departure. Among them was a young woman, whose voice was heard above the rest as she cried out in her grief. She was the daughter of the dead man, and presented the very picture of sorrow; her hair was unloosed, her head and face were uncovered; she cried out, as the interpreter told us, "Oh my father! my father!! the stay and support of my life; my father is dead; my father is dead." She also rent her garments in the abandon of her grief. We continued our walk, but the voice of the girl whose father was dead rang in our ears. The whole scene recalled the Scripture, "because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."

The practice of rending the clothing as a sign of sorrow and great grief is as common in the East to-day as it was in Bible times. When Aaron's sons fell before the altar because they offered strange fire, Moses commanded Aaron and his kinsmen not to uncover their heads nor rend their clothes.* Van Lennep says, however, that care is taken not to injure the garment by this operation. The undertaker who has charge of every detail procures the mourners and furnishes the robes they wear. Before the funeral procession starts he goes to each mourner and carefully rips the central seam of his kaftan or robe, three or four inches down the breast.† The mourner increases the rent thus made very slightly, and afterward it is carefully repaired, to be rent again when occasion requires its use.

In Cairo we saw a number of funeral processions of the wealthy people. A large number of mourners were in attendance, the number depending on the wealth of the bereaved family. They moved slowly through the streets, following the hearse which conveyed the dead to the tomb,

*Lev. 10: 6.

†Van Lennep, "Bible Lands," page 587.

and were followed by the relatives and friends in carriages. They cried out in mourning and made much show of sorrow. They rent their garments, but in a careful manner, so that they might easily be repaired. It could be seen that they made a business of mourning, and to us it all seemed like an empty, hollow mockery, not to be compared with the genuine sorrow and real grief of the poor girl whom we saw and heard mourning for her father in the street at Assuan.

In some instances the mourners take off their outer garments and replace them with coarse, heavy sackcloth, and occasionally throw dust and ashes on their heads as a sign of their grief. This, too, is an old Bible custom: "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days." Gen. 37: 34. When Job's friends came to him and knew him not when they saw him, "they lifted up their voice, and wept; and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven." Job 2: 12.

Mr. Lane in his valuable work gives the following very accurate description of a modern funeral procession: "The first persons in the procession are six or more poor men called Yemeneeh, mostly blind, who proceed two and two, or three and three together. Walking at moderate pace, or rather slowly, they chant in melancholy tone the profession of faith, or sometimes other words. They are followed by some male relations and friends of the deceased, and in many cases by two or more persons of some sect of the Dervishes, having the flags of the order. Next follow three or four schoolboys bearing a copy of the Koran (the Mohammedan Bible) placed upon a kind of desk formed of palm-sticks, and covered over generally with an embroidered kerchief. These boys chant in a higher and livelier

voice than the Yemeneeh, usually some words of a poem descriptive of the events of the last day, the judgment, etc., commencing,

“ I assert the absolute glory of Him who createth whatever hath form,
And reduceth his servants by death:
Who bringeth to nought all His creatures, with mankind;
They shall all lie in the graves:
The absolute glory of the Lord of the East,
The absolute glory of the Lord of the West,
The absolute glory of the Illuminator of the two lights;
The sun, to wit, and the moon;
His absolute glory! how bountiful is he! ”

The schoolboys immediately precede the coffin, which is borne head foremost. Three or four friends of the deceased usually carry it for a short distance; then three or four other friends, who are in like manner relieved. Behind the bier walk the female mourners; sometimes a group of more than a dozen or twenty, with their hair disheveled, though generally concealed by a head veil, crying and shrieking; and often the hired mourners accompany them, celebrating the praises of the deceased. Among the women the relations and the domestics of the deceased are distinguished by a strip of linen, or cotton stuff, or muslin, generally blue, bound around the head and tied in a single knot behind, the ends hanging down a few inches. Each of these also carries a handkerchief, usually dyed blue, which she sometimes holds over her shoulders, and at other times twirls with both hands over her head or before her face. The cries of the women, the lively chanting of the youths and the deep tones of the Yemeneeh compose a strange discord.

I have seen mourning women of the lower classes following a bier, having their faces—which were bare—and **their head-coverings and bosoms besmeared with mud.**

The funeral procession of a man of wealth, or of the middle classes, is sometimes preceded by three or four or more camels, bearing bread and water to give to the poor at the tomb, and is composed of a more numerous and varied assemblage of persons. In this, besides the persons already mentioned, the led horses of the bearers, if men of rank, often follow the bier; and a buffalo, to be sacrificed at the tomb, where its flesh is to be distributed to the poor, closes the procession.*

Among the poor people who dwell along the banks of the Nile the funeral rites are very simple. As soon as death comes the body is prepared for the grave with much haste, and if not too late the burial takes place the same day. If one dies before the middle of the afternoon the body is never kept until the next day. It is carefully washed and wrapped in a winding sheet; cotton is placed in the mouth, the ears, the nostrils, and under the arms. It is then placed in a coffin and raised to the shoulders of four men, who carry it to the grave. The friends and relatives follow on foot, making up the funeral procession. The whole multitude, be it large or small, "lift up their voices and weep." We often saw these mourning processions in Egypt, and there is something unutterably sad about it all.

The grave is dug a few feet deep, and then—at the bottom and side—a niche is made in which the body is placed in its winding sheet, coffinless. If it has been carried to the grave in a coffin, the body is taken out and placed in the ground as before described. The same coffin is used to convey other bodies to the grave, and serves the purpose of a hearse. The niche keeps the earth from falling on the body when the grave is filled. Small stones are placed at the head and foot of the little mound, and the

*Lane's "Modern Egyptians," II, page 294.

mourners depart from the tomb. South of Wady Halfa we saw many graves, the tops of which were covered with beautiful agate pebbles which abound there in the desert, and which have been beautifully polished by the sands that have blown over them.

On either side of the river the shaduf and the sakkieh are to be seen in great numbers. The song of the "fathers of the shaduf," as they lift the water from the river to the fields, is constantly borne to us across the waters of the Nile. Then, too, the creaking noise of the water-wheels is heard day and night; for at this season of the year the growing crops must have water. The oxen and driver are changed, and the wheel goes on with its creaking noise. It is loud enough at places to keep us awake at night, and leads us to the conclusion that oil is a stranger to the sakkieh.

Another method of lifting water from the Nile is occasionally seen. Two men standing by the side of the river have two ropes with a water-tight basket fastened in the center. Taking the opposite ends of the ropes in their hands and facing each other, they dip the basket into the water, filling it and then, with a swinging motion of the ropes, dextrously throwing the water into the reservoir on the banks. This method is resorted to only where the banks of the stream are low; it is much more laborious than working the shaduf.

Looking over the fields of growing wheat we notice the farmers sowing dust on the grain, much the same as we used to sow plaster on the clover fields in Maryland thirty-five years ago. It is thought here that it is helpful to the crops. When we visited the ruined temples in Upper Egypt and Nubia, we found men and women busily engaged in digging up the earth about the temples. They

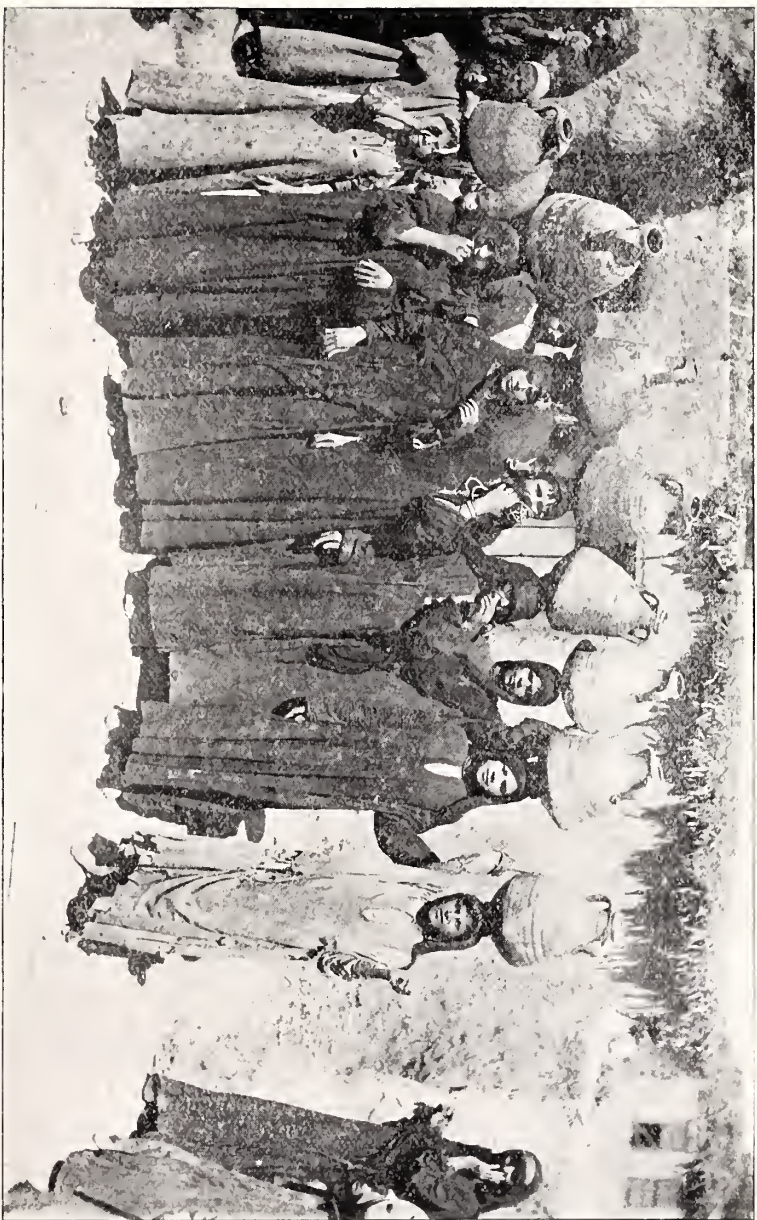
then sifted it to remove the broken crockery and pieces of stone. After completing this process, the dust was carried to the fields in sacks and baskets, on the backs of donkeys and camels, and scattered over the growing grain. Those who do this kind of work are literally covered with dust, and cannot be said to present a cleanly appearance.

At Kalabshi one of the ladies of our party gave to a group of Arab women, who were carrying water in jars on their heads, a short talk on keeping themselves cleaner; she told them they ought to wash their gowns oftener. The women listened attentively to her words, through the interpreter, and then one of them said, "You go in the fields every day, spread dust on the grain, carry water-jar on your head from river, hoe in ground, pull weeds, work all day, you not so clean either; you clean, you no work." The answer, it seemed to us, fit remarkably well. The picture of the fashionably-dressed woman, whose jeweled hands never knew toil, brought a smile to the face of her friends, and the Arab women went on their way, bearing their burdens and laughing as they went.

One of the very common scenes along the Nile is that of women coming down to the banks of the stream with water-jars on their heads. Wading into the river the face and hands of the water-carriers are washed, then the jars are washed and rinsed, outside and inside, and filled with water. The jars hold from three to five gallons each. After being filled they are lifted to the top of the heads of the women, where they are carefully poised, and are thus carried to the village. It is quite a singular sight to see a group of women and girls with water-jars poised on their heads. The artist caught such a group with his camera at one of the villages along the Nile and we give it to our readers on page 175.

In all the villages along the river one meets the village schoolmaster; he is an important personage; he can recite the Koran (the Mohammedan Bible) from memory, and this is his principal qualification. As a rule he can write the Arabic and has a limited knowledge of figures, but as arithmetic is not taught in the village school this knowledge is considered superfluous. The school-room is without windows, the door admitting the light; and the boys sit on the earthen floor. The teacher sitting in front of them repeats verses of the Koran and each boy follows him, repeating the words which are meaningless to them. Month after month they keep up this parrot-like work, and when they can recite the principal parts of the book from memory their education is finished and they are ready to graduate.

Mr. Lane gives the following illustration of the ignorance and shrewdness of the native school-teacher. He says: "I was lately told of a man who could neither read nor write, succeeding to the office of a schoolmaster in my neighborhood. Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them, he employed the 'areef' (or head boy in the school), pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken this upon himself, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son who had gone on a pilgrimage; the fikee pretended to read it, but said nothing, and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, 'Shall I shriek?' he answered, 'Yes.' 'Shall I tear my clothes?' she asked; he replied, 'Yes.' So the poor woman returned to her home, and with her household performed the lamentations and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of death. Not many days after this the son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stat-



Egyptian Women with Water Jars.

ing that he was dead? He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he told her to shriek and tear her clothes, since the letter was to tell her that her son was well and was coming home. Not at all abashed, he said, 'God knows futurity; how could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than to be led to expect to see him and be disappointed.' Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, 'Truly our new fikee is a man of unusual judgment;' and for a little while he found that he had raised his reputation by his blunder."

Birds along the river are very plentiful and quite tame. The stork, the white heron, pelicans, wild geese, ducks, hawks, pigeons, and the universal English sparrow abound. Some of them injure the crops. The boys who lead the flocks of sheep to pasture are armed with slings, and part of their duty is to drive the birds from the grain fields. They acquire great dexterity in the use of the sling, and can bring down a bird at a long distance. It reminded us of the lad who tended the flocks on the fields of Bethlehem. He doubtless became familiar with the use of the sling, just as these Egyptian lads do. At least he had a steady aim and a strong arm when he felled Goliath, the champion of the Philistines. The stork and the white heron are as tame as the domestic fowls at home. The natives, as a rule, are exceedingly kind to birds and animals. The Arabs will share their last mouthful with their horses, and the faithful horse often finds shelter in the tent of his master. It is much to the credit of these people that a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is not needed here, and to the discredit of our people that such a society finds so much to do among us.

The palm is the principal tree to be seen on the Nile. Sycamores and acacias are seen at some places, but the palm is the tree of Egypt. It bears an abundant crop of dates, which are highly nutritious and form an important part of the food supply of the inhabitants. The doom palm produces a fruit as large as a medium-sized orange, but irregular in shape, of a yellowish color, and is said to taste like gingerbread. The fruit of the doom palm was often placed in the tombs with the dead. In the museum at Cairo we saw some which had been taken out of the tomb of one of the Pharaohs who died before the birth of Moses; and although they were about thirty-five hundred years old they looked very much like the specimen we bought from an Arab at Assiut.

In ancient times the lotus and papyrus reed were the most common plants in Egypt. The lotus was the national flower, and it may be seen in all the monuments and temples. The papyrus, the leaves of which were used for writing, also abounded on the banks of the Nile. It was seen all along the banks of the river, especially in Lower Egypt. Singularly enough, this plant has entirely disappeared. It is said that a few years ago a traveler reported having seen a single stalk of papyrus in the delta, but this is doubted. The closest search was made and failed to reveal a single specimen of this once common water plant.

It may not be generally known that the paper reed or papyrus was made the subject of prophecy, and yet it is true. Isaiah says: "And they shall turn the rivers far away; and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up: the reeds and flags shall wither. The paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, and everything sown by the brooks, shall wither, be driven away, and be no more." Isa. 19: 6, 7.

The paper reed, the reeds and the flag have withered, have been driven away, and are no more. Thus the Word of the Lord, spoken by the prophet, has been literally fulfilled, and the paper reed, which was at one time so abundant here and was so important to the inhabitants of ancient Egypt (for all their books, contracts, deeds and other documents were written on the leaves of this plant), has entirely disappeared from the country. Singularly enough, too, the only place where it is found in the East is in the Land of Palestine. Nine years ago we found the paper reed growing abundantly north of the Sea of Galilee. Why, in the natural course of things, should the papyrus become extinct in Egypt, its home, and yet continue to grow so abundantly and luxuriantly in the Holy Land? Our answer to the question is found in the prophecy of Isaiah.



CHAPTER X.

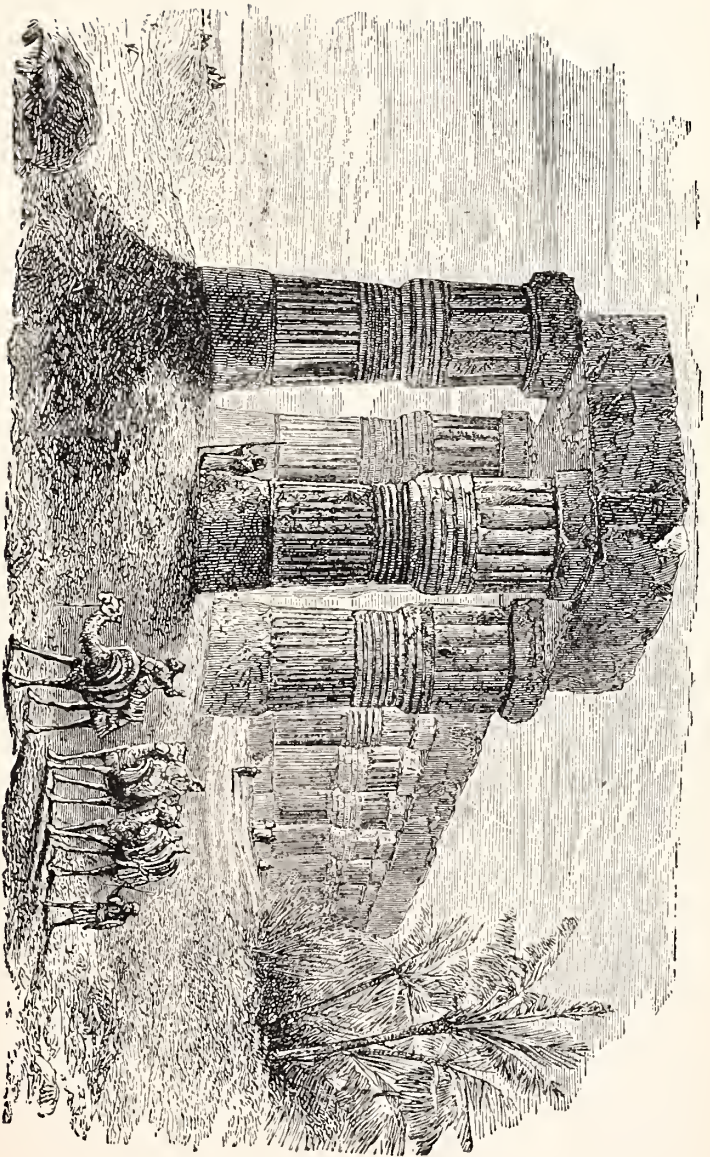
Temples and Tombs.—Beni Hassan.—Immortality of the Soul.—Embalming.—Jacob and Joseph Embalmed.—An Ancient Funeral Procession.—Rock-cut Tombs at Beni Hassan.—The Chamber of the Dead.—The Tomb of Ameni.—Allusion to the Famine.



ON our way up the Nile we stop at a number of places to explore and inspect ancient temples and tombs, constructed at least three thousand years ago. The temples, which tell the story of ancient Egypt's greatness, are, with few exceptions, great masses of ruins. A few of them, having been covered with the drifting sand of the desert and but recently excavated, are still in a remarkable state of preservation. The tombs, having been cut into the solid rock of the mountain side, remain unto this day, except as they have been defaced by human hands and robbed of mummies, coffins and funerary offerings.

After leaving Memphis we pass several places of interest, which will be referred to in the succeeding chapter, and stop at Beni Hassan. Here there are a number of very interesting rock-cut tombs. In order to understand fully the ancient Egyptian's motive in spending so much time and money on his burial-place, it will be necessary to know something of his belief as to the future of the body.

Briefly, then, although shrouded by innumerable superstitions, the ancient Egyptian believed that after the lapse of many thousand years the soul would again return to and inhabit the body. When it is known that they believed that the soul entered successively into a phoenix, a heron, a



Ruins of an Ancient Temple in Egypt.

swallow, a snake, a crocodile, and other animals, some idea of the superstition of the Egyptians will be apparent. But running through this mass of absurdities was the faint light of the immortality of the soul. After all its wanderings and struggles, they believed it would live in the body again.

It might be interesting to inquire whence the ancient Egyptians had their faint knowledge of the immortality of the soul. It was far from the grand light and immortality revealed in the Gospel, but yet there was in it a ray of light and truth. We believe it came to them from God. We know that he, in the olden time, made himself known to the people at "sundry times and in divers manners." We cannot now follow this thought further.

Believing, then, that at some remote period the soul would live again, not in a new body, but in the same old body it dwelt in before death, the chief concern of the ancient Egyptian was to preserve the body after death, so that, when the soul returned, it would find the body ready for its reception. Hence the art of embalming the body was carried to such a high degree of perfection that even the features of the face have been well preserved for more than three thousand years. This is also the key to the motive which led them to spend so much time and money on their tombs. The Pharaohs, the priests, and the wealthy spent immense sums of money in cutting their tombs into the living rock and making them strong and secure. In these tombs, not in the large chambers or halls, but in a secret crypt, the existence of which was known to only a few of the nearest relatives and the high priest, the body was hid away. With it were placed various kinds of food, raiment, and articles for the toilet. In the tomb, or rather with the body of the Pharaoh of the oppression, there were

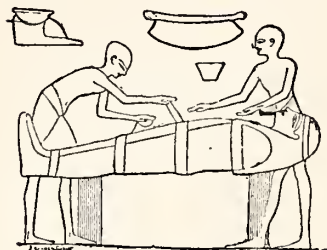
found, among other things, several hams of mutton, some geese (these had been embalmed), date palms, wheat, maize, lentils, beans, wine, oil, clothing, mirrors and other articles for the toilet; also books written on papyrus. We had the opportunity of seeing and examining these articles, and found them in a remarkable state of preservation. The grain, if planted, will grow, having retained the germ of life for all these centuries. The doom palms looked very much like those we found along the Nile on our trip southward. It is owing to this custom of placing so many articles in the tombs with the dead that to-day we know so much about the habits, customs, modes of life, etc., of the ancient Egyptians.

As before stated, the art of embalming grew out of a belief in the immortality of the soul. In Bible times it was the universal custom to embalm the bodies of the dead. "And Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father: and the physicians embalmed Israel. And forty days were fulfilled for him; for so are fulfilled the days of those which are embalmed: and the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days." Gen. 50: 2, 3. And when Joseph died years afterwards "they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Gen. 50: 26.

The natural conditions in Egypt were conducive to the preservation of the body after death. Without rainfall and with a very dry atmosphere, it was not a difficult matter to arrest decomposition, and the bodies became dry and hardened lumps of clay. Some have thought that the preservation of the body through so many centuries did not agree with the Bible statement, "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return;" but the real meaning here is that the body, being made of earth, shall return to the earth again, and the old mummies are only preserved portions of the

earth,—the dust simply kept in the form which was given it in creation. It is, however, no less earth than if it were pulverized and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Our knowledge of the way the Egyptians embalmed their dead is obtained from the Greek historians, and by a



Embalming. From the Ancient Tombs.

careful examination of the mummified bodies. According to Herodotus, the art was carried on by a professional body of men, appointed by law, and this is in accordance with the Scripture quoted, "Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm Jacob." There were

men duly appointed to attend to this work.

A body might be embalmed in three different ways and the price varied accordingly. In the first and most expensive method used, the brain and viscera were entirely removed from the body, washed in palm wine, and after being covered with powdered aromatic gums were placed in jars made for the purpose, a number of which are to be seen in the Egyptian collection. The body was then filled with myrrh, cassia and other fragrant and astringent substances, and was laid in natron* for seventy days. Forty days was probably the time actually spent in the work of embalming the body, but seventy days were required to pass before the burial took place. Thus we have both forty and seventy days in the Scripture quoted. After this the body was carefully washed and wrapped in fine linen, covered with gum. The linen used was made in strips from three to four inches wide, and as many as four hundred

*Native carbonate of soda.

yards were used in swathing a single body. The cost of embalming a body in this way was a talent of silver, or about one thousand and two hundred dollars. The body of Israel was doubtless embalmed after this manner.

In the second method, which cost about four hundred dollars, the brain was not removed at all, and the body was also laid in salt or natron and wrapped in linen. The third method was employed only by the poor. It consisted in injecting some strong astringents into the body, and then laying it in salt for seventy days. The cost of this method was very small. These three methods were usually employed, but there was still a fourth method, adopted only by the very poor, which was to fill the cavities of the body with bitumen, and soak it in salt and hot bitumen. This process destroyed the hair and features and left the skin like paper and the bones white and brittle.

After the embalming process was fully completed, the body was placed in the coffin, which was usually made of sycamore wood. In some instances two or three coffins were used, fitting into each other like a nest of boxes. We examined a number of the sycamore coffins, all of which were over three thousand years old, and they are in a remarkable state of preservation. The inner coffin lid usually had an inscription, giving the name, rank and date of birth and death of the deceased. The outer coffin was covered with a coat of plaster, on which was usually painted a figure, representing the body in a reclining posture.

Members of the royal families were, after being embalmed in the most costly manner, placed in great stone coffins with closely-fitting lids, made of the same material. Several fine specimens of this kind of coffins are to be seen in the collection, and they are so placed that they can be easily examined. One of these, bearing date of B. C. 3633.

has part of the inner wooden coffin; it held the body of King Mykerinos, the builder of the third pyramid. Some of the pyramids were doubtless built as tombs for the kings. There were also rock-hewn and vaulted tombs used. The poor were buried in pits and caverns.

Among the ancient Egyptians, according to Wilkinson, the funeral rites of the wealthy and especially of a royal personage were attended with great pomp. At the death of the ruler a general mourning which lasted seventy-two days was proclaimed throughout the country. The people tore their garments, all the temples were closed, sacrifices were forbidden, and no festivals were celebrated during that period. A procession of men and women to the number of two or three hundred, with their dresses attached below their breast, wandered through the streets, throwing dust upon their heads; and twice every day they sang the funeral dirge in honor of the dead monarch, extolling his virtues and praising him in every way. A solemn fast was also observed; and they allowed themselves to taste neither meat nor wheaten bread, abstaining also from wine and every kind of luxury; nor did any one venture to use baths or ointments, to lie in soft beds, or in any way to gratify his appetites; giving himself up to mourning as if he had lost his best friend.*

The funeral processions of an Egyptian grandee were attended with much pomp and ceremony. Representations of such processions are to be seen in the frescoes on the walls of the ancient tombs, and they are remarkably well preserved. First came a number of servants carrying tables laden with fruit, cakes, flowers, vases of ointment, wine and other liquids, with three young geese and a calf for sacrifice, chairs, and wooden tablets, napkins and other things.

*"Ancient Egyptians," page 443.

Then others bringing the small closets in which the mummy of the deceased and of his ancestors had been kept, while receiving the funeral liturgies previous to burial, and which sometimes contained the images of the gods. They also carried daggers, bows, sandals, and fans; each man having a kerchief or napkin on his shoulder. Next came a table of offerings, couches, easy chairs, boxes and a chariot; and then the charioteer with a pair of horses yoked in another car, which he drove as he followed on foot, in token of respect to his late master. After these were men carrying gold vases on a table, with other offerings, boxes, and a large case upon a sledge borne on poles by four men, superintended by two officers of the priestly order; then others bearing small images of his ancestors, arms, fans, the scepters, signets, collars, necklaces, and other things appertaining to his office. To these succeeded the bearers of the sacred boat, while others carried the small images of blue pottery, representing the deceased under the form of Osiris, and the bird emblematic of the soul. Following these were seven or more men bearing upon staves or wooden yokes cases filled with flowers and bottles for libation; and then seven or eight women, having their heads bound with fillets, beating their breasts, throwing dust upon their heads, and uttering doleful lamentations for the deceased, intermixed with praises of his virtue.

Next came the hearse, placed in the consecrated boat upon a sledge, drawn by four oxen and seven men, under the direction of a superintendent who regulated the march of the procession. A high functionary of the priestly order walked close to the boat, in which the chief mourners, the nearest female relatives of the deceased, stood or sat at either end of the coffin; and sometimes his widow, holding a child in her arms, united her lamentations with prayers

for her tender offspring, who added its tribute of sorrow to that of its afflicted mother.

The sarcophagus was decked with flowers, and on the sides were painted alternately the emblems of stability and security. Behind the hearse followed the male relatives and friends of the deceased, some beating their breasts; others, if not giving the same tokens of grief, at least showing their sorrow by their silence and solemn step as they walked leaning on their long sticks. These closed the procession.*

Such was the funeral procession of a royal scribe or a member of the priestly order in ancient Egypt. Arriving at the tomb, the body was placed in the chamber which the deceased had prepared for it at great expense during his lifetime. Cut and chiseled in the living rock of the mountains, the tombs were practically indestructible.

After the tombs had been cut, the face of the rocky walls, ceilings and columns was made as smooth as possible, and then covered with a thin coating of plaster which was susceptible of a very fine polish. On the walls, thus prepared, were carved and painted scenes in the life of the occupant of the tomb, and generally, if the dead were of note, a brief sketch of his life was inscribed on the walls or columns. In some of the tombs of the kings a history of the wars in which they were engaged and many interesting incidents in their lives are given. Thus the tombs, with the written history on their walls and the books of papyrus laid in them with the dead, became libraries and are of great historical value.

At Beni Hassan there are thirty-nine rock tombs in the face of the mountain side. We shall describe only two of the most important, or, rather, we will combine the two in

*Abridged from "The Ancient Egyptians," Wilkinson.

one description. On approaching the cliff in which the tombs are cut, the portico, twenty-one feet square, with columns seventeen feet high, supporting beams on which rests the slightly-arched ceiling, presents a striking appearance. It looks very much as if it had been built as the entrance to a large building. But, on going into it, we at once see that part of the living rock of the mountain side has been cut away, leaving columns, beams, ceiling and walls of the natural rock. Each of the columns is sixteen-sided, finely proportioned and beautifully designed. From the inner side of the portico is a door opening into a long gallery, which descends so rapidly that we walk down with difficulty. At the lower end of the gallery a door opens into a large chamber, and at one end of this an opening was made for the body of the dead. After the body was placed in it the opening was walled up and the whole plastered over. The walls and ceilings of the gallery are covered with paintings, figures in bas-relief, and hieroglyphics. Speaking of these tombs and the paintings and sculpture they contain, Hoply says: "In these vast galleries you may wander at will and study the every-day life of men who walked the land before the days of Joseph. In these mansions of the dead mimic men and women are wrestling, fishing, ploughing and reaping, trapping birds, giving dinner parties, being flogged, cutting their toe-nails, treading the wine-press, dancing, playing the harp, weaving linen, playing at catch ball, being shaved by the barber, playing at draughts. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. The old, old story of life is there, told as in a picture book. Though seen through a gap of four thousand years, the eye moistens over it still. Here are life's festive scenes and revels,—the wine-cup and the garland; and here its scenes of sorrow,—mourners are weeping over their dead. Nothing is

lacking. And so, by a mystic touch of sympathy,—that touch of nature which links man to man,—you reach out a hand across the ages, and feel the throbbings of a humanity kindred with your own.”

One of the tombs, that of Ameni, has the following description of the good qualities of the dead: “I have never made a child to grieve, I have never robbed the widow, I have never repulsed the laborer, I have never shut up a herdsman, I have never impressed for forced labor the laborers of a man who only employed five men; there was never a person miserable in my time, no one went hungry during my rule, for if there were years of scarcity, I ploughed up all the arable land in the name of Meh (district), up to its very frontiers north and south. By this means I made the people live, and procured for them provisions, so that there was not a hungry person among them. I gave to the widow the same amount as I gave to the married woman, and I made no distinction between the great and the little in all that I gave. And, behold, when the inundation was great, and the owners of the land became rich thereby, I laid no additional tax on the fields.”

Here it will be seen that the inscription in the tomb of Ameni refers to years of scarcity and of plenty, thus incidentally confirming the Bible account of the years of plenty and the years of famine. In one of these tombs is a picture which is believed by some Bible scholars to represent the arrival of Jacob and his family in Egypt. We examine it closely. The king is seated on his throne, and thirty-seven persons stand before him. They all appear distinctively Jewish. There can be no mistake as to the features. It has been stated that only Jacob and his sons and their wives and legitimate descendants were presented to Pharaoh, and that these numbered thirty-seven. The view that

this scene represents the coming of Jacob and his family into Egypt has not been generally accepted, but there is no doubt that it represents people from the Land of Canaan.

Mr. Newberry, whom we had the pleasure of meeting, and who gave us valuable information, is at work in the tombs at Beni Hassan, under the direction of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. We are hoping for important developments under his skillful management of the work. It is carried on entirely by voluntary contribution, and appeals strongly to all who are interested in the study of the Bible and the evidences of its truth found in Egypt to-day. Those who have money to give should not hesitate to place some of it in the Egyptian Exploration Fund.



CHAPTER XI.

An Egyptian Sugar Factory.—Coptic Convent.—Tell el Amarna.—The Tablets, Letters from Adonizedek King of Jerusalem.—The Hebrew Invasion of Palestine.—Wonderful Testimony of the Truth of the Bible.—Tell el Hesi Tablets.

IN our journey up the Nile, before reaching Beni Hassan and its rock-cut tombs, we stop for a night at Maghaghah, where there is located a large government sugar factory. We were invited to inspect the work of sugar-making and found in the factory modern machinery for crushing the cane and making the sugar. The natives who work in the factory are mostly without clothing, except a cloth worn about the loins. The amount of filth and dirt to be seen about the place entirely destroyed our desire for Egyptian sugar.

Still farther south we pass a mountain known as Gebel et-Tir, or the "Bird Mountain." Immense numbers of birds are to be seen here. The fertile imagination of the Arabs has invented the following tradition about Gebel et-Tir: All the birds in Egypt assemble here once each year, and when departing leave behind them one solitary bird to watch until their return the next year, when another is set to watch in his place.

The mountain rises about seven hundred feet above the river and on its summit stands a Coptic convent, said to have been built by St. Helena A. D. 350.* It is called the "Convent of the Pulley" because the ascent to the build-

*"Sozomen's Ecclesiastical History," II, 2.

ing is made by means of a rope and pulley. Curzon visited the place and examined the interior of the convent and church. "The church," he says, "is partly subterranean, being built in the recesses of an ancient stone quarry; the other parts are plastered over. The roof is flat and is formed of horizontal beams of palm trees, upon which a terrace of reeds and earth is laid. The height of the interior is about twenty-five feet. On entering the door we had to descend a flight of narrow steps, which led into a side aisle about ten feet wide, which is divided from the nave by octagon columns of great thickness supporting the walls. The columns were surmounted by heavy square plinths almost in the Egyptian style. I consider this church to be interesting from its being half a catacomb, or cave, and one of the earliest Christian buildings which has preserved its originality. It is found upon examination that the building is constructed on the principle of a Latin basilica, as the buildings of the Empress Helena usually were."*

About one hundred and eighty miles south of Cairo are the celebrated tombs of Tell el Amarna, now in ruins. In 1887 a peasant woman of Egypt was digging among the ruins and sifting the dust to sow on the grain fields, when she discovered the now famous Amarna tablets. To the poor peasant woman who found them the tablets were only small, oblong pieces of burned clay, flat on either side and covered with cuneiform characters. To her they had no more value than a piece of broken pottery; to the scholar who could decipher the writing they were of incalculable value. The tablets are now in the Berlin and British Museums. Major Conder has just given to the world a translation of the most important of those tablets and to him we are indebted for our information on this subject.†

*Curzon, "Monasteries of the Levant," page 109.

†"The Tell Amarna Tablets," R. E. Conder.

The tablets are simply a series of letters written to the king of Egypt and some of his high officers by the rulers of the Amorites, the Phœnicians and Philistines dwelling in the land of Canaan, and at that time subject to the king of Egypt. The names of Japhia king of Lachish, and Jabin king of Hazor and probably Adonizedek king of Jerusalem, mentioned by Joshua,* occur among those of the writers of the letters.

The tablets are made of clay in the usual form. When the clay was soft the writing was inscribed, after which the tablets were burned, thus rendering them practically indestructible. Conder says the clay in different parts of the country differs and gives various colors and surfaces to the tablets, so that it has been found possible by the clay alone to decide with some certainty the derivation of a few of the tablets when the name of the writer is lost. We cannot do better than give a synopsis of what Major Conder says of this valuable discovery:

In these tablets we have become possessed of a mass of correspondence dated at about the time when, according to the Bible, the Hebrew invasion under Joshua took place and which in bulk is equal to about half of the Pentateuch.

The language of the letters is very like the Aramaic of the Talmud, and more nearly resembles the Arabic than the Hebrew. It is the same language, in an archaic condition, which is now spoken by the peasantry in Palestine. The recovery of some one hundred and thirty towns mentioned in the letters not only makes the topography clear, but enables us to fix approximately the historical order of the letters. It settles the sites of several important places, such as Gath, Makkedah, Baal Gad, Enam, Lachish, etc., and it illustrates the Bible geography. The personal

*Joshua 10: 3; 11: 1.

names are very interesting, being Hebraic, except in the case of Hittite names which are Mongolic. Egyptian words occur wherever reference is made to Egyptian officials. The names of the gods are those found in the Bible, including Baal, Baaloth, Rimmon, Shamash, Nebo, Dagon and Addu. The civilization of the times is abundantly shown, and various kinds of cities are specified, such as "capital cities," "provincial cities," "fortresses," towns, villages and camps. The irrigation of gardens is also noticed and the papyrus grown at Gebel; as well as copper, tin, gold, silver, agate, money (not, of course, coins) and precious objects of many kinds; mulberries, olives, corn, ships and chariots.

But the most interesting letters are from the southern part of Palestine, and these refer with great clearness to the conquest of the country between Mount Seir on the east, Ajalon, Lachish, Ascalon and Gezer on the west, and Shiloh and Rimmon on the north. The name of one of the kings killed by Joshua, Japhia, Josh. 10: 3, is found in the south, and in all probability that of Adonizedek of Jerusalem also; and in the north the name of the king of Hazor is probably to be read as Jabin, which was the name of the king of Hazor whom Joshua attacked (Josh. 11: 1). The Hebrews, it is stated in the letters, came from the desert, and from Mount Seir.

The date of the letters is exactly that which is to be derived from the Bible (1 Kings 6: 1) for the Hebrew invasion, according to the Hebrew and Vulgate text; the Septuagint makes it forty years later. The letters state that the Egyptian troops had been withdrawn in the year in which the Hebrews came from the desert.

These letters are the most important historical records ever found in connection with the Bible, and they most ful-

ly confirm the historical statements of the Book of Joshua, and prove the antiquity of civilization in Syria and Palestine.*

After two years of hard labor Conder has translated these important records of the past ages and now, thanks to his painstaking labor, we may read and understand them. They are interesting reading, but when to their general interest is added the fact that they so fully confirm the Bible they become all the more valuable. The letters cover the Hittite invasion of Damascus, the Amorite treachery, the war in Phœnicia, Northern Palestine, Tyre and Sidon, Southern Palestine, Joppa, Makkedah, Jerusalem, Lachish and other places. The letters from Southern Palestine refer to the invasion of the country by the Hebrews.

We give Conder's translation of several interesting and valuable

LETTERS FROM JERUSALEM.

"To the King my Lord is mourning thus this *Adonizedek* thy servant. At the feet of my Lord, of the King, seven times and seven times I bow. What shall I ask of the King my Lord? They have prevailed, they have (taken the fortress of Jericho) they who have gathered against the King of Kings, which Adonizedek has explained to the King his Lord. Behold, as to me, my father is not and my army is not. The tribe that has ground me in this place is very rebellious to the King, the same is gathering near me for the house of my father. Why has the tribe sinned against the King my Lord? Behold O King my Lord arise! I say to the chief men of the King my Lord 'Why is the land in slavery to the chief of the Hebrews and the rulers fear the end? So now they must send from the presence of the King my Lord.' Behold I say that the land of

* "The Tell Amarna Tablets," page 36.

the King my Lord is ruined. So now they must send to the King my Lord, and let the King my Lord know this; behold the King my Lord has placed a garrison to stop the way . . . of kings . . . chiefs of the garrison . . . the king as master to his land . . . as to his land she has rebelled, the (lands) of the King my Lord—the whole of it. . . . And let one warn the King as to his land. I myself speak pleading with the King my Lord and (for once?) let the King my Lord behold the entreaties. And the wars are mighty against me, and am not I forced to ask—to ask a letter from the King my Lord? And let an order return from the King (my Lord). Whether will he not order chiefs for garrison? And let him be kind, and let the King my Lord regard the entreaties. This tribe behold O King my Lord has risen up. Lo the chief men they have expelled. I say the lands of the King my Lord are ruined. Dost not thou hear this same of me? They have destroyed all the rulers. There is no ruler now O King my Lord. Let the King give his countenance to the chiefs; and whether shall the chiefs of the Egyptian soldiers remain at rest? They have lingered O King my Lord. The lands are failing to the King my Lord. The *Hebrew* chiefs plunder all the King's lands. Since the chiefs of the Egyptian soldiers have gone away quitting the lands this year O King my Lord, and since there is no chief of the Egyptian soldiers there is ruin to the lands of the King my Lord. They have . . . O King my Lord, and *Adonizedek* (is) dust. . . . messages (are asked?) of the King my Lord, there is destruction by the foe of the lands of the King my Lord."

Another letter from Adonizedek tells of the success of the Hebrews. He says: "The King's land rebels to the chiefs of the *Hebrews*, and now against this capital city

U-ru-sa-lim (Jerusalem) the city called *Beth Baalatu* (Baalath) a neighbor of the city of the King—has rebelled, to delay the chiefs of the city of *Kielti*. Let the King hear as to *Adonizedek*; and will not he order Egyptian soldiers, and shall not the King's land turn to the King? And because there are no Egyptian soldiers the King's land has rebelled to the chiefs of the tribe of the *Hebrews*."

The strong appeal made in these letters to the king of Egypt seems to have been without avail. The affairs of Adonizedek were becoming more critical. The Hebrews had already subdued part of the land and the fear of them fell upon the kings. And here let us compare with the letters of Adonizedek the following language: "Now it came to pass, when Adonizedek king of Jerusalem had heard how Joshua had taken Ai, and had utterly destroyed it; as he had done to Jericho and her king, so he had done to Ai and her king; and how the inhabitants of Gibeon had made peace with Israel, and were among them; that they feared greatly, because Gibeon was a great city, as one of the royal cities, and because it was greater than Ai, and all the men thereof were mighty." Josh. 10: 1, 2. What a wonderful testimony is found on these old tablets, written fourteen hundred years before Christ, of the truth of the Bible!

But the entreaties of Adonizedek and his appeals to the king of Egypt for help brought no aid, and again he appealed for help against the Hebrew invaders. After the usual salutation he says: "Lo! the King my Lord has established his law from the (rising?) of the Sun to the going down of the Sun. He is a flatterer who deceives as to me. Lo! am not I a ruler myself, a man allied to the King my Lord? Lo! I myself am a good chief of the King, and I have sent tribute to the King. There is no chief to join me, and my friends (or army) fail; they have been fighting for

the King mightily. I remain . . . in this *Beth Amilla* [evidently the *Beth ham Millo* of the Bible, 2 Sam. 5: 9.] . . . I am giving to the chief of the servants. *Suuta* the King's chief (resident) takes charge from before me of twenty-three princesses. Twenty chiefs who remain trusty I am detaching. *Suuta* has led (them) away to the King my Lord, which the King advises to his country. [It would seem from the sending away of his women that Adonizedek himself was preparing to flee, by the advice, it would seem, of Egypt.] . . . They have fought against me as far as the lands of Seir as far as the city *Givti* (which they have wasted). They have banded together against all the chiefs of the governments, and they have fought with me. Behold I, the chief of the lords (or of the Amorites), am breaking to pieces, and the King my Lord does not regard entreaties, while they have fought against me (unceasingly?). Behold array O mighty King a fleet in the midst of the sea. Thou shalt march to our land. . . . Thou shalt march against the chieftains of the *Hebrew*. . . . Since there are no Egyptian soldiers in this same year destruction has destroyed the people of all the lands of the King my Lord. . . . To the scribe of the King my Lord. (lo!) *Adonizedek* is his servant, at his feet (he bows)."

Again Adonizedek poured out his troubles to the king of Egypt, but to no purpose. How applicable are the words of the prophet to him: "Lo, thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed, on Egypt; whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it: so is Pharaoh king of Egypt to all that trust him." Isa. 36: 6.

His next letter names a number of Bible cities. He says: "Let him know that they have fought all the lands that have been at peace with me; and let me warn the King

as to his land. Lo! the land of the city of *Gezer*, and the land of the city of *Ascalon*, and the land of the city of (*Lachish*?) they have given (or settled) for themselves. Corn and oil (or fruit) and all things, this race has altogether gathered. And let me warn the King as to Egyptian soldiers. Will not he order Egyptian soldiers against the chiefs who have done wrong to the King my Lord? Since within this year the Egyptian soldiers have gone away, and quit the lands, the ruler of the King my Lord—since there were no Egyptian soldiers—is brought to nought. Yea and the rulers of the King. . . . Behold the land of the city of *Jerusalem*. They are gathering. The chief says he will attack me to besiege. His tribe is not at all subject to me. The tribes are armed (or arrayed). They are not subject to me. Lo! my desire is the same as the desire of *Milcili* and the desire of the sons of *Labaya*, that the chiefs of the *Hebrews* be subject to the King's land. Lo! the King my Lord will be just to me, because the chiefs are sorcerers. . . . Lo he is strong, (determined?) and (men) have feared. . . . The tribe is pouring out . . . lands from the city of *As(calon)* . . . Up to the house of my Lord *Pauru* the King's chief for the land of the city of *Jerusalem* my foe is rebelling. Up to the chiefs of the garrison this chief has surged up . . . to me is my foe, who rebels against me. There is no end of his desires . . . this, despatched to me a chief, of the King, despatched to this thy people. (The women?) are despatched to the King my Lord (with) men who have been upright. Four messengers . . . to go out. The chiefs of the fort (or camp) are closing the roads of the pass . . . there is no possibility from . . . the tribe who have caused the destruction of the city of *Ajalon*. Let this be known to the King my Lord. Have not they taken word—the people

despatched. (There is) a road for the King, though it is not easy. Lo! the King my Lord has established his law in the land of the city of *Jerusalem* forever, and shall not they take word of the desertion of the lands of the city of *Jerusalem*? To the scribe of the King my Lord this lamentation thus (speaks) *Adonizedek* thy servant—the afflicted. Translate the messages well to the King my Lord. . . . (I am) afflicted, greatly am I afflicted. And thou shalt perform the desire of our people before the chiefs of the land of Cush. Truly is not there slaughter with us?"

After this letter was written came that wonderful forced march when Joshua "came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night." Josh. 10: 9. And at Gibeon the great battle was fought which practically gave Joshua possession of Southern Palestine. No wonder Adonizedek wrote to the king of Egypt that "men feared the Hebrews." Their victorious armies, trained by long marching on the desert and commanded by an able leader, brought down all opposition. The five kings of the Amorites, Adonizedek among them, "fled and hid themselves in a cave at Makkedah." And here a watch was set upon them until the slaughter of their followers had ended. Another letter was written by Adonizedek to the king of Egypt and Major Conder is of the opinion that it was written in the cave of Makkedah after the defeat of Ajalon. It is the last of the series and has a peculiar interest, for soon after it was written and sent by a trusty messenger, Joshua commanded the cave to be opened and the five kings to be brought out. "And they did so, and brought forth those five kings unto him out of the cave, the king of Jerusalem, the king of Hebron, the king of Jarmuth, the king of Lachish, and the king of Eglon. . . . And afterward Joshua smote them, and slew them." Josh. 10: 23, 26.

War was terrible in those times and there was no play about it. In the light of these events the last letter of Adonizedek possesses more than ordinary interest.

"And lo now! the city of *Jerusalem* when these went away from the land (was) faithful to the King. Lo! the city of *Gaza* has remained to the King. Behold the land of *Harti Cirmiel* (Carmel) belonging to *Takanu* and the men of the city *Givti*, they have bowed down, going away from the land quietly. And truly we do so. Behold *Labaya!* and the land *Salabimi* (Shaalabbin, Josh. 19: 42, near Ajalon) are inhabited by the *Hebrew* chiefs. *Milcilu* has sent for (tribute?) and the fellows (say) 'Have we not indeed dwelt in this land?' They are adjudging all that they desire to the men of the city of *Keilah*. And truly we are leaving the city of *Jerusalem*. The chiefs of the garrison have left—without an order—through the wastings of this fellow (Joshua) whom I fear. These march to *Addasi*. He has remained in his land (or camp) in the city of *Gaza*. . . . (women?) . . . to the land of Egypt."

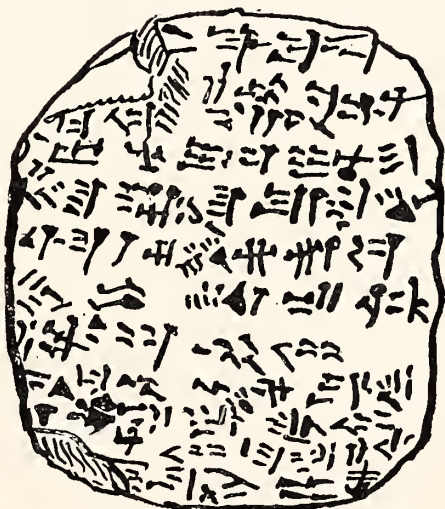
It seems to be clear from the letters that, after sending away his women, Adonizedek hoped in the event of the defeat of the five kings to escape into Egypt by way of Gaza, which is not mentioned in the Bible as having been taken by Joshua. It was in Gaza that they expected to find safety. But they had been entrapped in the cave at Makkedah and came out only to meet death.

So ends this remarkable correspondence. We have given but a fragment of it, but enough to show that the translator is correct when he says "that these letters are the most important historical records ever found in connection with the Bible." By them the Book of Joshua is most wonderfully confirmed, as well as the entire Bible history

of the Israelites. The letters also show that at that remote period civilization prevailed in Syria and Palestine, and that Joshua did not meet and conquer tribes of savages, but civilized men.

The discovery of the Tell Amarna Tablets has led to further investigation at the site of Lachish in Palestine. The place is known as *Tell el Hesi*. In 1892 Mr. Bliss

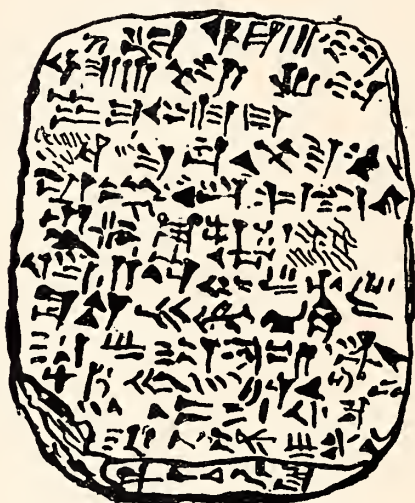
commenced an excavation at Lachish for the Palestine Exploration Fund and carried it forward with considerable zeal and energy. His labors during the season brought no immediate results, and it was not until he was about closing his work in December, the rainy season having set in, that he was fortunate enough to find a number of tablets. He



Tell el Hesi Tablet. (Front.)

was overjoyed at his good luck. The tablets are now being translated. Enough is already known of them to settle the fact that they are of great importance. It is believed that some of them are answers to the letters written to Egypt which are preserved to the world in the Tell Amarna Tablets. Our cuts are copies from "The Tell Amarna Tablets" and represent the front and reverse sides of one of the tablets recently discovered at Lachish.

Conder's translation and comments on this tablet are as follows: "Is it not sent (as a message) to the great chief of the house of our fathers? Lo! truly thou knowest that they have fortified the city of *Atim*. And O Zimridi to the feet of him who is established as the chieftain behold humbly I bow. Supporter of cities behold! O Saviour of the people I have rent (my garments) yea . . . entreaties . . . for defenders. . . . And three years or



Tell el Hesi Tablet. (Back.)

four the foe (or dog) has been resting who desires my country. Now behold they have entered the land to lay waste. The city of *Sumhi* (or *Sum'a*) which we inhabit he is surrounding: he has gathered in order to besiege; and as far as this are going thirteen sections of our (tribe?). Strong (is he) who has come down. He lays waste.

He has gone out with secret feet. . . . I send and they have (arrayed?) the land of the race of my foe: may his land perish.'

"It will be seen from the facsimile of the tablet that the signs are irregularly written, and many of them much worn, so that the translation is difficult, and uncertain in parts of the text.

"This letter comes apparently from the low hills south-east of Lachish. *Atim* must be the *Etam* of the

south of Judah (1 Chron. 4: 32), which I have placed at the ruin of 'Aitun; and *Samhi* (or as it may be otherwise rendered *Sam'a*) is the large ruin of *Sam'ah*, on the higher hills, which is five miles to the south of Etam. The letter is of great interest. The marauders, as in other cases, come from the Hebron hills. It also shows us that the communication by tablets in cuneiform script was not only usual in writing to Egypt, but in the internal correspondence of the country. The Phœnician alphabet had not as yet come into use, but the ruins of Palestine, no doubt, still contain other tablets of this age or of earlier times. The letter, though not as important in some ways as the Moabite stone and Siloam text, is one of the most valuable discoveries ever made in Palestine."*

We shall await with much anxiety the translation of other tablets already found. Wonderful as these recent discoveries have been we may expect others fully as important. In the meantime it may be well for those who are giving so much time to higher criticism to look well to these records of the past. One of Adonizedek's letters overthrows a dozen speculations as to the Book of Joshua, and discoveries yet to be made will, under God's hand, entirely silence the teachers who, under the cloak of religion, are doing more to destroy faith in God's Book than are the outspoken infidels.

While we have been examining the tablets our boat has been stemming the current of the Nile and we are approaching the City of Assiut, the most important place in Upper Egypt. It has a population of thirty-one thousand, six hundred, and is connected with Cairo by rail.

The landing-place at Assiut is a mile from the city and no sooner is our boat tied up to the shore than donkey-boys

*Tell Amarna Tablets," pages 133, 134.

and itinerant merchants come down upon us with a rush. It is impossible for the passengers to go ashore on account of the crowd, until Achmet Matcour, our Nile dragoman, with heavy whip in hand clears a passageway. The donkey-boys tell the good qualities of their little animals in a mixture of Arabic, English, German, French and Italian wonderful to hear. The merchants are no less busy and noisy in trying to sell their wares. Here is a vender of beautiful ostrich feathers (for now we are really in Africa, the home of the ostrich), offering the finest white plumes at a price less than half what the poorest sell for at home. Yonder is a seller of canes and we are attracted to him, for we have a weakness in that direction, and a finely-polished ebony walking-stick changes ownership.

On the landing platform sits a dignified Moslem with his wares spread before him. His green turban carefully folded about his head indicates that he has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the respect shown him by his fellows tells the same story. His stock in trade consists of beads, scarabs, agates cut and polished, old lamps and other antiquities. We select several small agates from his stock and ask him the price; he replies by naming a sum at least four times greater than their real value. We lay them down and turn away, when he says: "How much you give?" In reply, an offer is made for them above their real value. It is amusing to see this follower of Mohammed assume an air of offended dignity as he refuses the offer. During our stay at Assiut we passed and repassed the merchant a number of times, but no reference was made to the agates. On the following day just as our boat was pulling away from the shore, a lad came alongside holding the selfsame agates in his hand and offered them



MONEY-CHANGER AT ASSIUT.

To face page 207.

to us at our own price. The dignified pilgrim to Mecca was selling his goods by proxy.

Selecting a bright-looking Arab boy who speaks English fairly well we walk through the town of Assiut. Our guide is well-informed and faithful and we enjoy an interesting stroll about the city. We visit the business streets where the bazaars, as the shops and stores are called, are located. While these are not equal to the bazaars at Cairo, they are interesting. The place is noted for the beautiful red pottery which is made here and offered for sale on every hand. Some of the vases are really handsome and are patterned after the forms used by the ancient Egyptians. In Egypt, as well as in Palestine, the skins of goats are used for holding water and wine. In the market-place here kid skins, which have been prepared for holding water or milk, are offered for sale. They are also used as churns. The cream is put into them and then the skin bottle is shaken until butter is produced.

The camel market, held in a great open square in the suburbs of the city, is also a place of interest to the traveler. Entering the place we find it crowded, and the noise made by the buyers and sellers and the growling of the camels is deafening. How business can be transacted in such confusion is a mystery. But sales are made, money paid, and the noise and confusion continue. We learn that about sixty dollars is the highest price paid for the very best camels. The price ranges from this to as low as twenty dollars for those of an inferior grade.

West of the city about three miles, in the limestone of the Libyan Mountains, are a number of ancient tombs. A short ride on a donkey brings us to the foot of the hills where there is a modern Arab cemetery. The dark openings of the tombs and caves in the mountain side can be

seen for some distance before we reach the place. At the base of the mountain we dismount and climb up to the tombs. Here the dead of *Saut*, the ancient name of Assiut, were laid away to rest. Here, too, were the tombs of the sacred wolf, for one of the gods of the ancient Egyptians was the wolf-headed Anubis. In front of the now rifled tombs may be seen the mummies and bones of various animals. Pieces of mummy cloth also strew the ground.

From the top of the mountain a beautiful view is obtained of the fertile valley of the Nile. The Arabian and Libyan hills on either side shut out the desert and one sees only the rich fields of grain, the palm gardens, the flowing river, and the beautiful town of Assiut with its eleven minarets pointing heavenward. On the return to the city funeral processions are met bearing the dead to the cemetery. One is reminded of the processions of the same kind seen so often in Cairo. These however produce "a much more solemn effect, through the absence of the bustle of the crowded streets and the presence of the deserted city of the dead. Nowhere, not even in Cairo, are the funeral songs so strange and weird as here, or sung by such deep and tuneful voices."

At Assiut, and indeed at every landing-place along the Nile, the traveler is beset by dealers in scarabs (small stone images of the sacred beetle). We were fortunate enough to see a living specimen of this famous black beetle which was sacred to the ancient Egyptians as an emblem of the creation and continual life. The beetle is about a half inch long and shiny black. In the soft mud of the Nile the beetle deposits its eggs and then rolls them over and over until they assume the form of a ball, which is then rolled to the sand of the desert and buried there.

Miss Edwards has given such an admirable description of this Egyptian beetle that we give it to our readers: "We all know the old story of how this beetle lays its eggs by the river's brink, encloses them in a ball of moist clay, rolls the ball to a safe place on the edge of the desert; buries it in the sand; and when his time comes dies content, having provided for the safety of his successors. Hence his mythic fame; hence all the quaint symbolism that by degrees attached itself to his little person, and ended by investing him with a special sacredness which has often been mistaken for actual worship. Standing by thus, watching the movements of the creature, its untiring energy, its extraordinary muscular strength, its business-like devotion to the matter in hand, one sees how subtle a lesson the old Egyptian moralists had presented to them for contemplation, and with how fine a combination of wisdom and poetry they regarded this little black scarab not only as an emblem of creative and preserving power, but perhaps also of the immortality of the soul. As a type, no insect has ever had so much greatness thrust upon him. He became a hieroglyph, and stood for a word both to be and to transform. His portrait was multiplied a million fold; sculptured over the portals of temples; fitted to the shoulders of a god; engraved on gems; moulded in pottery; painted on sarcophagi and the walls of tombs; worn by the living and buried with the dead.

"Every traveler on the Nile brings away a handful of the smaller scarabs, genuine or otherwise. Some may not particularly care to possess them, yet none can help buying them, if only because other people do so, or to get rid of a troublesome dealer, or to give to friends at home. I doubt, however, if even the most enthusiastic scarab-fanciers really feel in all its force the symbolism attaching

to these little gems, or appreciate the exquisite naturalness of their execution until they have seen the living beetle at work.”*

Like all travelers we brought away with us a number of scarabs, some formed in stone, others moulded in pottery. Some large, some small, some ancient, and some modern, for the wily Arab manufactures stone and clay representations of the sacred beetle and sells them to unsuspecting travelers for the real, ancient scarab. One of undoubted antiquity was given to a friend and brought this response:

“It was once the sacred token
Of eternity unbroken
And divine.
Some long vanished priest or king,
Lord or lady owned the thing,
Now 'tis mine.”

* Edwards, “A Thousand Miles up the Nile,” pages 96, 97.





To face page 211.

SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.

CHAPTER XII.

A Simoon.—Abydos.—List of the Kings of Egypt.—Thebes.—The Ruined Temples of Luxor.—Shishak and his Captives.—Rehoboam.—The Colossi.—The Valley of the Dead.—The Tombs of the Kings.



LEAVING Assiut we continue our journey southward on the River of Egypt. Between Assiut and Luxor we have an experience with a sand-storm, or simoon, as they are called on the desert. The wind blows a perfect gale, and the sand of the desert is caught and carried in great swirls across the plain. The finer particles fill the air, and so dense do they become that the sun is entirely obscured. We can well imagine what a storm of this kind would mean to travelers on the desert. Many caravans, overtaken by these terrible simoons, perish by the way, and the bones of man and beast whiten the desert route. We find it exceedingly uncomfortable in the middle of the river on our Nile steamer.

On the west side of the river, about one hundred miles south of Assiut, is a landing-place called Belianeh; and about ten miles across the Nile valley from this place are the ruins of Abydos, which are in some respects the best preserved of all the ruins in Egypt. This is especially true of the wall sculpture, which is remarkably well preserved. In many of the ancient temples the sculptures have been defaced. Much of this was done by the Mohammedans. Regarding the sculptured figures as idols, they sought to destroy them by mutilating the faces. Our engraving shows the figure of one of the Pharaohs riding in a chariot


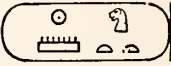





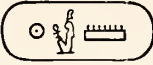


Defaced Wall Sculpture.





with drawn sword in one hand, but the face has been chiseled away. The temples at Abydos were not excavated until A. D. 1853; hence their excellent state of preservation.


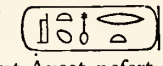


The most important ruin at Abydos is the Memnonium, or the temple of Seti I, the father of the supposed oppressor of the Israelites, Rameses II. On one of the walls Rameses II "relates all that he has done for the honor of his father's memory, how he erected statues of him at Thebes, and how he built up the sacred doors. At the end he gives a sketch of his childhood, and the various grades of rank and dignity which he held." In this temple is the now famous Abydos Tablet, which gives the names of seventy-six kings of Egypt, beginning with Menes and ending with Seti I. The name of each ruler in hieroglyphics is enclosed with lines. The names of the kings of the nineteenth dynasty are here given. The names include the supposed Pharaohs of the oppression and exodus, Rameses II and Menephthah I.


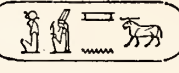


The temple of Rameses II at Abydos is also well worth a visit. It is well preserved. Here was found the second tablet of Abydos, which is now in the British Museum. North of the latter temple is a Coptic monastery and church which we visited. We are shown the baptismal pool where baptism is still administered by trine immersion. The monks are engaged in work about the place and we are impressed with the thought that their existence must be dull and dreary. They live here on the verge of the desert, deny themselves all the comforts of life, hoping thus to gain the favor of God. To us such a life seems selfish and fruitless, and entirely out of line with the example and teaching of our divine Master, who went about, mingling with humanity and doing good wherever he went.


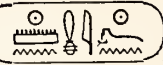

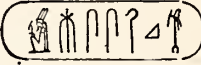
178.    
 Men-pehtet-Rā, son of the Sun, Rā-messu.
 (Rameses I.)




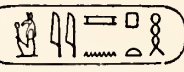
179.    
 Men-māt-Rā, son of the Sun, Ptaḥ-meri-en-Seti.
 (Seti I.)


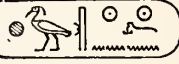

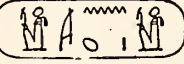
180.    
 Usr-māt-Rā setep-en-Rā, son of the Sun, Rā-messu-meri-Āmen.
 (Rameses II.)




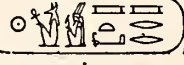
181.    
 Suten ḥemt Auset-nefert. Suten mut. Tui.
 Royal wife. Royal mother.

183.    
 Ba-Rā-meri-en-Āmen, son of the Sun, Ptaḥ-meri-en-ḥetep-ḥer-māt.
 (Meneptah I.)

184.    
 Men-mā-Rā setep-en-Rā, son of the Sun, Āmen-meses-ḥeq-Uast.
 (Āmen-meses.)

185.    
 Usr-ḫeperu-Rā-meri-Āmen, son of the Sun, Seti-meri-en-Ptaḥ.
 (Seti II.)

186.    
 ḫu-en-Rā setep-en-Rā, son of the Sun, Ptaḥ-meri-en-se-Ptaḥ.
 (Meneptah II.)

187.    
 Usr-ḫāu-Rā setep-en-Rā, son of the Sun, Rā-meri-Āmen-merer.
 Rā meri-Āmen, Set-nḫt,
 Cartouches of the Pharaohs.

THEBES.

South of Cairo four hundred and fifty miles we reach the greatest ruins in the world. These are the remains of Thebes the hundred-gated city of ancient Egypt, grand and magnificent even in her ruins. In the cuneiform inscriptions and in the Bible it is called No, and No-amon. "Art thou better than No-amon, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about her; whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was of the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; . . . yet was she carried away, she went into captivity."* At Thebes the god Amon was worshiped, and it was upon the temples and the worship of this god that a large portion of the wealth of the rulers of ancient Egypt was bestowed. The magnificent and gigantic temple erected to Amon by the Pharaohs, although now in ruins, is still one of the most interesting sights in Egypt. It was from this temple and the worship of Amon that the Bible name of the city was taken.

When or by whom Thebes was founded is now a matter of conjecture. Its early history has been lost. The discovery of ancient tombs shows that the city must have been founded as early as the time of Abraham. For centuries it was the capital city of the Pharaohs, who ruled over both Upper and Lower Egypt. They succeeded in making of their capital the most magnificent city of ancient times. Homer refers to it in these lines:

"Where, in Egyptian Thebes the heaps of precious ingots gleam,
The hundred-gated Thebes, where twice tenscore in martial style
Of valiant men with steeds and cars march through each massy gate."

Diodorus visited the place B. C. 57 and writes of it as follows: "Afterward reigned Busirus, and eight of his pos-

*Revised Version, Nahum 3: 8, 9.



The Great Hall at Karnak by Moonlight.

terity after him; the last of which, of the same name with the first, built that great city which the Egyptians call Diopolis, the Greeks Thebes; it was in circuit one hundred and forty stadia [about twelve miles], adorned with stately public buildings, magnificent temples, and rich donations and revenues to admiration; and he built all the private houses, some four, some five stories high. And to sum up all in a word, made it not only the most beautiful and state-liest city in Egypt, but of all others in the world. The fame therefore of the riches and grandeur of this city was so noised abroad in every place, that the poet Homer takes notice of it. . . . Although there are some that say it had not a hundred gates; but there are many large porches to the temples, whence the city was called *Hecatompylus*, a hundred gates, for many gates; yet that it was certain they had in it twenty thousand chariots of war; for there were a hundred stables all along the river from Memphis to Thebes towards Lybia, each of which was capable to hold two hundred horses, the marks and signs of which are visible at this day. And we have it related, that not only this king, but the succeeding princes from time to time, made it their business to beautify the city; for that there was no city under the sun so adorned with so many stately monuments of gold, silver and ivory, and multitudes of colossi and obelisks, cut out of one entire stone. For there were four temples built, for beauty and greatness to be admired, the most ancient of which was in circuit about two miles, and five and forty cubits high, and had a wall twenty-four feet broad. The ornaments of this temple were suitable to its magnificence, both for cost and workmanship. The fabric hath continued to our time, but the silver and gold, and ornaments of ivory and precious stones were carried away by the Persians when Cambyses burnt the temples of

Egypt. . . . These they say are the wonderful sepulchres of the ancient kings, which for state and grandeur far exceed all that posterity can attain unto at this day. The Egyptian priests say that in their sacred registers there are forty-seven of these sepulchres; but in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus there remained only seventeen, many of which were ruined and destroyed when I myself came into those parts.”*

Thebes, in the days of her greatest glory, stretched a distance of thirty-three miles along both banks of the Nile. The valley of the Nile here widens out so that the arable land is twelve miles wide. A volume might be written, descriptive of the grandeur of the ruins of No. It is to-day one vast field of ruins, the most imposing in the world. The Coliseum at Rome and the ruins of Baalbec do not compare with these. They are the most stupendous ruins of the mightiest city of the Ancient World. It was in the height of its glory when David reigned at Jerusalem. Later Jeremiah and Ezekiel both prophesied against the city, and their words, that No shall be “cut off,” “rent asunder,” have been literally fulfilled, and Thebes is known only by her ruins.

“Viewed from the river the site of ancient Thebes presents the appearance of a wide, mountain-girt valley or basin richly endowed with the gifts of never-failing fertility. Nature here revels in perpetual youth, while the most enormous edifices ever reared by mortal hand, though grey, desolate, and succumbing to the common fate of all human handiwork, yet compel the admiration of posterity for the wonderful race that has left such mighty memorials of its existence—memorials that have indeed been injured but not annihilated by the flight of thousands of years. The

*Diodorous, Book I, Booth's Translation.



A Portion of the Temple at Karnac. The Leaning Tower.

verdant crops and palms which everywhere cheer the traveler as soon as he has quitted the desert, the splendid hues that tinge the valley every morning and evening, the brilliant, unclouded sunshine that bathes every object in the winter season, and the inspiring feeling that every hour is enriching the imagination with new and strange pictures, wholly prevents in Thebes the rise of that melancholy feeling which so often steals over the mind in the presence of the relics of bygone greatness and of vanished magnificence." *

And what magnificent ruins are here to be seen! There are temples and tombs, tombs and temples, multiplied over and over again,—the greatest of all, the temple of Karnac! It was nearly two miles in circumference. It had five entrances, each of which was approached by an avenue of two hundred sphinxes. It was surrounded by a wall eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick. It had a magnificent gateway or propylon, three hundred and seventy feet broad and one hundred and forty feet high. Passing through the gateway, we enter a vast court or hall of columns. One hundred and twenty are standing in the court, each sixty-six feet high and thirty-six feet in circumference. They are all surmounted with beautiful capitals and inscribed with hieroglyphics. Here, too, is seen the largest obelisk known. It was cut from the granite quarries at Syene, is eight feet square and ninety-two feet high. But space forbids us to continue. We might write and write, and still not complete the description.

We are fortunate enough to have moonlight on our journey up the Nile, and this adds much to the interest and pleasure of the journey. Our first view of the ruins of Karnac is at nine o'clock at night. The night is beautifully

*Baedeker, "Ancient Egypt," page 106.

bright and clear, such a night as we never see in our northern latitudes. The moon is shining in all the fullness of her glory. We wander through the forest of columns with our dusky Arab guides. The gloomy shadow cast by wall and column is only partly broken by the moonlight. It is a wonderful scene and makes a deep impression upon the mind. See our engraving, page 216.

The walls of the temples are covered with sculpture illustrating scenes in the lives of the Pharaohs. Many of them are full of interest, but none more so than the one which so remarkably confirms the following Scripture: "And it came to pass in the fifth year of king Rehoboam, that Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem: and he took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house; he even took away all: and he took away all the shields of gold which Solomon had made." 1 Kings 14: 25, 26.

The scene on the wall, of which we give an engraving, represents Shishak king of Egypt returning from his victorious march against Jerusalem. In his right hand he holds a sword, in his left a number of cords to which the prisoners are attached. At the lower left-hand corner of the engraving may be seen the outline of a number of bearded faces. We examined these on the wall very carefully and they are distinctly Jewish. Other portions of the Scripture give an account of the expedition and the number and names of the kings Shishak subdued. A portrait of each king is cut on the wall and the name is attached. Among the number is King Rehoboam, bearing the inscription "King of Judah." The figure of Rehoboam has the typical Jewish face, and we have here not only a remarkable confirmation of the Bible record, but, in all probability, a fair portrait of the weak son of the wisest king of Israel.

We have had but a glimpse at the wonderful ruins of ancient Thebes. The four days spent among her ruined temples, her prostrate columns and her magnificent rock-cut tombs have been exceedingly interesting. We should like



Shishak with Jewish Captives.

to linger here for a month and wander among these wonderful ruins, but we must curb the desire. We cannot leave Thebes, however, without saying something of our visit to

the Tombs of the Kings. They are not less wonderful, in their way, than the ruins of the old temples. Cut into the living rock of the everlasting mountains, they have endured, while the temples have fallen into ruin. Some of them are remarkably well preserved, and are in nearly the same condition as when finished by Pharaoh's workmen more than thirty centuries ago.

From Luxor we cross to the west bank of the river in an Arab boat. The boat strikes the ground thirty feet from the shore. Our method of landing is to mount on the shoulders of a native, who safely puts our feet on terra firma. The Elder is carried ashore first. It is rather an amusing incident. He insists that the writer, with his two hundred pounds avoirdupois on the shoulders of an Arab, does not present a very dignified appearance. One of the Arabs falls, with rather unpleasant results, while carrying an English lady ashore. We mount our donkeys, and as we ride across the plain we are beset by a number of bright-eyed, dusky little maidens, from eight to ten years old, each with a water bottle gracefully poised on her head. They want to run with us and furnish us filtered Nile water on our journey. For this service they expect a piaster or two, and the money is well earned. They follow us for hours, bearing the bottles on their heads, and only putting their hands to them when they run to keep up with the galloping donkeys. They are bright and intelligent, and have picked up a few words of English.

Our way leads us across the western plains of Thebes, once alive with the population of a great city, now a broad meadow of the living green of growing crops. It is wonderfully fertile and, as far as the Nile waters overflow the land, the most luxuriant growth is to be seen. It forms a striking contrast with the desert line of sand and desola-

tion. We ride by the Colossi of Memnon, two immense seated statues fifty-two feet high, which have kept watch over the valley of the Nile for thousands of years, passing and examining the temple of Rameses II with its prostrate, broken statue of that great Pharaoh who knew not Joseph and oppressed Israel. This fallen, broken statue was perhaps one of the finest works of art in Egypt. It was cut from a block of red granite and was fifty-seven and a half feet in height, and when finished must have weighed nearly nine hundred tons. Fallen and broken as it now is, it still remains one of the wonders of Egyptian workmanship, and a memorial of the great vanity of the Pharaoh whose image it bore.

Continuing our journey we reach the edge of the fertile plain and then, riding a short distance across the desert, enter the Valley of the Tombs,—“The Valley of Death,” it has been appropriately named. It is a savage, barren gorge between two mountains. The desolation and the deathlike quiet of the place depress the feelings. Not a spear of grass, not a shrub or tree, not a drop of water, not a living thing is to be seen in this solitary valley, the entrance to the tombs.

The tropical sun beats down on our heads with terrible power, and we are glad for once to seek the shelter of an overhanging rock, which casts a grateful shade. We learn to appreciate, more fully than ever before, the meaning of the words, “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” We find, too, the advantage of having the little water girl, Fatima, with us. The porous earthen bottle keeps the water quite cool. A handkerchief, saturated with water and placed on the head, gives much relief as we ride on in the glare of the noonday sun.

Finally we come to the place of the tombs, the very valley of death. The mountain side is literally honey-



*Entrance to the Empty Tomb of Seti I, Father
of the Oppressor.*

combed with the rocky mansions of the dead. Here the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt were laid away "in glory, every one in his own house." Isa. 14: 18.

“Cased in cedar and shut in a sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen and precious unguents of old;
Painted with cinnabar, and rich with gold;
Silent they rest, in solemn salvatory;
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse;
Each with his name on his brow.”

Here, too, queens and princes, priests and nobles, officers and men of wealth were laid away to rest, and their tombs were equal in magnificence and splendor to those of the Pharaohs. We are in the midst of the tombs of the great men and women who lived more than three thousand years ago. Great as they were, their bodies have been removed, and many of them are now on exhibition in Cairo. Others are to be seen in the museums of Europe and the United States. What a commentary on human greatness!

Like the tombs at Beni Hassan, which we described in a previous letter, the tombs of the kings are entered by a corridor, a doorway and a long, descending gallery. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and sculpture, depicting scenes in Egyptian life. The extent of these rocky excavations is really wonderful. The following dimensions of one of the larger tombs are given by Manning, and will give an idea of the great amount of labor required to prepare it for its royal occupant. It is eight hundred and sixty-two feet in length, without reckoning the lateral chambers; the total area of excavation is twenty-three thousand, eight hundred and nine feet, occupying an acre and a quarter of ground, “an immoderate space for the sepulchre of one individual, even allowing that the members of his family shared a portion of its extent.”

The walls of the tombs are covered with paintings and sculpture, and it is really wonderful how well they have been preserved. They give a graphic illustration of life among the ancient Egyptians.



Entrance to the Kings' Tombs at Thebes.

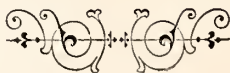


"We saw here, as in a picture story-book, how the man had cultivated his garden and fields, had garnered his harvests, had sent merchandise on the river in boats sailing with the wind; how he had gone to battle and taken command of armies; the gathering in of his vintage, the games and shoutings of his wine-pressers, his sports in fishing and fowling. Then we saw him,—a picture of easy joy,—in the midst of the family circle. We saw him at the feast; guests were at his dwelling; he welcomed them to the merry banquet; slaves crowned them with garlands of flowers; the wine-cup passed round. Then there were harpers and musicians and players on the double pipes. Girls in long, wavy hair and light, clinging garments were dancing. But to all things there comes an end. We saw here, also, the day (how far back in the depths of time!) when those pleasant feasts were all over,—the lilies dead, the music hushed, the last of this man's harvest stored, the last trip enjoyed by boat or chariot. The fish no more fear him in the pools; nor the fowl among the reeds. Here he was lying under the hand of the embalmers. And next we saw him in mummy form on the bier, in the consecrated boat, which was to carry him over the dark river and land him at the gates of the heavenly abode, where the genii of the dead and Osiris were awaiting him to try his deeds, and pronounce his sentence for eternal good or ill."*

Thus we may read, on the walls of the tombs, the history of the life of each one of the great men for whom they were excavated. And these faithful representations are what make the tombs so interesting and so valuable. We have space for only one more illustration from the walls of the tombs. It is a scene of great interest to the student of the Bible. Like the rest, the artist drew it true to life. It


* 'Leisure Hours.'

is that of a band of slaves engaged in brick-making. The taskmaster sits by, staff or whip in hand, superintending the work. There is no mistaking the faces of the men at work. They are as distinctly Jewish as is the face of any Jew clothing merchant to be seen in any of our cities to-day. They dig the clay with hoes, tramp and mix it with their feet, and mould the bricks with their hands. No one who sees this painting can doubt for a moment that the artist depicted the Semitic race. It is said the Jews never settled so far up the river as Thebes. This is quite true, for the Bible informs us that they settled in the Land of Goshen. But the records of the Pharaoh of the oppression show that they were engaged in the quarries at Syene, nearly one hundred and fifty miles further south. Then, too, it was not necessary that the Jews should have settled at Thebes in order for a representation of their servitude to be placed on the walls of the tombs. The artist knew their faces. He represented a band of them at work making bricks. He doubtless saw this at Memphis, and depicted it on the walls at Thebes. It is an exceedingly interesting representation, and shows how the Egyptian taskmasters made the lives of the people "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour." Ex. 1: 14.



CHAPTER XIII.

The Pharaoh of the Oppression.—Finding his Body.—The Arab Brothers.—Photographs of Seti I and Rameses II.—Unwrapping the Mummies.—Grave Robbers.—Isaiah and Seti I.—A Visit to Ahmed Abd er-Rasul.

OW well we remember the impression made upon our youthful mind when, in our earliest schoolboy days, we read the simple yet beautiful story of Joseph and his brethren. We remember yet how the tears would flow when we thought of the poor boy torn away from his home and sold as a slave into the land of Egypt. We remember, too, our youthful indignation against the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and who so grievously oppressed the children of Israel. But in our most extravagant childish fancies as to what the future might bring, we never even dreamed that the day would come when we should stand face to face with the cruel oppressor of Israel, who said to his servants: "Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." Ex. 1: 10. Strange indeed, passing strange, that, after thirty-three hundred years have been silently told, the body of this Pharaoh should have been found with the features of his face so well preserved that the likeness between it and the statues of the king erected during his lifetime is most striking.

Pharaoh is the title by which a long line of the reigning sovereigns of Egypt was known. It was a title and not a personal name. As the rulers of Russia all bear the title of czar, and those of Germany that of emperor, so all the kings of Egypt bore the general name of Pharaoh; but each had a personal name by which he is known in history. It is only in the later books of the Bible that the personal names of the Pharaohs are given.* This and the following chapter have to do especially with two of the Pharaohs, the oppressor of Israel and the one who ruled when the Lord led his people out of bondage. They have been designated as the Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus.

A change of rulers is recorded in Exodus between the first and third chapters: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." Ex. 1: 8. Then follows an account of the oppression of the Israelites, the decree for the killing of the male children, the birth of Moses, the interesting events connected with his early life and his flight to the land of Midian. These important events are merely touched upon, and then we have the following statement: "And it came to pass in process of time, that the king of Egypt died: and the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage." Ex. 2: 23. From this it is clear that the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph had been gathered to the tomb of his fathers. This king is commonly admitted to have been the Pharaoh of the bondage. In the third chapter we have an account of the calling of Moses. And the Lord said unto him, "Come now therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people the children of Israel out of Egypt." Ex. 3: 10. From this it is equally clear that an-

* 1 Kings 14: 25; 2 Kings 23: 29.

other Pharaoh reigned instead of the one of the oppression, and this one is believed to have been the king who ruled when Moses led the Israelites out of the land of Egypt.

We give one of the many portraits of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression. Of him Rawlinson says: "He seems to have been the handsomest of all the kings of Egypt. A good forehead, a large, well-formed, slightly aquiline nose, a well-shaped mouth with lips not too full, and a thoughtful, pensive eye, constitute a face which, if not faultless, is at any rate vastly superior to the ordinary royal type in Egypt, and would attract attention among any series of kings." He was a man of great physical strength and animal courage. He was ambitious



Head of Rameses II in Young Manhood.

and sought to leave a great name behind him. The numerous statues of the king bear testimony to this fact. His father, Seti I, the mild king, under whose gentle reign the Israelites prospered and multiplied, died and was em-

balmed and entombed. Then followed the long reign of his son, "the great Pharaoh," whose reign continued sixty-seven years. He ruled Egypt with a rod of iron. He oppressed the Hebrew slaves until their groans and cries reached heaven. But "in process of time" he died and was gathered to the tombs of his fathers.

Many years ago, in the search for the records of the past, the tombs of Seti I, Rameses II and Menephthah were discovered in the valley of the tombs of the kings at Thebes. But the bodies had disappeared, and no trace of them was to be found. The tombs had been entered and everything movable had been taken out. What had become of the embalmed bodies of the Pharaohs? Who could tell? Was the history, after all, a tradition, and the Bible account a myth, as some unbelievers stoutly affirmed? We shall see.

The question remained unsolved, to all but four men, until in July, 1881, when the hiding-place was found and the bodies taken out. The history of this important discovery is as interesting and as strange as that of any story ever published.*

On the bleak hillside, near the Ramesseum at Thebes, dwelt an Arab family of four brothers, bearing the name of Abd er-Rasul. They followed the business of guides to those who visited the ruins of Thebes and sold antiquities more or less valuable to travelers. Almost every traveler has a desire to carry with him a relic of the past as a souvenir of his journey. In 1871, on the mountain side of Deir-el-Bahari, not far from their home, they discovered the resting-place of the Pharaohs, but the secret was kept

*We hereby acknowledge our indebtedness to Wilson, Brugsch and Budge, whose interesting works we have used in preparing this account of the finding of Pharaoh's body.

securely locked in the breasts of the brothers. They made occasional visits to the place, bringing away each time a supply of funeral antiquities which were sold to travelers. They sold scarabs, small images, books of papyrus, and other articles that had been buried with the bodies of the dead. Thus the brothers Rasul profited by their important discovery and kept well their secret for ten years. At last the officials of the Boolak Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Cairo, seeing the number of genuine articles of undoubted antiquity which returning travelers brought with them, suddenly awoke to the important fact that a valuable discovery had been made by the Arabs.

Early in 1881 extreme measures were entered into to secure the secret. Numbers of arrests were made without avail. Among others, Ahmed Abd er-Rasul was thrown into prison at Kenh and subjected to various kinds of torture. He was subjected to the bastinado (pounding the soles of the feet with a flat board), and although his feet were pounded so that he could not walk for several months, yet his lips remained sealed. No amount of torture could extract the secret from Ahmed. He remained in prison four months and was then set at liberty, and the authorities knew no more than when they first arrested him.

After his liberation and return to his home, a council was held by the four brothers. They discussed the question of what was best for them to do. Some thought the danger was now all over; Ahmed thought not; spies would be set to watch them and great care must be exercised. In the discussion of the question the brothers could not agree, and a quarrel was the result. Ahmed knew that, when agreement between himself and his brothers was impossible, the secret was no longer safe. He determined to act

accordingly. In the darkness of the night he quietly left his home, unknown to the others, and made his way down the river to Keneh, the scene of his imprisonment and torture. He asked to be taken before the Mudir (local governor of the district), and when his request was complied with he told the official that he knew the hiding-place of the Pharaohs.

The governor telegraphed at once to the authorities at Cairo. When the important news was received, Emil Brugsch, Director of the Museum, scarcely able to credit the news, started at once with the government and museum steamers for Thebes, where he arrived July 4, 1881. The next day Ahmed conducted Brugsch and his party to the place where the bodies were hidden. They crossed the valley of the Nile, and, after a long and tedious climb up the western slope of the mountain side, a spot was reached where the stones appeared, to an expert observer and tomb-searcher, to have been arranged by hand rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature.

Here the Arab guide suddenly stopped and said, "This is the place." In a short time the stones, which to a casual observer looked as if they had not been disturbed for centuries, were removed and the mouth of a shaft was disclosed. Ahmed had not led Brugsch astray. He had revealed his long-kept secret. Ropes were secured, a heavy palm log was laid across the mouth of the shaft, and slowly the stones were all removed. It was found that the shaft was forty feet deep and six feet square. It had been cut down into the living rock.

By means of a rope Brugsch now went down into the shaft. Reaching the bottom he found a subterranean passage, which ran westward twenty-four feet, and then, turning northward at a right angle, continued into the heart of

the mountain. The explorer pressed anxiously forward, his torch only dimly lighting the passage in the bowels of the mountain. The passage finally terminated in a burial



The Mummy Head of Seti I, Father of the Pharaoh of the Oppression. From a Photograph.

chamber thirteen feet wide, twenty-three feet long and six feet high. It was not a large place, and yet it was large enough to hold the treasures so long and so eagerly sought for in vain.

In this secret underground chamber the director found piled up, not only the coffin of "the Pharaoh of the op-

pression," but the sarcophagi which contained the bodies of thirty-eight kings, queens, princes and high priests of ancient Egypt. The mountain gave up its dead, and the Pharaoh who set hard taskmasters over Israel was taken from his second resting-place. It may now be seen by all who visit Cairo.

Herr Brugsch gave the following account of the finding of the royal mummies to Mr. Wilson:* "Finding Pharaoh was an exciting experience to me. It is true I was armed to the teeth, and my faithful rifle, full of shells, hung over my shoulder; but my assistant from Cairo, Ahmed Effendi Kemal, was the only person with me whom I could trust. Any one of the natives would have killed me willingly, had we been alone, for every one of them knew better than I did that I was about to deprive them of a great source of revenue. But I exposed no sign of fear and proceeded with the work. The well cleared out, I descended and began the exploration of the underground passage.

"Soon we came upon cases of porcelain funeral offerings, metal and alabaster vessels, draperies and trinkets, until, reaching the turn in the passage, a cluster of mummy cases came into view in such numbers as to stagger me.

"Collecting my senses, I made the best examination I could by the light of my torch, and at once saw that they contained the mummies of royal personages of both sexes; and yet that was not all. Plunging in ahead of my guide, I came to the chamber, where, standing against the wall and lying on the floor, I found even a greater number of mummy cases of stupendous size and weight.

"Their gold coverings and their polished surfaces so plainly reflected my own excited visage, that I seemed to

*E. L. Wilson, "Through Scripture Lands."

be looking into the faces of my own ancestors. The gilt face on the outer coffin of the amiable Queen Nefertari seemed to smile upon me like an old acquaintance.

"I took in the situation quickly with a gasp, and hurried to the open air lest I should be overcome and the glorious prize still unrevealed be lost to science.

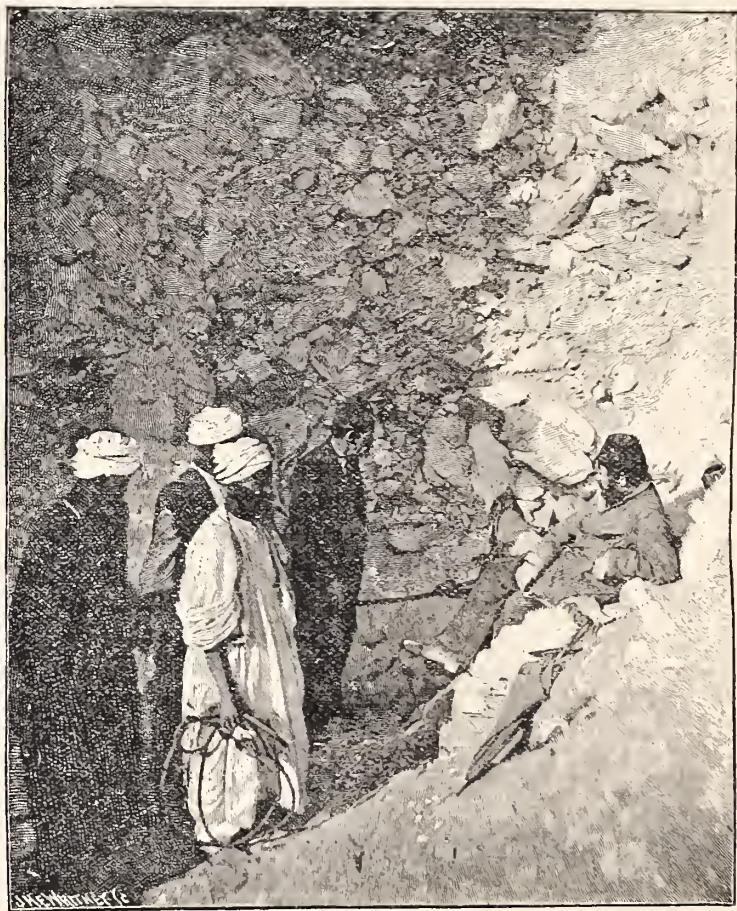
"It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troop of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work.



Mummy Head of the Pharaoh of the Oppression. From a Photograph.

"The valley was as still as death. Nearly the whole of the night was occupied in hiring men to help remove the precious relics from their hiding-place. There was but little sleep in Luxor that night. Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed under my direction,—

each one a thief. One by one the coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor.



Abd er-Rasul, Brugsch Bey, and Maspero.

(As photographed by E. L. Wilson at the mouth of the shaft at Deir-el-Bahari.)

“Two squads of Arabs accompanied each sarcophagus, —one to carry it and the other to watch the wily carriers. When the Nile overflow, lying midway of the plain, was reached, as many more boatmen entered the service and bore the burden to the other side. Then a third set took up the ancient freight and carried it to the steamers. Slow workers are these Egyptians, but after six days of hard labor under the July sun, the work was finished.

“I never shall forget the scene I witnessed when, standing at the mouth of the shaft, I watched the strange line of helpers while they carried across that historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them,—the Temple of Hatason nearest; away across from Qurneh; further to the right the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; further south Medineh. Above, a long way beyond, the Deir-el-Medineh; and then the twin Colossi, or the Vocal Memnon and his companion; then, beyond all, some more of the plain, the line of the Nile, and the Arabian hills far to the east, and above all, and with all, slowly moving down the cliff and across the plain, or in the boats, crossing the stream, were the sullen laborers carrying their antique burdens.

“As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass across dry-shod, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, allowed the strange funeral procession to pass, and then all was hushed again.

“When we made our departure from Luxor, our late helpers squatted in groups upon the Theban side and silently watched us. The news had been sent down the Nile in advance of us, so when we passed the towns the people gathered at the quays and made most frantic demonstra-

tions. The fantasia dancers were holding their wildest orgies; here and there a strange wail went up from the men; the women were screaming and tearing their hair, and the children were so frightened I pitied them.

"A few fanatical Dervishes plunged into the river and tried to reach us, but a sight of the rifle drove them back, cursing as they swam away. At night fires were kindled and guns were fired.

"At last we reached Boolak, where I soon confirmed my impression that we had indeed received the mummies of the majority of the rulers of Egypt during the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first dynasties, including Rameses II, Rameses III, King Pinotm, the high priest Nebseni, and Queen Nefertari, all of which are arranged at Boolak pretty much as I found them in their long-hidden tomb. And thus our museum became the third, and probably the last, resting-place of the mummy of the great Pharaoh of the oppression."

Such is the interesting account given by the man whom the world credits with the finding of Pharaoh's body. Ahmed Abd er-Rasul the Arab is under a cloud of suspicion. He took a few relics from the tomb and sold them. The bodies and all their belongings were taken away by the director in the interest of science, and the revenue of the Khedive is increased twenty-five cents every time a traveler goes to see the bodies. Europe has robbed Egypt for a hundred years, and the museums in London, Paris, Berlin and other cities are filled with her treasures. We are glad that these are collected and saved from destruction, but let us not be too severe in condemning Ahmed Abd er-Rasul.

When Herr Brugsch reached Cairo with his precious cargo of Pharaohs, queens and princes (having passed on

the way down the river the site of Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt, where these kings had reigned more than three thousand years before) he had it carefully unloaded from the steamer and placed in the museum, which was to be, for a time at least, its last resting-place. Here the bodies were all carefully examined by Brugsch, Maspero, and other noted Egyptian scholars, and all doubt as to the identity of the bodies was removed, for in black ink, written upon the outer and inner mummy cases by the high priests who had superintended the burial, was the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents.

On the first day of June, 1886, the body of *Rameses II* was carefully unwrapped by Prof. Maspero, in the presence of the Khedive of Egypt and other distinguished personages. With a skillful hand the professor removed the bandages. On the winding sheet of the mummy, over the region of the breast, was also found his name plainly written. In less than half an hour the bandages which were wrapped about the body so many centuries ago were unloosed and taken off. When Prof. Maspero removed the last bandage the face of the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and who oppressed Israel, appeared.

The following careful account of the appearance of the body was given in the professor's report: "The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few spare hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about five centimetres in length; white at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalming. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes small and close together; the nose is long, thin, and arched like the noses of the Bour-

bons, and slightly bruised at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken, the cheek-bones very prominent, the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of earrings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped and full of some kind of black paste. This paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which, moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin; they seem to have been shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but harsh and bristly. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black.

“Finally, it may be said that the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less lifelike. The neck is no thicker than the vertical column; the chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers extracted the viscera, is large and open. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous, robust old man. We know, indeed, that Rameses II reigned for sixty-seven years, and

that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

This description will enable the reader to form a very fair idea of the appearance of Pharaoh as he looked after the wrappings were removed from his body in 1886, and he has not changed in appearance since then. At Cairo we had plenty of time and a good opportunity to examine carefully the Egyptian antiquities, none of which interested us more than the great Pharaoh with whom we stood face to face.

Touching the portrait of the king, found among the monuments of ancient Egypt, Mr. Paine, an authority on the subject, says: "In the outline drawing of his countenance, the artist of more than thirty centuries ago, clearly endeavored to trace the very profile which time has dealt so tenderly with, and now, in the last days, has unveiled to our reverent gaze. Even if his royal name had not been written by Pinotem upon his cerements, we would have been able readily to recognize, and safely to identify, the great Rameses from his monuments."

We now come to another question, Why were the bodies of Pharaoh and the kings, queens, and princes found with him, removed from the tombs in which they were placed when they died? Why were they hid away in the desolate mountain fastness, west of Thebes, to be discovered by the Arab brothers Rasul? To enter fully into the details, which an answer to this question would involve, is impossible within the limits of this volume. We can give but a brief summary of the causes which led to the removal of the bodies from their tombs.

When the ancient Egyptians buried their dead, they placed many things in the tombs with them; among others, papyrus rolls on which were written historical sketches, re-

ports, stories, etc. These rolls were really the books of ancient Egypt. When the bodies of the kings were found, many of these books were also discovered; two of them, the one known as the Abbott, the other as the Amherst Papyrus, contain the key to the solution of the question.

It seems from these writings that not many years after the death of Rameses II the lawless classes in Thebes commenced to break open and pillage the tombs in order to secure the gold, silver and other treasures which they contained. The Abbott Papyrus contains an account of the trial of those who were engaged in these robberies. The trial lasted four days, when one of the robbers turned state's evidence and made a full confession of how they broke into the tomb of King Sevek-em-saf. The translation reads as follows:

"It was surrounded with masonry, and covered in with roofing stones. We demolished it and found there the king and queen reposing therein. We found the august king with his divine axe beside him, and his amulets and ornaments of gold about his neck. His head was covered with gold, and his august person was entirely adorned with gold. His coffin was overlaid with gold and silver within and without, and incrustated with all kinds of precious stones. We took the gold which we found upon his sacred person, as also his amulets, and the ornaments which were about his neck, and about the coffin in which he reposed. And having likewise found the royal wife, we took all that we found upon her in the same manner. We seized upon their furniture, their vases of gold, and silver, and bronze, and we divided them among ourselves."

Thus it will be seen that robbing graves for gain is as old as the Pharaohs of Egypt. The above confession explains two things: it tells why such great care was taken to

secrete and hide away the small chamber in which the dead body was laid to rest, and why the royal mummies were not left to repose "each in his own house." When the robberies were detected and the robbers brought to justice, it was felt that even the tombs of the kings were not safe, and at any time these chambers of the dead might be broken open and despoiled, and the bodies of the kings destroyed. The priests of the line of Herhor determined to find a place of greater security.

On the secluded mountain side of Deir-el-Bahari, the spot for the hiding-place was sought and found. A shaft was sunk forty feet into the living rock, from the bottom of which a tunnel led into the heart of the mountain, as described above. The coffins were one by one secretly removed from the tombs of the kings and carried to the lonely mountain side; here they were lowered by ropes to the bottom of the shaft and then carried to the inner chambers and piled up. After the work was completed, the shaft was filled with stone, and the loose stones which cover the hillside were so replaced that one might pass over the shaft fifty times without observing it. The priests kept their secret well, and it died with them. At last the body of Pharaoh had found a resting-place where it remained undisturbed for nearly thirty centuries. Then the hiding-place was found, the body taken out and carried to Cairo, where it is now exhibited in the Boolak Museum.

The story of the hiding away and the finding of Pharaoh's body is stranger than fiction, and to the writer it has an interest that has been intensely absorbing. The sketch is brief, but, brief as it has been given, it has grown too long. And yet we must not close it without giving one more remarkable result of the finding of Pharaoh's body.

Isa. 52: 4 says: "For thus saith the Lord God, My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there; and the Assyrian oppressed them without cause." This passage of Scripture seemed difficult to understand. Why, or how, could the Assyrian oppress Israel in Egypt? The two countries are widely separated, and the statement seemed to be out of place. Some were ready to say that Isaiah made a mistake. But the monuments of Egypt and the finding of Pharaoh's body make the statement plain.

Seti I, the father of Pharaoh, was of Assyrian extraction. His mother Tuaa was from the land whence Abraham was called. She was a queen of great beauty. In her rock-cut tomb at Thebes is a well-preserved portrait of her face. It is not Egyptian. "The nose, especially, is straight and pointed; the brow is high, implying an intellect of superior order. Though her lips indicate a loving heart, she evidently possessed more of spirit than of gentleness. The face is that of a very attractive and beautiful woman. If Rebekah and Rachel were only half as fair as she, they were well worth a journey to Mesopotamia to obtain."

The Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, although an Egyptian by birth, was an Assyrian by extraction. When Isaiah wrote that the "Assyrian oppressed" God's people in Egypt, he knew what he was writing about, and those to whom he wrote understood it equally well. This is only another of the many instances where the excavations and discoveries in Egypt show that the Bible account is literally true, if we only arrive at a proper understanding of it.

While at Thebes we had a strong desire to visit the Arab Rasul, through whose instrumentality the bodies of the Pharaohs were discovered. The dragoman of our party seemed averse to going with us. The Egyptian govern-

ment regards the old man with suspicion, and our dragoman was not far from it. Not having the fear of the Khedive before our eyes we arranged for our visit. The Elder, being somewhat indisposed on account of hard work at sight-seeing, did not accompany us. We engaged Hassan Ali, a native of Luxor, a bright, intelligent Arab, as interpreter and guide. Jan. 5, 1893, alone with Hassan we set out for the home of Ahmed Abd er-Rasul. On the way Hassan, in answer to the question, "What will become of you when you die?" said:

"Hassan good Mohammedan. When he die friends bury him. He hope God let him rest in Paradise. He work very much. He drink no strong drink. He tell no lie. He speak no bad word. When have no business he pray one, two, three times a day. When have plenty business, no pray. No time to pray then."

We had more conversation with him, but this will suffice. We wondered how many professing Christians there are like Hassan Ali, "plenty business, no time to pray."

We crossed the Nile and rode over the plain of Thebes to the Ramesseum, and then leaving the beaten path we crossed over a hillside avenue, covered with broken pottery of the Roman period. Around us on every side deep holes were dug in the ground. They showed where the mummy hunters had been at work. In fifteen minutes we came to a house much better than the average Arab hut. It was the house of Ahmed. Stopping at the door, his brother Mohammed met us. He rapped on the door and called out in a loud voice, to warn the women who were in the room to go out. We caught a glimpse of a pair of dark eyes peering cautiously around the corner of the house, but they vanished quickly when the owner found that she was observed. This was an excusable bit of womanly curiosity.

The door opened, and a tall, well-built old man of sixty-five years, with gray hair and beard, came out. It was Ahmed Abd er-Rasul, the man to whom the world is really indebted for the finding of Pharaoh's body. He received the visitor with a stately courtesy. Shaking hands warmly, he invited us to enter his house. He then brought two chairs, the only furniture in the room except a rude table, gave one to his guest and took the other himself. His brother Mohammed, and his son of the same name, with Hassan Ali sat, Arab fashion, on the floor.

After being seated, we said to Ahmed that we had heard of him in far-away America and of the important discovery he had made, that we had traveled nearly eight thousand miles to visit the ruins of Thebes and that we were glad to meet him in his own house, where we had come to pay our respects to him. This speech having been turned into Arabic by Hassan, the Arab replied that he was happy because of the visit, that his house was our house and that we were most welcome to his home.

After this Ahmed left the room for a moment, and on his return we heard the sound of the pestle in the stone mortar and knew that one of his women was pounding the Arabian coffee. Not caring especially for the coffee we rose to go, but Ahmed insisted that we must drink coffee with him. As it would have been a serious breach of Arab hospitality to refuse, the request was complied with.

In about ten minutes he went out again and returned with a waiter on which were placed five small cups filled with coffee. He handed a cup to us, then placed the waiter on the table and took his chair. His brother Mohammed then rose from the floor, handed a cup of coffee to Ahmed, gave one to Hassan and to Ahmed's son, and took the remaining cup himself. Before drinking the host

wished us continual good health and prosperity. The cups contained about two tablespoonfuls of coffee. It was quite as much as we wanted.

After the coffee drinking was concluded, the host took from his clothing a large pouch. From this he took a long strip of thin, white paper and a small quantity of tobacco. Wetting the paper with his lips, he placed the tobacco on it and, rolling it up, made a cigarette which he offered to us. We politely informed him that we did not smoke, which seemed to surprise him very much. The cigarette was lighted, a few whiffs taken and then passed to his brother.

Thinking now that our visit had been extended to the limit of propriety, we arose and took our leave. In parting, Ahmed again thanked us for our visit, shook hands warmly and said, "God give you a safe journey to your own home and to your wife." As we mounted our donkey, he said he wanted us to know that he was very angry with those who had treated him so badly in connection with his discovery. He sent his brother with us, and we rode away and saw no more of Ahmed Abd er-Rasul.

But this was not to be the last of our visit to the Arab's home. On our return from Nubia, ten days later, his son Mohammed met us at Luxor, bearing from his father a present of some valuable Egyptian antiquities which he handed to us with the good wishes of Ahmed. These relics of the past we prize very highly and hope to bring them home with us.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Pharaoh of the Exodus.—His Succession to the Throne.—His Troublous Reign.—His Son Seti Menephthah made Regent.—The Testimony of the Monuments.—The Death of the Firstborn.—The Fleeing Israelites.—Pharaoh's Pursuit.—The Destruction of his Host.



HEN Rameses II died he left behind him a large number of sons and daughters, for, according to Brugsch and Rawlinson, he introduced the practice of polygamy into Egypt. Monogamy, always compulsory on private persons, had also been practiced by the monarchs until the reign of this king. The monuments tell of a prince of the name of Kahmus. He was the favorite son of Pharaoh's favorite queen, Isi-nefret, and was to succeed him on the throne of Egypt. The young prince was much loved by his father. He was made regent and reigned jointly with him for a number of years. But the great age attained by Rameses II left him still ruler at the death of his son, which occurred in the fifty-fifth year of his reign, when Prince Kahmus was about fifty.*

Rameses II was succeeded by his fourteenth and eldest surviving son, Menephthah II, who is generally believed to have been the Pharaoh of the exodus. To the Bible student the life and history of this man are full of interest. As Paine says, if we were to choose between the Pharaoh of the oppression and the Pharaoh of the exodus, or were asked, "Out of the several Pharaohs mentioned in the Bi-

* "Ancient Egypt," page 337.

ble, which one above all others would you most wish to learn about?" with scarcely a moment's hesitation we would answer, "The Pharaoh of the exodus." Not because of his greatness, but because he is that one who replied, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go;"* that one who required bricks and withheld the straw from the already burdened and groaning Hebrews; that one before whom the contest by enchantment took place, until the magicians gave up, exclaiming, "This is the finger of God;" that one who recalled his consent the instant the evils were removed; that one who, under all the signs and wonders and plagues of Jehovah, hardened his heart up to the very entrance of death into his dwelling to lay low his cherished firstborn son, the heir to the throne; that one who repented having thrust out the bondmen, and pursued after them, and overtook them encamping by the sea; that one, in fine, upon whose hosts the sea returned to its flow, till there remained not so much as one of them.†

To understand more fully the relations the different Pharaohs sustain to each other we must take a glance at Egyptian history, so far as it has become a settled record. It will be borne in mind that chronologists do not all agree in their calculations of the time covered by the Bible events. The same is true of Egyptian chronology. As to time, Egyptian history may be divided into three great periods: first, the ancient monarchy about which very little is known, and about which the chronologists differ widely. Second, the reign of the shepherd kings, known as the *Hyksos*. The history of this line of kings is also enveloped in mystery. The monuments and tombs make some disclo-

*Ex. 5: 2.

†Paine in the *Century* for September, 1889.

tures concerning them, but little is known about them. Third, the later monarchy, with Thebes as its capital, which comes in contact with the Bible history.

We have, in our study of the Bible, grouped all we know of these three periods around the names of the patriarchs Abraham, Jacob, Joseph and Moses. These names follow each other in the Bible in such a way that we are apt to forget that many years are covered by the Pentateuch, and that there is not a continuity in the Bible story. The author of the first five books of the Bible did not write a history of Egypt, but of the chosen people of God, and he briefly alludes to the Pharaohs only when they come in touch with the events recorded in the history of the Hebrews.

We should bear in mind that the Pharaoh who reigned when Abram and his beautiful wife Sarai went down into Egypt lived some two hundred years before Joseph became the slave of Potiphar; and over a hundred years elapsed from the time of Joseph's Pharaoh until "there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." In this time a number of Pharaohs reigned. According to Brugsch, who is an authority on the history of Egypt, fifteen Pharaohs reigned in the four hundred years preceding the death of Menephtah II, the Pharaoh of the exodus. He gives the following list of rulers for the two hundred years preceding the death of the Pharaoh of the oppression:

Amen-hotep III.		Rameses I.
Amen-hotep IV.		Seti I.
Horus.		Rameses II.
Menephtah II.		

The same author says: "The new Pharaoh 'who knew not Joseph' and who adorned the cities of Rameses and Pithom with temples and treasuries, can be no other than

Rameses II. He is undoubtedly the Pharaoh of the oppression, and the father of that unnamed princess who found Moses in the little papyrus bark among the flags of the river. . . . As Rameses II must be regarded as the Pharaoh under whom Moses first saw the light, so the chronological relations,—having regard to the great age of the two contemporaries, Rameses II and Moses,—demand that Menephtah II should, in all probability, be acknowledged as the *Pharaoh of the exodus*.* The general agreement among Egyptologists as to the Pharaohs of the oppression and exodus, with the inscriptions recently discovered and the finding of the body of Rameses II, leaves but little room for doubt on this question.

The monuments of Egypt are not silent as to the life and character of Menephtah II, the vacillating Pharaoh of the exodus. While during his troublous reign he did not erect great temples and hundreds of statues as his father did, yet he has left his record on the temple walls and statues of others. At Thebes there is a beautiful statue in bas-relief of Menephtah. The engraving which we give is from a photograph of the head of the statue which appears in outline on page 258. It is said to be a masterpiece of ancient Egyptian art and is especially interesting because it presents to us the face of the Pharaoh of the exodus.

Of his reign Rawlinson says: "Inheriting from his father an empire which was everywhere at peace with its neighbors, he might have expected to have had a tranquil and prosperous reign, and to have carried on the burst of architectural energy which had manifested itself under his father and grandfather. The power however which directs human affairs, wholly disappointed these expectations. The unclouded prospects of his early years gave place, aft-

*Brugsch, "History of Egypt."

er a brief interval, to storm and tempest of the most fearful kind; a terrible invasion carried fire and sword into the heart of his dominions; and he scarcely escaped this danger when internal troubles broke out,—a subject race, high-



Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

ly valued for the services which it was forced to render, insisted on quitting the land; a great loss was incurred in an attempt to compel it to remain; rebellion broke out in the south; and the reign, which had commenced under such fair auspices, terminated in calamity and confusion. Menephthah was quite incompetent to deal with the difficult circumstances in which he found himself placed; he hesitated, temporized, made concessions, retracted them—and finally conducted Egypt to a catastrophe from which she did not recover for a generation.”*

The search among the monuments of ancient Egypt reveals many interesting facts concerning Menephthah II and his troublous reign. The question as to whether the antiquities of Egypt do fully illustrate the life of the man who defied the power of God even until his firstborn son was slain may be answered in the affirmative. Many of the best Egyptian scholars, among whom are Rawlinson, Robinson, Paine, Brugsch, and others, set forth the history of Menephthah in the light of recent discoveries in Egypt. To these authors we are indebted for what we here give of his life.

Among the many interesting facts known concerning the Pharaoh of the exodus it now comes out that he was seriously troubled in the last years of his reign by a pretender to the throne. Why should there be a pretender in any case, if there was a legitimate heir, the firstborn son of the monarch? It almost assumes that there was no such person, to say that a pretender set up a claim, and, indeed, succeeded in obtaining the golden scepter and holding it for five years. Put with this the information, supplied by a monument preserved in the Berlin Museum, which tells that Menephthah II lost a son by a very melancholy and

*“Ancient Egypt,” pages 337, 338.

sudden death. Neither this nor that gives the circumstances, but the fact is noted, and the story is silent. That the successor of Menephthah II was dead had to be stated because of the titles in the reigning line; but that he died in the terrible plague of the exodus was perhaps too much for Egyptian vanity. Here the narrative of the Inspired Book is needed to supplement a group of suggestive facts, and connect them so that they can be understood. It was not to be expected that any mention would be made of the ten plagues by which Pharaoh was brought into subjection to Jehovah; the details were too mortifying to be related,



Outline of Statue of Menephthah at Thebes.

Think of the humiliation of Pharaoh in having to admit that princes of the blood, and maid servants in the houses, prisoners in jails, and laborers in the field, even beasts in their stalls, must share the same awful stroke of Jehovah's wrath; the king must mourn in his grief over his eldest boy, as the bereaved beggar mourned over his dead son. There would be one common wail of broken hearts throughout Egypt. Hence national haughtiness would hush up such things. But the Bible gives them: "And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne unto the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the firstborn of the cattle." Ex. 12: 29.*

These particulars show a wonderful corroboration between the story of the life of the Pharaoh of the exodus, as revealed by the monuments of ancient Egypt, and the Bible narrative written by Moses. But the references to the king and his son who was to have succeeded him on the throne of Egypt do not stop here. The agreement between the monuments and the Bible will become more apparent as we continue, thus affording more abundant testimony of the truth of the Book of God.

One among the first things undertaken by a young prince was to prepare a sepulchre for his body. The son of Menepthah II began such a tomb in the valley of the tombs of the kings where his ancestors were laid to rest. It was never finished. Champollion, the French Egyptologist, says of it: "This poor sepulchral hall was only a corridor in the plan, whose extremity lies still in the rough rock; and it became the room of the sarcophagus, or funeral chamber, by the accident of the death of the Pharaoh." The unfinished tomb and the accident referred to tell us of

*Robinson.

an early and sudden death, and we think at once of the fate of the firstborn in Egypt.

A number of wall tablets have been found in Mount Silsilis on which are inscriptions and pictures in bas-relief referring to Menephthah II and his son. Paine refers to no less than six of these tablets. They set forth that the son of the Pharaoh of the exodus was Seti Menephthah; thus showing that the young prince bore the names of his great grandfather, Seti, and of his father. They also make it clear that he was associated on the throne with his father. One of the inscriptions speaks in these extravagant terms of the young prince: "Crown prince of the palace over the two countries, chief of millions, head over hundreds of thousands, he who stands in closest relationship to the good God, the royal son of his body begotten, beloved of him, of royal birth, the chief of the soldiers, the very great regent in behalf of him."* Here we are informed that Menephthah II had made his son regent and that he was associated with his father upon the throne. With these facts in the mind let us read the words of the Lord, spoken by the mouth of his servant Moses: "About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maid-servant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts." Ex. 11: 4, 5. The monuments tell us that the firstborn son of Pharaoh, the prince Seti Menephthah, sat on the throne of his father as associate ruler. The Bible refers to him as "the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne." The correspondence between the two is most remarkable, and the testimony is complete.

*Paine.

The evidence that the firstborn son of the Pharaoh of the exodus died very young is not wanting. In the corridor of the unfinished tomb to which we have referred is a statue of the prince in bas-relief. It is remarkably well preserved. Providence, who dealt so severely with both father and son, shielded this statue of the son through all the centuries that have passed since it was chiseled on the walls of the tomb, so that we can see him to-day as he was in life. The figure is a masterpiece of beauty. It is full of life and expression. The artist who conceived and wrought this gem had real genius and great skill. The lineaments are full of youthlike tenderness. Way back in those days of antiquity the graver knew how to soften rock.

About the statue are the royal cartouches and beneath these are the signs for *deceased*, "Makheru." These are repeated, and their date must be very nearly that of the death of the prince. Had this statue been sculptured any length of time before his death, these signs for deceased would be absent. Inasmuch as in this instance there was no need to make the subject younger than he actually was, or more divine, Seti Menephthah could not have been more than twenty years of age when he was brought low instantly, here to be committed to his "eternal home." A portrait statue of Seti Menephthah in middle life or old age does not exist.* Again we note the wonderful agreement between the monuments and the Bible.

In view of the foregoing facts Paine invites our attention to the fact that the antiquities of Egypt, the best among authorities, stand ready to teach us: 1. That Seti Menephthah was the firstborn son of his father. 2. That his father lived to a great age. 3. That the son's administration was merely one of regency in behalf of his father.

*Paine in the *Century* for September, 1889.

4. That the son died early, before the father died. It follows that Seti Menephthah corresponds to the Biblical (1) firstborn son (2) of a living Pharaoh, (3) who sat on his throne, (4) but died suddenly before his father died. Both the Egyptian monuments and the Hebrew Scriptures describe a situation embracing four distinct premises: the four are identical in both accounts; the logical conclusion, therefore, must be that they relate to the same personage, for in the nature of things two series of such identical particulars would not occur apart once in many ages.

There has also come down to us from the ancient tombs a papyrus containing a funeral dirge, written on the death of Seti Menephthah. Translated it reads as follows:

“O fan bearer at the right of the king,
 Crown prince in the grand hall of Seb,
 Royal scribe of truth!
 Thy mouth and thy lips were full of health:
 Thou wast in favor with the king all thy life.
 O Horus, friend of things that are just!
 Thou shalt dwell a thousand years on the earth,
 Thou reposest upon the mountain
 Whose mistress is on the west of Thebes, in the Necropolis.
 Thy soul is renewing itself among the living,
 And mingling among the perfected spirits.
 Descending into the divine bark, thou art not repulsed,
 Thou passest even to the jaws of the tomb;
 Thou art judged before the deity Osiris;
 Thou art proclaimed righteous.”

And here we may leave the prince who died on that night when the angel of death passed over the land of Egypt. The greatest trial and the darkest hour in the life of Menephthah II must have been when his son was stricken dead by the mysterious God of the Hebrews. And who can doubt that his own voice went up in the great cry that welled forth from desolate homes that dark night in Egypt? The king was now an old man, and the blow came all the

heavier because on his dead boy rested all his hopes of a successor to the throne of Egypt. Now his last hope was gone. No son of his should sit upon the throne of Kam. No wonder that this great calamity broke his proud heart and conquered his stubborn will.

For the time being he is a changed man and he humbles himself before the God of Israel: "And he called for Moses and Aaron by night, and said, Rise up, and get you forth from among my people, both ye and the children of Israel; and go, serve the Lord, as ye have said. Also take your flocks and your herds, as ye have said, and be gone; and bless me also." Ex. 12: 31, 32. So the proud king submitted and even humbled himself to ask a blessing from Moses, the servant of the most high God.

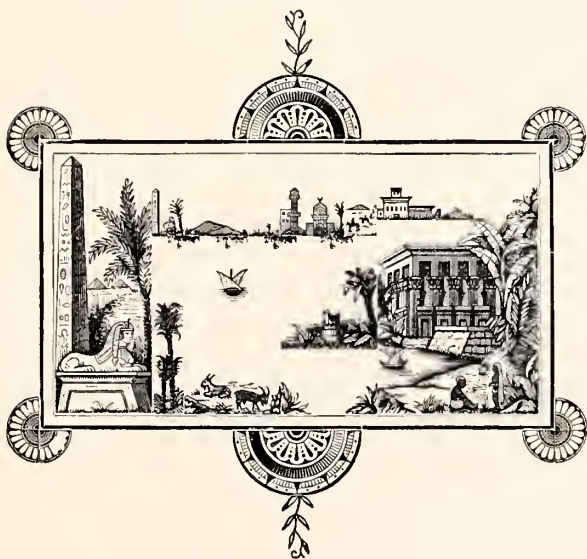
With the permission, given in the words of a command, the men and women who had been slaves for so many years fled at once from the land of bondage. Hope ran high and joy filled every heart, for at last the Lord had heard their cry and was now leading them away from their cruel task-masters, away from the land of bondage to the promised land of freedom. But the vacillating king had already changed his mind. This believer in sorcery, enchantments, and in dreams was already saying, "Why have we done this, that we have left Israel go from serving us?" He doubtless thought of the loss he was sustaining. He saw the empty brick-yards, the deserted public works, where but yesterday the slaves were toiling by the thousands and everything was full of life. Now all is hushed and still. The Hebrews are gone. "Why have I done this thing?" Menephthah II asks himself again. He forgets the death of his son, he makes ready his chariot and pursues the fleeing bondmen, hoping to overtake them and bring them back into bondage. Again he is ready to defy the Lord of heav-

en and again comes the Divine Hand between Pharaoh and the Israelites to save them. The sea is opened, the Israelites pass through and the army of Pharaoh, following them, is overthrown in the waters. "Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore." Ex. 14: 30.

Did Pharaoh lead his army into the sea? Did he perish with them, and if so was his body covered up in the sands of the sea? The Mosaic account does not say that Pharaoh was drowned. In Psalms 136: 15 we have these words: "But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea;" but the marginal reading gives, as the meaning of the Hebrew word, "shook off," instead of overthrow. The Revised Version gives the same reading. In reading the careful account written by Moses there is nothing said about the destruction of the king. The language used is clear and explicit: "And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it, and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them." Ex. 14: 27, 28. If Pharaoh had gone in with his army and had been drowned, it is not likely that a statement of the fact would have been omitted from the account. It will also be noticed that in the song of Moses, sung after the deliverance of the Israelites, no mention is made of the death of Pharaoh himself.


A singular fact is that, when the bodies of the father and grandfather of Menepthah II were found at Deir-el-Bahari, his body was not found with them. It was not found in the magnificent tomb that he prepared for it,

which we visited at Thebes. Why? The question cannot now be answered. He may have perished in the Red Sea; he may have been entombed and afterwards his body hidden away from the grave-robbars. The question must be left in the hands of the excavator. The body of the Pharaoh of the exodus, he who defied the Lord of heaven and earth, may some day be found, and we may look upon his face.



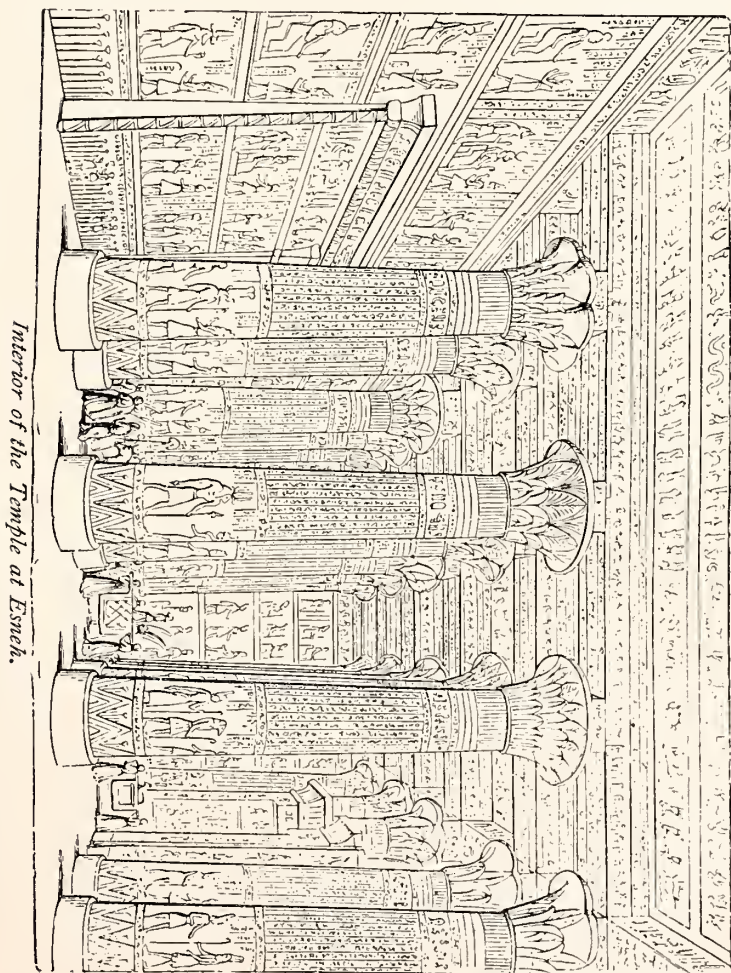
CHAPTER XV.

Farewell to Thebes.—The Temples at Esneh and Edfou.—Assuan and the First Cataract.—The Granite Quarries.—The Market-place. The Bisharin.—Camel Riding.—The Tropic of Cancer.—Persistent Merchants.—The Nilometer.—A Quiet Ride on the Desert.—The Famine of the Bible.

 HE time allotted for our stay at No-amon passed quickly away and we leave Luxor reluctantly, feeling that months might be spent to advantage in exploring the mighty ruins of Thebes. We are to spend some time here on our return, so we go away, hoping to see more of this interesting place. Southward we journey, stemming the current of the Nile and occasionally coming to a sudden standstill on some hidden sandbar, recently formed by the ever-changing current of the river. Our pilot is watchful and the measuring pole is constantly in use, but with every possible care he fails. The sandbars are hidden by the muddy waters and are a source of considerable anxiety. Owing to this hindrance, our progress up the river is slow, but we suffer no harm, for the engineer clears the boat by reversing the engines and backing down stream.

During the forenoon we have a light shower of rain, quite an unusual occurrence in Upper Egypt. Years pass here without a drop of rain falling, so that literally the land here drinks not "the water of the rain of heaven." The great deserts on either side of the Nile valley are without moisture. Clouds do not form and the land is without rain.

Our first stop after leaving Thebes is at Esneh, where there is a temple which has only recently been excavated. Centuries ago the sands of the desert, drifting over the edifice, covered it up and preserved from vandalism its beautiful sculptures and paintings. Compared with Thebes, the



Interior of the Temple at Esneh.

temple at Esneh is of modern construction, for it was built at the beginning of the Christian era and bears the name of several Roman emperors. The interior is beautiful. The capitals of the columns bear the palm leaf instead of the lotus. The colorings on the walls are as fresh and bright as if they had been laid on but a few years ago. Our engraving shows the interior construction of the temple.

After our visit to the interesting temple we are followed to the boat by more than a hundred men and boys begging for backsheesh. Their dwelling-place is in the village of Esneh and they hail the arrival of the traveler with delight, for they usually succeed in securing some money as a result of their begging. After we had regained the boat, the crowd stood on the steep banks, shouting backsheesh at the top of their voices. Some of the passengers threw small pieces of money among them and then the rush and struggle for the coins became furious. At times a half dozen boys were piled together, pushing and pulling with all their strength and shouting at the top of their voices in the struggle to gain the coveted prize. Half naked when the struggle began, they were soon divested of all their clothing. When one would finally secure the piece of money it was quickly placed in the mouth. Several of the masses of shouting, struggling men and boys rolled down the steep bank into the river. It was a furious mob and was only dispersed after the boat had pulled away from the shore. Even then the crowd ran along the shore shouting backsheesh, backsheesh, and the last faint sound that was wafted to our ears across the waters of the Nile from Esneh was b-a-c-k-s-h-e-e-s-h.

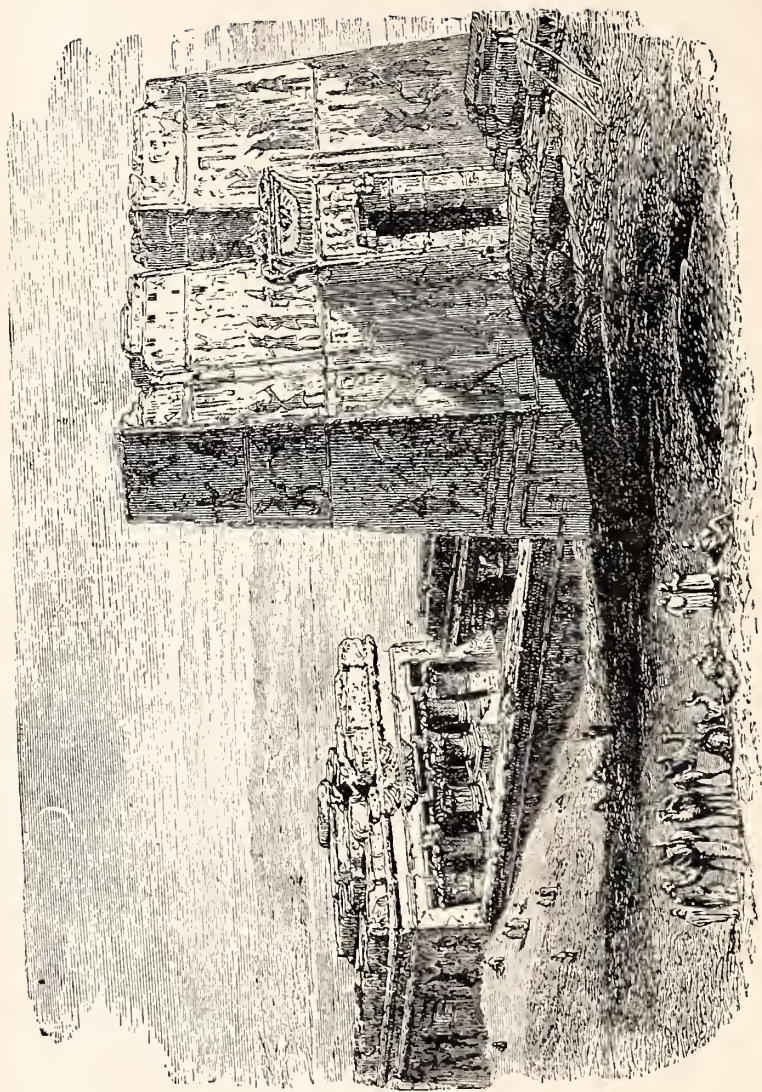
This incident was not only amusing but instructive as well. All over the world the love of money is common to

humanity. The desire to get gain crops out on all sides. In our great commercial centers are organized boards of trade. The writer has witnessed fully as much excitement and heard as much shouting and yelling on the Chicago Board of Trade when the corn market was cornered as was heard among the Arabs at Esneh. The only real difference in the two crowds was that of culture. Both had the same object in view, the getting of money, and when the superior advantages of civilization are taken into consideration it remains to be said that the Esneh crowd will compare favorably with that of the Chicago Board of Trade.

At Edfou we stop for the night. We are now five hundred and fifteen miles south of Cairo and are nearing the first cataract. At Edfou is perhaps the best preserved temple in Egypt. In 1864 it was excavated by Mariette Bey. Prior to that time it was hidden beneath the sand and an Arab village stood above its walls and sanctuary.

The temple at Edfou was begun under the reign of Ptolemy Euergetes I, B. C. 237, and was completed B. C. 57. Thus one hundred and eighty years were spent in the construction of this magnificent structure. Our engraving shows the pylon in front, the open court in the center and the covered chambers and sanctuary in the rear. The space enclosed by the walls measures four hundred and fifty by one hundred and twenty feet.

Very early in the morning of our twelfth day on the Nile we leave Edfou and, passing Silsilis, where are the tablets referring to the reign of Menephthah II, to which we called attention in a preceding chapter, and Kom Ombo, where there is a temple dedicated to the crocodile god of ancient Egypt, we proceed at once to Assuan, at the first cataract.



View of the Temple of Edfou.

Before reaching the first cataract the scenery along the Nile changes. The country is more hilly and rolling, and "instead of flat, monotonous banks of sand and mud, we have masses of rock broken up into grotesque and fantastic forms. Groves of palm, mimosa, and castor-oil plant come down to the water's edge. The limestone and sandstone ranges which we find in the Nile valley from Cairo to Silsilis, here give place to granite, porphyry and basalt. The islands in the stream are no longer shifting accretions of mud alternately formed and dissolved by the force of the current, but rocks and boulders of granite, which rise high above the river and resist its utmost force." The water rushes and foams about the base of these granite formations and with a rapid descent forms what is known as the first cataract. It is in no sense of the word a waterfall, but simply a rushing, rapid descent of the river. The small Nile boats are taken up the rapids to the smooth waters above the cataract.

We have now reached the border-land of Nubia. Egypt, the kingdom of the Pharaohs, is left behind us. We stand on the line between Upper Egypt and the Ethiopia of the Bible. It was of this very place that the prophet spoke when he said, "Behold, therefore I am against thee, and against thy rivers, and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia." Ezek. 29: 10.

Assuan lies on the east bank of the Nile, partly on the narrow strip of fertile land and partly on a hill. The date palm grows to perfection here, and the fruit is noted for its excellent quality. We never ate finer dates than those grown here. The city contains a native population of about ten thousand souls, but was at one time much larger. The Arabian historians record the fact that at one time

twenty thousand people died here of the plague. The ancient name of the place was Syene, and it was known by this name in Bible times.

It was near this place that the quarries of the famous syenite were located. Here the great obelisks, the facing of the pyramids, the granite coffins and the statuary of the Pharaohs were cut, and then floated down the river on rafts to the places where they were used. In the quarry, partly covered with sand, is an immense obelisk, which the ancient stone-cutters partly finished and then, for some cause unknown to the world to-day, rejected and left in its unfinished state. The granite took its name from the place where it was quarried,—Syene,—and is known all over the world now as syenite. Some of the granite found here is susceptible of a very high polish. We gathered, for some friends at home who are especially interested in the study of geology, a few pieces that had been chipped off by the ancient workmen. We shall visit the quarries again and have more to say of them. Assuan is the center of a great traffic with the interior of Africa. Great caravans arrive from the desert, bringing ostrich feathers, ivory, india rubber, senna, tamarinds, wax, skins, horns, spears, dried dates and other merchandise. The camels are unloaded and then, after a few days' rest, are loaded with cotton cloth, prints, beads, guns, powder, and other manufactured articles for barter with the native tribes of the interior. An open space outside the town serves as a market-place and storehouse. Here Arabs, Turks, Ethiopians, Nubians, Abyssinians and Negroes from central Africa meet on a common level and perfect equality. It is noticeable here that the color of a man's skin is not set down as an objectionable feature, and, be he white or black, so long as he

conducts himself in accordance with the standard rules of society he is considered a man.

We walk through the open market-place, and it is full of interest to us. Here are groups of merchants buying and selling their wares. Here and there are bales of goods around which women and children are lounging in their quaint costume, which is noted for being extremely scanty. Fires are kindled and cooking is being done, for the merchants and their families eat and sleep by their goods. In this market-place one may purchase for a small sum of money any of the products of central Africa. Do you want a huge elephant tusk, valuable for its ivory? Here you can find it. Would you purchase beautiful ostrich feathers? Here they are,—white, grey or black, to suit your taste. Then there are ebony war clubs, poisoned arrows, mounted spears, shields made of rhinoceros hide, fans, silver rings and armlets, ivory hoops, all of which are for sale. And here you may see strange birds and monkeys, and sometimes young lions, all brought from the interior of Africa. Mr. Manning was offered a lion cub for seventy-five dollars. The owner, not finding a purchaser at that price, gradually came down to twenty. "It was a good tempered little brute, playing about like an overgrown kitten, but an angry growl and an ominous showing of the teeth gave warning of trouble at no distant period."

At Assuan we saw a number of an African tribe called Bisharin. A short distance from the city there is a village of these peculiar people. They live in the most primitive style, without houses or tents. A few pieces of matting made of palm leaves and supported by sticks afford them all the shelter they have. As it is quite warm here, even in midwinter, and never rains, the matting answers a good purpose as a shade in midday. We took with us an

Abyssinian who spoke a little English and visited the Bis-harin village. The people were quite friendly and were not averse to talking, but, owing to the fact that our interpreter had but a limited knowledge of their dialect, our conversation was quite limited. The young boys and girls, with their sparkling black eyes, their beautiful, ivory-like teeth, and their brown skin, were really handsome, but the men and women, owing to the hideous manner of wearing the hair and grinning, were far from beautiful.

At one place a woman was grinding alone at a mill very similar to the hand-mills used in Palestine. She kept on at her work and when I stooped down and took up a little of the coarse meal in my hand she offered an objection. I then showed her a piece of money, but she seemed to have no disposition to be friendly. One of those who were standing by ran away and in a few minutes returned with a handful of the meal, for which I gave her the piece of money. The people came around me in a crowd and were much interested in examining my pocket compass and watch. The ticking of the watch pleased and interested the men and women as much as it does our children, and the movement of the magnetic needle was a source of great wonder to them.

A camel ride was enjoyed, or rather endured, during our stay at the first cataract. At the pyramids we rode a camel for a short distance on the desert, but our first real experience of this kind of travel was at Assuan. The camel is the common beast of burden in Egypt. His home is on the sands of the desert, and he is peculiarly adapted to his home. He can travel for days without water or food, but he does not do it without protest. Camels are natural growlers. As they come and go, heavily burdened and with their long necks craning forward, they keep up a

chorus of short grunts and growls. This seems to be their only consolation. They are cross and do not show any signs of affection for their drivers. On the contrary, they will give them a vicious nip if a favorable opportunity offers. They kneel down when they receive their burden, and again when they are to be unloaded.

When we were seated on the back of the kneeling animal the driver said, "Look out," and suddenly the camel lifted its rear to a standing posture, throwing us violently forward. It required a tight grip to keep from being rolled off in the sand. Then a sudden jerk brought the animal on all fours, and we set off for a ride on the "ship of the desert." The camel has a peculiar gait, which has been called a corkscrew motion, and is caused by the animal lifting both feet on the same side at the same time. The motion is very tiresome, and after a time becomes exceedingly painful. The rider must learn to sway his body with the peculiar motion of the camel. Until he does this, there is nothing so fatiguing as riding of this kind. The Elder assured the writer that he felt the effects of his camel ride for some days, and wanted no more of it.

The following from a writer who has made a study of the camel is somewhat lengthy, but it is worth preserving: "Its long neck is elevated and stretched forward. It is carrying its head horizontally, with its upper lip drawn down. In this drawn-down lip, and in its whole demeanor, there is an expression of contempt,—contempt for the modern world. You can read its thoughts. 'I belong,' it is saying to itself, for it cares nothing about you, still you can't help understanding it, 'I belong to the old world. There was time and room enough then for everything. What reason can there be for all this crowding and hastening? I move at a pace which used to satisfy kings and

patriarchs. My fashion is the old world fashion. Railways and telegraphs are nothing to me. Before the pyramids were thought of, it had been settled what my burden was to be, and at what pace it was to be carried. If any of these unresting pale faces (what business have they with me?) wish not to be knocked over, they must get out of the way. I give no notice of my approach; I make way for no man. What has the grand, calm old world come to? There is nothing now anywhere but noise and pushing and money-grabbing; and every camel that you will meet will be going the same measured pace, holding its head in the same position, drawing down its lip with the same contempt, and soliloquizing in the same style."

The ancient astronomers made Assuan noted because they claimed that it was situated on the Tropic of Cancer and that it was here that, on the longest day of the year, the rays of the sun fell vertically. It was also stated that there was a famous well here into which the sun, at the same season of the year, was said to shine and illuminate it at every part. The ancient astronomers must have been mistaken or else the circle has changed, for it has been found by accurate measurement that the Tropic of Cancer is nearly half a degree south of this place.

Nearly opposite Assuan is the Island of Elephantine. Soon after our boat was made fast at the landing-place we entered small rowboats and crossed to the island. No sooner had we landed than we were surrounded with itinerant merchants, each pressing us to buy his wares. So persistent were they that it was simply impossible for us to move. Matcour and Gladius, our dragomen, came to the rescue and drove the merchants away by a vigorous use of their heavy whips; but they returned again and again, and

we did not get rid of them until we entered our boats again and rowed away from the shore.

On the island is an ancient Nilometer which we examined with interest. It is used to ascertain the rise of the river. Strabo says of it: "The Nilometer is a well upon the banks of the Nile, constructed of close-fitting stones, on which are marked the greatest, least, and mean risings of the Nile; for the water in the well and in the river rises and subsides simultaneously. Upon the wall of the well are lines which indicate the complete rise of the river, and other degrees of rising. Those who examine these marks communicate the result to the public for their information. For it is known long before, by these marks, and by the time elapsed from the commencement, what the future rise of the river will be, and notice is given of it. This information is of service to the husbandmen with reference to the distribution of water; for the purpose also of attending to the embankments, canals, and other things of this kind. It is also of use to the governors, who fix the revenue; for the greater the rise of the river, the greater it is expected will be the revenue." As it was a thousand years ago, so to-day the Nilometer is carefully examined, and the taxes on the land are fixed according to the rise of the river.

From Assuan to Philæ, a distance of about eight miles, the Egyptian government has constructed the narrow gauge railway by which freight and passengers are carried around the first cataract. The steamers cannot ascend the rapids. The Elder and others of the party, who are to go with us to the second cataract, prepare to take the train; but the writer, having so much of that kind of travel at home, decides to go by donkey. It is a pleasant and comfortable way of traveling, and then one likes to be alone sometimes. We select a trusty, sure-footed little donkey

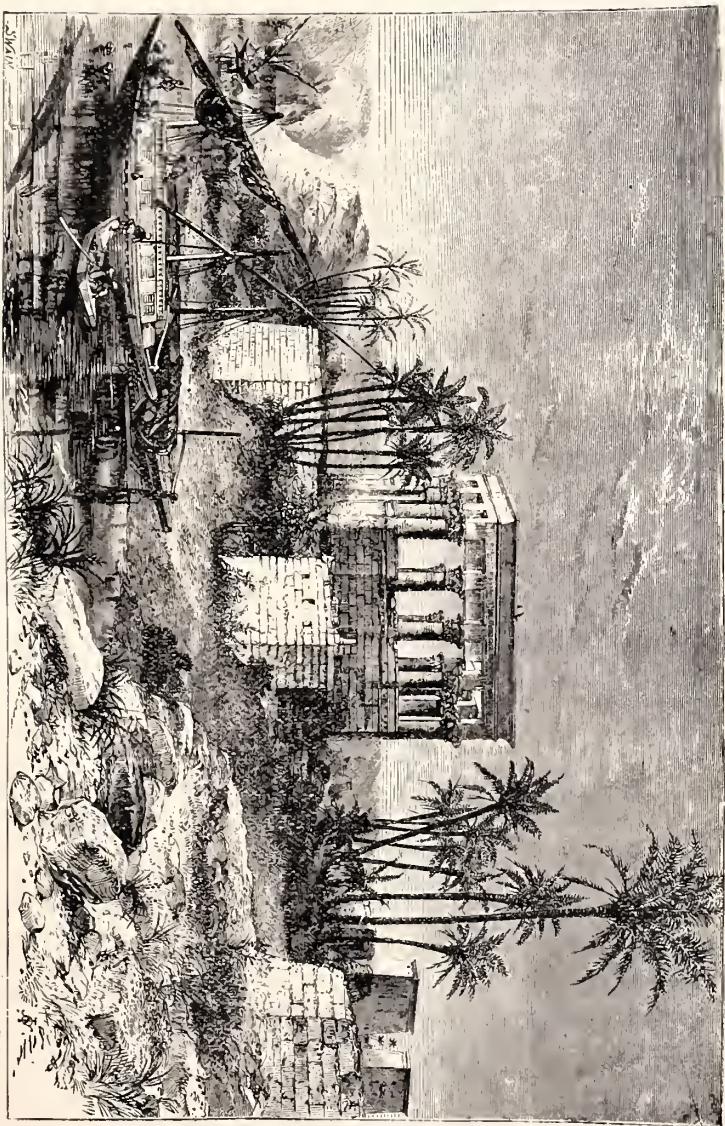
and, with a Nubian boy who speaks no English, set out very early in the morning on our ride. We ride over to the granite quarries, and spend some time inspecting the work of the ancient masons and stone-cutters. From the records there is little doubt that the Pharaohs sent many of the sons of Jacob here to cut and polish stone for the temples in Lower Egypt. They have left distinct traces of their work behind them. All the blocks of granite, the casing of the pyramids, the pillars, columns, obelisks and statues which we have already seen came from this quarry.

The method in which the blocks were quarried out one above the other is still to be distinctly seen on the face of the cliff. The skill with which huge masses of granite were detached from the face of the cliff to which they belonged and handled without injury is absolutely marvelous. The obelisks were completely finished on three sides before they were finally detached from their native rock. This was done by boring numerous holes along a fixed line and then driving in wooden wedges and pouring water on them. In this manner the great masses were split from the face of the cliff. These ancient stone-cutters also understood the art of splitting stones by heat.*

From the granite quarries we ride out on the broad, sandy desert and continue our journey alone. We have a delightful ride and enjoy the solitude of the sandy waste. It is a time for thought and meditation, and who will be surprised to know that our mind is not in the desert, but with loved ones at home! Shall we be permitted to see them again? God knows. To him we commit all our ways and he will order all things well.

In due time we reach the landing-place for the steamers, opposite Philæ, where the steamer Oonas is moored.

* "Upper Egypt," page 277.



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AND ITS RUINS.

To face page 275.

She is to take our little party to Wady Halfa and back. We dismiss donkey and boy after giving the latter a couple of piasters as backsheesh. It matters not that a contract was made for the donkey and the full price paid, the backsheesh is sure to be demanded, and custom has made a law which says it must be paid. The working of the oriental mind in regard to this giving of money, in addition to the contrast, is peculiar. On one occasion we made a contract with a guide to furnish boat and donkeys for a certain price. It was one dollar more than the regular price, as we afterwards learned. When payment was made the backsheesh was demanded and had to be paid.

Between Assuan and Philæ is the little Island of Sehel, noted for the numerous inscriptions found on the granite rocks. Here, on the sixth of February, 1889, Mr. Wilbur was fortunate enough to find an important granite column nine feet high, standing above the water, and in full view when one is going toward Philæ. On it is an inscription in hieroglyphics, consisting of thirty-two lines, which form an important document. It contains information concerning a famine which lasted seven years, and was occasioned by the failure of the Nile to overflow the land. The second line translated reads thus: "By misfortune the very greatest; the Nile has not come forth during a period of seven years. Scarce was grain, lacking was vegetable food. There was a dearth of everything which man ate." The inscription further states that in this time of distress Pharaoh sent a messenger to the governor at Philæ, telling him of the famine and of the want and suffering among the people, and inquiring about the source of the Nile and about the god who presided over it. He promised to faithfully worship the deity of the Nile if he would henceforth make the waters overflow the land and yield

full harvest again to the people. It also states that after the return of the messenger to the king he immediately ordered rich sacrifices to be made to the god of the Nile and decreed that tithes of all that grew on the land should be sent to his temple.

Of course this inscription brings to mind the interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams by Joseph. He foretold the coming of the years of great plenty and the years of famine and was appointed by Pharaoh to lay up grain against the famine. At El Kab an inscription has been discovered which doubtless refers to these years of famine. The Pharaoh for whom it was inscribed by Baba speaks thus:

"I loved my father; I honored my mother; my brothers and my sisters loved me. I went out of the door of my house with a benevolent heart; I stood there with a refreshing hand; splendid were my preparations of what I collected for the festal day. Mild was my heart, free from violent anger. The gods bestowed upon me abundant prosperity on earth. The city wished me health and a life full of enjoyment. . . . My words may seem a jest to a gainsayer. But I call the God Mentre to witness that what I say is true. . . . *I collected corn as a friend of the harvest God. I was watchful at the time of sowing. AND WHEN A FAMINE AROSE, lasting many years, I DISTRIBUTED CORN TO THE CITY EACH YEAR OF THE FAMINE.*"

Of this remarkable inscription Brugsch says: "Now, since families succeeding one another are of the very greatest rarity in Egypt, and Baba lived and worked under the native King Sequeu Ra Taa III, in the ancient city of El Kab, about the same time during which Joseph exercised his office under one of the Hyksos kings, there remains, for a satisfactory conclusion, but one fair inference: that the '*many years of famine*' in the inscription must correspond to

the *seven years of famine* under Joseph's Pharaoh, who was one of the shepherd kings."

The inscriptions at Sehel and El Kab may or may not refer to the famine recorded in the Bible, with which Joseph and his brethren were so closely connected, and which had such a wonderful influence upon their lives. We see no reason why the conclusion of Brugsch may not be correct, and yet, if it is not, the inscriptions do show that the Bible narrative is fully in line with the conditions which existed in Egypt at the time the account was written. Hidden away under the mud of the Nile or the shifting sands of the desert, for thousands of years, these evidences of the truth of God's Book are being brought to light to-day, when they are most needed to meet infidelity, and we may expect even more wonderful results in the future than have been obtained in the past.



CHAPTER XVI.

The Oonas.—Our Party for the Second Cataract.—Abyssinian Soldiers.—The Dervishes.—The Land of Cush.—The Nubians.—Curious Fashions and Customs.—Making Dough for Bread.—The Sacred Crocodile.—Kalabshi and the Tropic of Cancer.—Dekkeh.—Our Boat Aground.—Korosko.—General Gordon.

THE steamer Oonas is but a small stern-wheel boat, with accommodations for but a very few passengers. Our party for the second cataract is not large, but pleasant and companionable. Among the number were L. D. M. Sweat and wife of Portland, Maine, an ex-member of Congress; Mr. Agnew, an English gentleman; Judge Lea of London, and an Australian. Going on board the boat we noticed a half score of soldiers with arms and accoutrements. They were Abyssinians in the service of the Egyptian government. They were fine, soldierly-looking men with skin as black as coal. Their faces were deeply scarred, and they looked fierce and warlike. Our first impression on seeing them was that we were taking a squad of soldiers to join their comrades at Wady Halfa, where there is an army of occupation; but we had not gone far before we learned that the soldiers were sent with us as a guard. It was not considered safe for travelers to go to the second cataract without having such a guard. At Cairo we had been fully assured by the authorities that it was entirely safe to go to Wady Halfa; but now we learned that it was far from safe, and the soldiers on board the boat were a constant reminder that we were in an enemy's country.

Had we known of the dangers of the trip, our journey would have ended at Assuan. As it was we were steaming southward to Wady Halfa and must make the best of the situation.

Since 1885, when General Gordon and his men were massacred at Khartoum, the followers of the Mahdi, as their false prophet is called, have made raids on the encampments along the upper Nile. Only two weeks before we made our trip a band of these warlike Dervishes made an approach at Wady Halfa, killed about one hundred men and then escaped into the desert. They know the desert so well that escape for them is easy. Pursuit is almost useless, for it is impossible for an army to march across these sandy plains. This accounts for the unsafe condition of the Nile between the first and second cataracts and for the soldiers on board our little steamer. The men were well armed and looked as if they would be able to repel an attack; but we hoped we might be allowed to finish our journey in peace. We could not, however, free ourselves from more or less anxiety.

From the first cataract southward the valley of the Nile narrows, and at many places the river is shut in by the rocky cliffs on either side. At other places the yellow sand of the desert comes down to the very banks of the stream, leaving on the steep side of the bank only the narrow strip which is cultivated. The farmers here plant their lentils and beans down the steep bank to the very water's edge. As the water recedes, they follow it with a succession of plantings. Strip after strip of wheat, barley, lentils and beans is thus planted, and while the upper strip is blossoming and throwing out heads, the one next the river is just coming through the ground and putting forth the first blades. Between the upper and lower strip are all the in-

intermediate degrees of growth. The banks of the river, where they are thus cultivated, present a very beautiful appearance, being in many places covered with rich green to the very edge of the water.

The population is scanty. There are said to be about four thousand inhabitants between the first and second cataract. The narrow strip of soil is wonderfully productive, but artificial irrigation is more needful than in Lower Egypt, and the sakkieh and shaduf are to be seen all along the river banks. At one place, standing on the stern of the Oonas, we counted no less than twenty-three sakkiehs in operation at one time. The Nubians are profuse in the use of castor oil on their persons, but do not seem to think it at all necessary to oil the bearings of their creaking water-wheels. The creaking and groanings of a dozen sakkiehs, interspersed with the mournful and monotonous song of the fathers of the shaduf, may be heard day and night along the Nile in Nubia. After spending a sleepless night or two on account of the creaking wheels the sound becomes anything but musical to our ears.

The landscape changes and assumes a more tropical appearance as we journey southward. The doom palm which we first saw at Thebes is now quite common. Fields of cotton, sugar cane and other tropical products line the banks of the river, and such is the wonderful fertility of the soil that by proper irrigation it produces three harvests a year. Little cultivation is needed. The women and children work in the fields, the men are either at work raising the water from the river or lounging beneath the shade of the palms. At noonday the rays of the sun beat down upon us with great force, and it is as warm here in the middle of January as it is at home in July and August. We wonder what the heat must be in midsummer.

We are now in the land of Cush and Ethiopia of the Bible. In more recent times it has been, and is still, called Nubia. We are really in Africa. There can be no mistake, for the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, and he bears the same color to-day that he had when the Bible was written. Then here are the dome-shaped huts with which Stanley's pictures have made us familiar. Occasionally we see a native in the picturesque Nubian costume with spear in hand. He looks fierce enough, with frightful scars on his face, but he is bent on a peaceful mission. He wants to exchange his spear for a few silver shillings, the value of which he has learned.

The Bible frequently makes mention of Nubia, or Ethiopia, as it was then known. Job, speaking of the priceless value of wisdom, says, "The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,"* and the Psalmist says that "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God."† May not this prophecy have been literally fulfilled in the conversion and baptism of "a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of Ethiopia"‡ by Philip? Speaking of Thebes, at that time the great capital city of Egypt, the prophet also says, "Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength."§ Then, too, Ezekiel prophesies against Ethiopia, declaring that there shall be great pain in that country, that the people shall be slain, and that desolation shall come upon her.|| The words of the prophet have been literally fulfilled, for Ethiopia is desolate and the very name of the country has been changed.

Though Nubia did not form a part of Egypt proper, yet, at the present day, it more closely resembles the Egypt of the Pharaohs than does the region of the lower

*Job 28: 19.
§Nahum 3: 9.

†Psalms 68: 31.
||Ezek. 30: 4, 7.

‡Acts 8: 27.

Nile. Cut off from the rest of the world by the cataract on the north, and by the desert on the east and west, its population has been kept pure from the intermixture of foreign blood, and its manners and customs have remained almost unchanged. Faces are depicted on the monuments which might pass for portraits of those we see around us. The contour of the features is precisely the same. This likeness is rendered more obvious by a similarity in the mode of dressing the hair, which is arranged in small corkscrew curls, kept close to the head by saturation with castor oil. The necklace, earrings and bracelets are the same as those worn three thousand years ago. In any Nubian hut may be found wooden pillows or head-rests whose form is absolutely undistinguishable from that of those to be seen in the British Museum, brought there from the Theban tombs.*

The wonderful likeness between the Nubians of to-day and those whose faces were chiseled on the walls of the temples thirty-five centuries ago was illustrated at the temple at Abou Simbel in Nubia. One of our attendants who carried a torch stood by our side while we examined the faces on the wall. The faces on the wall at one or two places bore such a striking likeness to the torch-bearer at our side that we felt for a moment that one of the ancient Egyptians stood by our side.

At Kalabshi there is a large Nubian village and we go ashore to study the home life of the Ethiopian and Cushite. They are quite friendly and treat us with a courtesy hardly to be expected. The pests of all warm climates, the vermin, fairly revel in these African huts. We walk through the dirty, narrow streets, go into the huts and see the Nubian at home. Their houses are entirely devoid of carpet. They sleep on the ground; and squatting around a

* "The Land of the Pharaohs," page 154.

large, earthen bowl, filled with porridge made of lentils or beans, with a bit of cake in their hands, they eat their scanty meals. Spoons are useless when fingers are so handy. They all dip into the same dish, and are not so particular as to a little dirt. Fire, except for cooking, is not used. It is so warm even in midwinter that there is no necessity for it. The women wear the nose-ring, which looks odd enough, but they seem to be equally surprised to see our ladies with rings in their ears. It is a mere matter of taste and fashion after all.

Clothing is not a question of much concern among them. The men who work in the field and at the shaduf lay off the shirt-like outer garment and wear only the cloth folded and wrapped about the loins. The women wear a sort of tunic, something like a large sheet folded about the body and looped up on the shoulders, leaving the arms bare. Children go unclothed, but as they grow older wear a short, fringed skirt of leather, cut into strips and decorated with beads and cowry shells, tied about the loins.

In our walk through the village we saw a woman preparing dough, to be made into thin cakes and baked on flat stones which had been heated in the fire. She had in front of her a flat stone about two feet long and one foot wide, which constant use had worn quite smooth and slightly hollow in the middle. In her hand she held a flint stone, flattened on the under side, and at her side stood a small basket of beans and a jar of water. At one end of the stone was laid a piece of dirty palm matting on which the dough fell. Near this a few live embers kept a little smoke rising over the stone. She put a handful of the small beans on the stone, and then, dipping her hand into the dish, let the water drop on the beans. Grasping the smaller stone with both hands she rubbed the mass, adding a little

water occasionally, until it was converted into a coarse paste. Then she put on more beans and water and continued the process until she had a sufficient quantity of dough for the meal. The smoke is intended to keep away the flies and other insects, but we noticed that a number of flies ventured too close and were mercilessly crushed by the relentless stone.

A small coin as backsheesh gave us the privilege of trying our hand at the rubbing and grinding process. We found that it required much hard work and some skill to grind the beans in this way. It took but a small amount of exercise of this kind to gratify our curiosity, and we retired amidst the suppressed laughter of the men, women and children who had gathered about us and who doubtless pitied our ignorance, since we did not know enough to crush beans as the women of Ethiopia do.

The people seem to be contented with their lot and are light-hearted and happy. At least it seemed so to us. We cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Hapley's description of the Nubians. He had landed from a Nile boat and was lying beneath the shade of a grove of palm trees. He says: "A mother and two children—a chubby, unclad urchin of two or three, and an elder sister—entered from the outer glare and squatted down in the golden light filtering from above on the sandy area of the grove. They could not have traveled far, for they came in so gladsome and fresh. The daughter, a fine grown girl of eleven, ran off to the well and tripped back playfully, with one hand daintily steadying an earthen bowl, dripping over with grateful drink. Her mother awaited it, with her back against a palm tree. How these Nubian faces flash out at times an intelligence that no one would give them credit for! This woman, under thirty perhaps, yet already old and wrinkled,

might have been handsome enough once, but her face was dull and stolid—of the earth earthy. Yet as she sat there, straining her little blackamoor to her breast, the soul came up in her face and she looked positively beautiful. It was like lighting the candle within the lantern. She wore a tunic of camel's-hair fabric, Nubian fashion, looped up on each shoulder, leaving the arms bare. It had more the cut of the Greek palla, than the skirt of the Egyptian fellah—a kind of extra fold falling from the neck to the waist. The daughter, a pretty little girl, lithesome and shapely, you might have taken her for a dryad of the woods. She romped free in the changing, leafy light of this copse as if her life were all play. There was something so gracious and winsome about her that you could not find heart to cavil. Yet her hair was reeking with castor oil, and I am afraid the gloss on her supple limbs was attributable to the same unguent. She seemed almost perfect in form; and the hair in question, which hung in a hundred little plaits about her shoulders, shortened in a line across her forehead, framed a face of which the big black eyes, pouted lip and placid mien, seemed an echo of those sweet faces you see pictured in the old tombs—an echo from a far back world. Her sole dress, save a necklace or two of beads, was a short petticoat of tiny strips of leather, a kind of fringe decked out coquettishly with a multitude of cowry shells and glass beads, all of which tinkled merrily as she skipped along. You could not, for the life of you, call it an immodest costume, the thing was so natural and innocent. Indeed, until the girls marry, such is their only dress save a light veil thrown over the head against the sun."

We saw many living pictures of this kind, save that many otherwise really handsome faces, among both men and women, were frightfully scarred. The Nubians seem

to think that a scar adds to the beauty of the face. Two or three cuts are made on either cheek and they are kept open while healing so that great scars are the result. It is singular what custom and fashion will do for a people. In this respect, many civilized nations are not far removed from these half-civilized tribes of Africa. In Germany a scarred face is regarded as a sign of bravery, and the students cut each other's faces in their so-called duels and the wound is so manipulated as to produce an ugly scar. In our own country fashion's demands are obeyed. Our women deform themselves by tight lacing, wear huge deformities on their persons and no matter how peculiar or ridiculous a fashion may be it must be followed. We are glad to know that there are some among us who will not bow to the commands of the tyrant fashion, some who think for themselves, and have independence of character enough to act for themselves.

Crocodiles are still to be seen between the first and second cataracts; but since the introduction of steamboats between Philæ and Wady Halfa they are becoming quite rare indeed. We see several on our voyage up the river. Seen in the distance, they resemble a log of the palm tree more than anything else. As the steamer approaches them they slide down the muddy bank and disappear beneath the water. In ancient times these huge animals abounded in the waters of the Nile and such were their size and strength that many of the natives were destroyed by them. The ancient Egyptians worshiped the crocodile, and these dangerous and voracious monsters were carefully fed and tended in Lak Moeris, and held to be sacred by the people. When they died their bodies were carefully embalmed and laid away in costly tombs.

Crocodiles on the Upper Nile.



On our journey southward from the first cataract we pass our first night at Kalabshi, where the boat is tied to stakes driven deep into the soft banks of the river. The town, a mere Nubian mud village, stands immediately on the Tropic of Cancer. Here, on the longest day of the year (June 21), at noon, an object casts no shadow, as the rays of the sun fall upon the earth in a straight line. At Kalabshi a temple was built, B. C. 1600, and the ruins of a later building on the old foundation are still to be seen. The natives have built their mud huts all around and about the ruins. The contrast between the ancient temple walls, the massive columns and the great doorways and the mud huts is at once striking and novel. The outer temple wall is two hundred and thirty-five feet long and one hundred and seventeen feet wide. The ruins are in a fair state of preservation, but the doorway is blocked with huge stones.

In the interior of the temple are two inscriptions, one in Greek and the other in the Ethiopian demotic characters, which has not yet been deciphered. The following is the translation of the first: "I Silko, sub-king of the Nobades and all Ethiopians, came twice to Kalabshi and Tafah. I fought against the Blemmyes and God gave me victory over them, three to one. Again I conquered and took possession of their cities, I fortified myself there with my troops, I overcame them and they sued to me. I made peace with them and they swore to me by the images of their gods, and I trusted their oath, for they were brave men. I ascended once more into the upper districts. Since I am sub-king, I go no longer after other kings but before them. And those who seek to strive with me, I do not allow to remain in their land unless they beg for pardon from me, for in the lower districts I am a lion, and in the upper districts a bear. I fought again with the

Blemmyes from Primis to Talmis. And I laid waste the other districts, the upper Nobad regions, when they sought to strive with me. The rulers of the other peoples, who seek to strive with me, I do not allow to seat themselves in the shade, if they do not bow before; and they may not drink wine in their house. For whosoever raise themselves up against me, them I deprive of their wives and children."*

We are followed to and from and about the temple by a number of men and boys. The women are at work in the fields and about their houses. Some of those who follow us offer to sell beads, doom palms, dates and other articles. Others bring baskets filled with eggs, offering them for sale to our cook and steward. A purchase is made at the rate of twenty-five cents per hundred, about the same amount that we pay per dozen at home during the winter season. Notwithstanding their disposition to sell to us, they do not appear to be very friendly. One of the men has a heavy African war club, made of ebony. It is a fine specimen and attracts the attention of several of our party. Evidently the Nubian has no desire to part with his weapon of defense, for he asks a price for it that is more than five times its real value; and although he is offered a handsome price for it he persistently refuses to let it go.

Nubia has an abundance of ruined temples, but we visit only a few of the most interesting. At Dekkeh we stop for a short time and walk a short distance across the desert to the ruins of a temple visible from the boat. Before going ashore our Abyssinian guard equip themselves and march out before us. The natives seem friendly enough, but doubtless our guard has a restraining influence upon them.

*"Upper Egypt," pages 308, 309.

The temple at Dekkeh was built by Erganum, an Ethiopian monarch, who broke through the barbarous custom of his race and set at defiance the tyranny of the priests. Diodorus tells us that up to this time the priests had always informed the king when the time had arrived for him to die, whereupon, in obedience to their commands, he slew himself. This strange custom seems to have grown out of a feeling like that which prevailed among our Norse ancestors, that it was disgraceful for a warrior to die from disease or old age, and the sagas record several instances of aged chiefs rushing into certain death to escape so dishonorable an end. Wilkinson points out that a similar custom yet exists amongst certain races which lie farther to the south. Erganum, having received the intimation that the time had come for him to die, not only refused to obey the priests, but, collecting his troops, marched to the temple, slew them, and effected a reform of the entire system. He clearly distinguishes between submission to the priests and reverence for the gods, for he is represented on the walls of the temple as making the accustomed offerings to the deities, and the usual cartouches declare that he was "protected by Ammon," "the chosen of Ra," and "the beloved of Isis."*

The people at the village of Dekkeh are among the first dwellers that we meet in the torrid zone. They are dark brown in color, several shades darker than the Egyptians and not so black as the negro. In appearance they are rather fine-looking, and among the young people one sees some faces that might be called handsome; but they age early and are then far from good-looking. The inevitable scar on the cheeks, the wrinkles and the lack of intelligence in the eyes and face are not conducive to beauty.

* "The Land of the Pharaohs," page 155.

The women are tall, straight and well formed, the result of the custom of carrying burdens on their heads from childhood. They are not burdened with heavy clothing and have the free use of their limbs. Here, too, the nose is pierced and large metal rings depend from the side of that organ. When the ring is not in its place the hole is filled by pushing a white bead into it. The bead looks very white in its dark setting. The children are entirely nude and the care of their wardrobe is reduced to the minimum. They look like little bronze statues as they stand at a safe distance watching us. The girls of nine years and upwards wear an apron made of fringed leather and decorated with cowry shells and beads. It is curiously enough called "Madame Nubia," and is worn about the loins and constitutes their only garment.

Of this garment Miss Edwards says: "Having seen a similar fringe in the collection of a friend at home, I at once recognized in 'Madame Nubia' one of those curious girdles which, with the addition of a necklace and a few bracelets, form the entire wardrobe of little girls south of the cataract. They vary in size according to the age of the wearer; the largest being about twelve inches in depth and twenty-five in length. A few are ornamented with beads and small shells; but these are the exception. The ordinary article is cheaply and unpretentiously trimmed with castor oil; that is to say, the girdle when new is well soaked in the oil, which softens and darkens the leather, besides adding a perfume dear to native nostrils. For to the Nubian, who grows his own plants and bruises his own berries, this odor is delicious. He reckons castor oil as among his greatest luxuries. He eats it as we eat butter. His wives saturate their plaited locks with it. His little girls perfume their fringes with it. His boys anoint their bodies with it.

His home, his breath, his food are redolent of it. It pervades the very air in which he lives and has his being. Happy the traveler who, while his lines are cast in Nubia, can train his degenerate nose to delight in the aroma of castor oil."*



Nubian Mud Huts.

In the village, made up of mud huts, we noticed women pounding and rubbing lentils until a dough was formed which, when baked and dipped in castor oil, is esteemed a great luxury. The huts are as entirely devoid of anything to make them comfortable as it is possible to make them, and yet the people who live in them seem to be happy and contented. We wonder whether our boasted civilization, with the rum and whisky that follow it, would not make them, in the end, worse off than they now are.

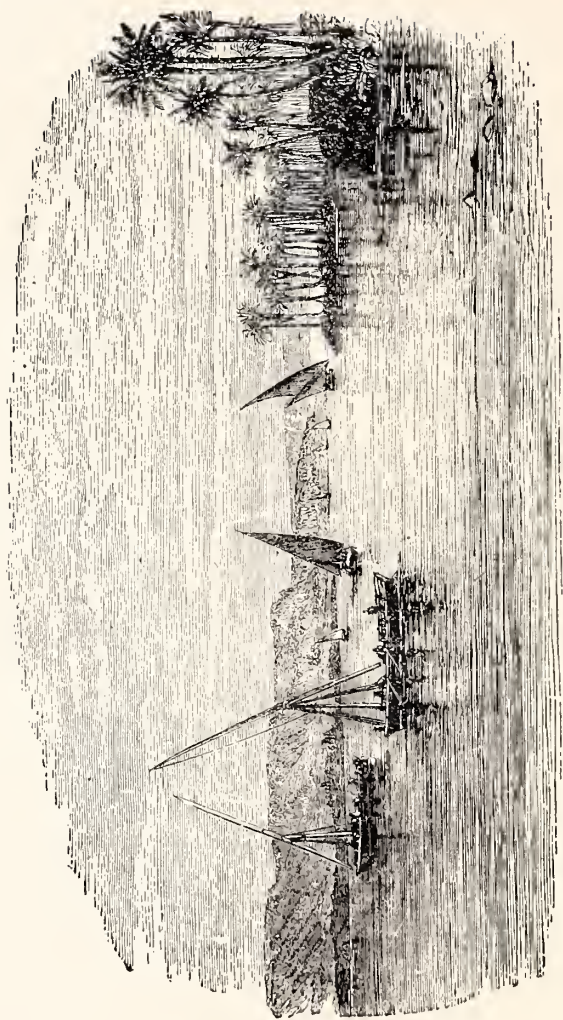
The people at Dekkeh are not given to selling relics. Some of the girls offer us agates which they have picked up on the desert, but they are shy and if spoken to or ap-

* "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," page 176.

proached run away. One holds up in her hand a string of beads and when she receives a small coin in exchange for it runs away laughing, seeming to enjoy her success in making a sale.

When we reached Dekkeh our pilot ran the boat ashore with considerable force, and when we were ready to leave the landing-place it was found that the Oonas was firmly grounded in the Nile mud. The engine was reversed, but the full power of our motive force failed to move the boat, even when seconded by the efforts of all hands aboard. There was shouting and pushing with poles and a rushing of the boat's wheel in the water, but all in vain. The boat did not move an inch. Then it was decided to call on the men of the village to help us. A runner was sent out and in about half an hour some twenty men arrived. The women and children came too and, squatted on the bank, silently watched the proceedings. The men waded into the water and there was much shouting and pushing, but the result was that the little steamer moved not. More men came; there was more pushing and shouting, the paddle wheel was reversed at full speed, but the united efforts failed to move the boat. Trial after trial was made, but with all the pushing and shouting the Oonas remained firmly fixed in her bed of mud.

The situation now began to look serious. Several hours had passed away and the prospects for getting away from Dekkeh were not very bright. Then it was suggested that a windlass be rigged on the bow of the boat, and an anchor with a rope attached to it be thrown into the river at some distance from the shore. After some delay this was done and the end of the rope was attached to the windlass on the steamer, and then, by turning the windlass, if the anchor held, the boat would be dragged off the bank of



The Nile above the First Cataract.

mud. We watched the proceedings with a good deal of interest. Would the anchor hold? If not, the chances were good for us to remain at Dekkeh for some time. Finally the anchor held, the rope tightened, and slowly we began to move. The Nubians dashed into the water with a great shout, and putting hands and shoulders to the side of the boat pushed with all their strength, at the same time shouting at the top of their voices. In a few minutes more the Oonas swung out into the stream. A liberal backsheesh was distributed among the Nubians, we hoisted our anchor and steamed southward again.


At Korosko we stopped again. Going ashore we passed through an Ethiopian village and climbed to the top of a mountain called Awas el-Guarani, from the top of which was had a fine view of the beautiful Nile valley on the one side and the desert on the other.

Until the fall of Khartoum Korosko was the chief starting point for all the caravans going to Abou Hamed. The Nile makes a sweeping curve and by crossing the desert at this place the distance is not only shortened but the three upper cataracts, which are not navigable when the river is low, are avoided. Here General Gordon left the river and crossed the desert on his last fatal journey to Khartoum in 1884. Having reached his journey's end he held his own against the Mahdi for some time, but the place was finally taken and the brave man and his followers were put to death. No one escaped to tell the sad story.

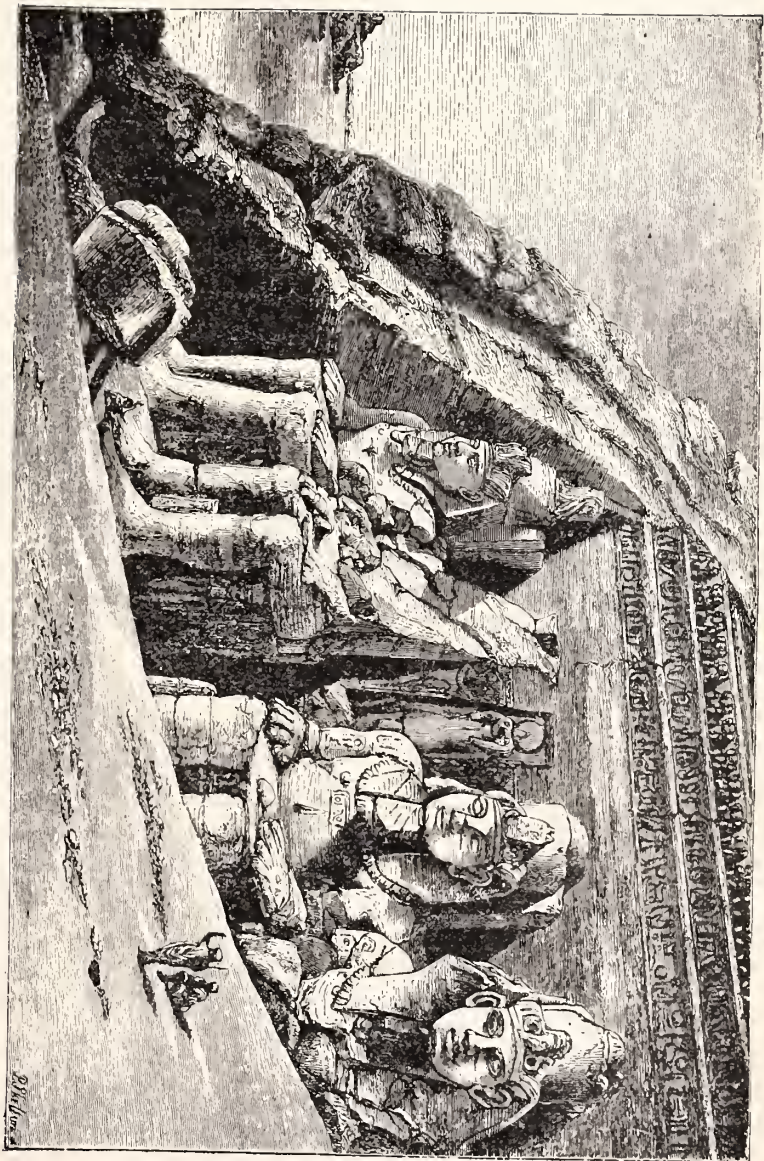


CHAPTER XVII.

Rameses the Great Builder.—Abou Simbel.—The Colossi.—The Great Temple.—An Immense Picture.—Sunset on the Mountains.—The Southern Cross.—The Smaller Temple.—Pharaoh and his Queen.—The Battle with the Hittites.

AMESES II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, was a great builder as well as a great statesman and general. He did not confine his building operations to Egypt proper, but dotted Nubia with magnificent temples, on the walls of which are recorded in extravagant terms the deeds of the greatest egotist the world has known. He not only built new temples, but used those of his predecessors, upon the walls of which he recorded his victories and celebrated his glories. He even went so far as to appropriate the statues of some of the Pharaohs who preceded him, and had his sculptors change the features of his fathers for those of his own. The names of the kings whom the statues originally represented were chiseled off and replaced by the name of the praise-loving ruler. His idea was, that a statue, to fully represent his greatness, must be colossal in its size, and this idea he carried out most fully at Abou Simbel in Nubia.

Sailing up the Nile a distance of one hundred and sixty miles from Philæ, we see in the distance the dim outline of a mountain range. A nearer approach shows that the bluff comes close to the river, and here we have the temple of Abou Simbel. The face of the mountain has been hewn away and smoothed to a depth of one hundred and nine-



Front of the Great Rock-cut Temple at Abu Simbel.

teen feet, forming the front of the temple, which is one hundred and five feet high. In cutting away the cliff, the face of the mountain was carved into four gigantic statues of the king. They are seated on thrones with their backs against the mountain. "These granite warders, hewn out of the living rock, keep watch at the portal of the temple, seated in solemn majesty as they have sat for nearly four thousand years." The guidebooks give the following dimensions of the statues: "Their total height is sixty-six feet without the pedestal; the ear measures three feet and five inches; from the inner side of the elbow-joint to the end of the middle finger the distance is fifteen feet." These figures give but an inadequate idea of the magnitude of these wonderful statues bearing the features of the Pharaoh who oppressed God's people.

The symmetry and beauty of the figures are as remarkable as their great size. The limbs and head are well proportioned. The coarseness and rudeness of finish usually associated with statues of great size are not to be seen in these mountain-like figures. Notwithstanding the enormous scale on which they are cut, the effect is quite natural and successful. The features are delicately wrought, the expression of the face is kindly and pleasant. One writer says: "They are unique in art. The masterpieces of Greece, higher in rank, have nothing to rank with the mystic beauty of these."

Miss Edwards, who spent several weeks at Abou Simbel, says: "The artists who wrought the original statues were embarrassed by no difficulties of focus, daunted by no difficulties of scale. Giants themselves, they summoned these giants out of the solid rock, and endowed them with superhuman strength and beauty. They sought no quarried blocks of syenite or granite for their work. They

fashioned no models of clay. They took a mountain, and fell upon it like Titans, and hollowed and carved it as though it were a cherry stone, and left it for the feeblers of after ages to marvel at forever. One great hall and fifteen spacious chambers they hewed out from the heart of it; then smoothed the rugged precipice towards the river, and cut four huge statues with their faces to the sunrise, two to the right and two to the left of the doorway, there to keep watch to the end of time.

"Nothing in Egyptian sculpture is perhaps quite so wonderful as the way in which these Abou Simbel artists dealt with the thousands of tons of material to which they gave human form. Consummate masters of effect, they knew precisely what to do and what to leave undone. These were portrait statues: therefore they finished the heads up to the highest point consistent with their size. But the trunk and the lower limbs they regarded from a decorative rather than a statuesque point of view. As decoration, it was necessary that they should give size and dignity to the facade. Everything consequently was here subordinated to the general effect of breadth, of massiveness, of repose. Considered thus, the Colossi are a triumph of treatment. Side by side they sit, placid and majestic, their feet a little apart, their hands resting on their knees. Shapely though they are, those huge legs look scarcely inferior in girth to the great columns at Karnac."*

Each of the four statues bears the royal cartouch and name of Rameses II. It is deeply cut on the breasts, the arms and the legs of the four Colossi. By the side of the statues of the king is that of the queen. But it is so dwarfed by the gigantic proportions of the larger statues

* "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," pages 288, 289.

that it at first escapes notice, and yet it is about twenty feet high. The representation shows what an exalted opinion Pharaoh had of himself and how he regarded his consort.

Back of these four gigantic figures the mountain has been chiseled and hollowed out to a depth of one hundred and eighty-five feet. The entrance to the temple is between the statues, two keeping eternal watch on either side. Entering the door we find ourselves in an immense hallway fifty-eight feet long and fifty-four wide. To support the ceiling eight square columns of the original rock were left standing, and on the inner side and facing each other these columns were carved into images of the king. Each one of them is twenty feet high. They stand erect and form a central aisle in the hall. They are clothed in a close-fitting tunic with belts about the loins on which is cut the royal name of Rameses.

The hall opens into eight chambers and into a smaller hall, at the end of which there is a small chamber with an altar, used as the place of sacrifice. The walls of this wonderful mountain temple are covered with paintings and sculpture in bas-relief. Of the decorations Manning says: "The walls are glowing with color like the pages of an illuminated missal, magnified a thousandfold. Their theme is everywhere the same,—the glory of Rameses. We cannot fail, however, to be struck by the contrast between the tranquil, gentle face of the deified monarch, and the deeds of savage ferocity which are here ascribed to him. Long lines of captives are led bound before him on their way to execution. He himself is depicted as slaying them with pitiless cruelty. In one sculpture he is grasping by the hair a group of prisoners, representing the various nations, African and Asiatic, which he has conquered. With his up-

lifted sword he is about to decapitate them. The god Ammon hands him a scimiter, in token of his approval of the deed. We follow the mighty conqueror through his campaigns. In one place he is charging in his war chariot upon a whole phalanx of Scythians. In another, he single-handed slays their chief. In a third, he is laying waste the



Rameses II Slaying his Captives (Abou Simbel).

territory of the Ethiopians. But everywhere his countenance wears the same expression of tranquillity and repose which nothing can disturb.”*

On the north side of the great hall is to be seen a great picture, a monster battle scene, nearly fifty-eight feet long and twenty-five feet high, which is said to contain over

* “The Land of the Pharaohs.”

eleven thousand figures. It is much more than the scene of a battle, it is a grand pictorial history of a campaign. Everywhere Rameses II is to be seen triumphing over his foes. The inscriptions laud him as the mighty king, the great victor. He is drawing his chariot among his enemies, who flee before him. Some are crushed under its iron wheels while others fall beneath the stroke of his sword. A great river winds its way through the picture. Some of the fugitives plunge into the water and are drowned. The wounded and dead are strewn about the field of battle and riderless horses are to be seen running away from the carnage of the battle. The great picture is all for the glory of Rameses II. Some one has called him the Barnum of Egypt, and the name is appropriate.

Further on is a group engaged in counting the hands that have been severed from the arms of those slain by the king. The royal secretary takes down the number while the others take up the hands one by one and throw them on a heap which has already assumed a great size. Again we see the king returning in great pomp from his victorious campaign, preceded by his prisoners. They are tied together in gangs, having ropes placed around their necks. Their arms are bound, some above the head, some behind and some in front of the prisoners. The annexed engraving shows the prisoners to be of different nationalities. There is no mistaking the black skin, the flat noses and the thick lips of the upper group: they are as distinctively African as are the Abyssinians, Negroes and Nubians of to-day. And the lower group is as distinctively Asiatic. They stagger along with their heads thrown back, the very picture of pain and suffering.

Among the faces on the wall are very many of the Jewish type, very distinctly and plainly marked. Indeed

any one at all familiar with the peculiar faces of the sons of Jacob could at once point them out on the walls of this old rock-cut temple. There is not much doubt that Rameses II, the oppressor of the Jews, who compelled them to perform all kinds of hard labor, brought them up the Nile



Group of Pharaoh's Prisoners.

to work in the quarries and assist in excavating the great mountain temple at Abou Simbel. If these silent, sculptured walls could speak, what a tale of human suffering and woe they could reveal! But they are as silent as the grave and will hold their secrets until the day of final reckoning.

In one of the chambers we noticed an unfinished sculpture. It was intended to represent Rameses offering a sac-

rifice to his god Ammon Ra. The figure of the king was finished and a few lines were cut in that of the god, and there the work ceased. The drawing by which the artist's chisel was to be guided is plainly visible, and is perhaps as distinct to-day as it was thirty-three centuries ago when the lines were first drawn. Why was the work left thus unfinished? Who can tell? The silent halls of the old temple, the dwelling-place of bats and serpents, hold their secrets well.

At this place we refer again to the very striking and close resemblance of the natives who inhabit Egypt and Nubia to-day to the race that built the pyramids, Memphis, Thebes, and who chiseled out the heart of this mountain and made of it a grand, enduring temple. Both in Egypt and here in Nubia we have seen faces strikingly like those sculptured on the walls of tombs and temples at Sakkara, Beni Hassan, Abydos, Denderah, Esneh, Edfou, Thebes, and now here again in this mountain temple of the Pharaoh of the oppression. As we wandered through its chambers a number of our attendant Nubians had the peculiar type of face seen on the sculptured walls. We noticed particularly the resemblance between one who stood by our side and the faces carved on the wall; it was so great that for a moment it seemed to us that one of the ancient Egyptians had stepped from the tomb and taken flesh and blood upon himself again. No son ever looked more like his father. "Their skin is of a dusky yellow color, a shade darker than the Arab's, their countenance full without being puffed, their eyes large, black and slightly almond-shaped, the nose nearly straight and rounded at the tip, the nostrils dilated; the lips thick but not thrown back as those of the Negro: and beard and hair black, a little bushy but

not woolly." They are a fine-looking and rather handsome race of people.

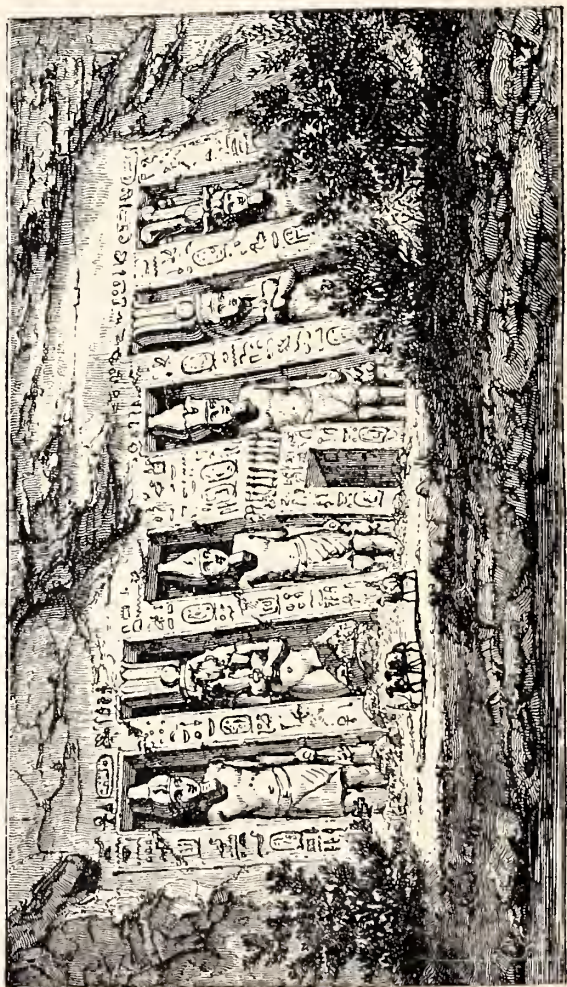
In the evening of the day spent at Abou Simbel we climbed to the top of the mountain to see the sun set; and we had a fine view of the Nile valley and desert on either side. The ranges of the desert hills, bordered by the green banks of the river, studded with groves of palms, and tamarisk trees and the villages of the natives are full of beauty and interest. The western sun throws over all these a glory of light and color beyond the description of pen or pencil. The atmosphere in this climate, where rain and dew are unknown, is wonderfully clear, and the sunsets are beautiful beyond description. As the monarch of the day sinks below the western horizon the sky is all ablaze with glory.

"Now sinks more lovely ere his course is run,
Behind the eternal hills the setting sun,
Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

South of the Tropic of Cancer the beautiful constellation known as the Southern Cross appears above the horizon. We saw the beautiful glittering stars, but they do not compare in magnitude with the constellations of our northern heavens. The Great Bear and Orion are much more brilliant, and if they could be seen in this clear atmosphere the Southern Cross would pale in comparison with them. But the Southern Cross is a beautiful constellation of stars, and we shall never forget how brightly it shone and how each star was mirrored in Egypt's dark river.

We were up at two o'clock in the morning to see the stars, and then before sunup we went alone to the great temple. Just as the rim of the sun appeared above the eastern desert the interior of the temple was flooded with

light. It is the one hour of all the twenty-four to see the temple. Its dark halls were lit up by a flood of light from the rising sun. Even the gloom of the side chambers was broken by the reflected light. A short distance north of



Face of the Smaller Temple at Abou Simbel.

the great temple of Rameses II is a smaller rock-cut temple. It would be a great work if it stood somewhere else, but here under the shadow of the Colossi it is dwarfed into insignificance. The face of the cliff has been smoothed for a distance of ninety feet, and six statues are carved in niches, three on either side of the entrance. The engraving gives a good view of the front of the temple. Here again are statues of Rameses II, and also of his queen, Nefertari. Entering the doorway we found a hall forty feet in length by twenty-one in width, two chambers, an inner sanctuary and a transverse corridor. The ceiling, or rather the superincumbent mountain, is supported by six square pillars of the original stone. After visiting the great temple this smaller one loses much in importance.

The statues on the outside, standing three to the right and three to the left of the door, are somewhat broken and mutilated. They are thirty feet high and represent Rameses II and his queen, Nefertari. Our engraving on the succeeding page shows the face of the one woman among all others upon whom the king set his love. Her statue is full of graceful beauty and the full lips, well-formed chin and nose and rounded cheek show that the queen was not without personal attractions. An inscription on the outside sets forth that "Rameses, the strong in Truth, the beloved of Ammon, made this divine abode for his royal wife Nefertari, whom he loves." Inside of the temple another inscription states that the queen, "the royal wife who loves him, constructed for him this abode in the mountain of pure waters."

These inscriptions show that the Pharaoh of the oppression had also a tender side to his nature and that even human love softens the hard, stony heart. One author,*

* Miss Edwards.



*Head of Queen Nefertari, Wife of Rameses II. From
a Sculpture at Abou Simbel.*

writing of the smaller temple at Abou Simbel, says: "On every pillar, in every act of worship pictured on the walls, even in the sanctuary, we find the names of Rameses and Nefertari 'coupled and inseparable.' In this double dedication, and in the unwonted tenderness of style, one seems to detect traces of some event, perhaps of some anniversary, the particulars of which are lost forever. It may have been a meeting; it may have been a parting; it may have been a prayer answered, or a vow fulfilled. We see at all events that Rameses and Nefertari desired to leave behind them an imperishable record of the affection which united them on earth, and which they hoped would reunite them in Amenti. What more do we need to know? We see that the queen was fair; that the king was in his prime. We divine the rest; and the poetry of the place at least is ours. Even in these barren solitudes there is wafted to us a breath from the shores of old romance. We feel that love once passed this way, and that the ground is still hallowed where he trod."

Quite different in character is the inscription in the great temple where the warlike nature of the king is set forth. This interesting inscription, found on a slab, states that in the fifth year of the reign of Rameses II his majesty was in the land of Tah, not far from Kadesh on the Orontes. The outposts kept a sharp lookout, and when the army came to the south of the town of Shabtun, two of the spies of the Shasu came into the court and pretended that they had been sent by the chiefs of their tribe to inform king Rameses II that they had forsaken the chief of the Cheta (supposed to be the Hittites of the Bible), and that they wished to make an alliance with his majesty and to become vassals of his. They then went on to say that the chief of the Cheta was in the land of Chirebu to the north

of Tunep, some distance off, and that they were afraid to come near the Egyptian king. These two men were giving false information, and they had actually been sent by the Cheta chief to find out where Rameses and his army were; the Cheta chief and his army were at that moment drawn up in battle array behind Kadesh. Shortly after these men were dismissed an Egyptian scout came into the king's presence, bringing with him two spies from the army of the chief of the Cheta; on being questioned they informed Rameses that the chief of the Cheta was encamped behind Kadesh, and that he had succeeded in gathering together a multitude of soldiers and chariots from the country round about. Rameses summoned his officers to his presence, and informed them of the news he had just heard; they listened with surprise, and insisted that the newly-received information was untrue. Rameses seriously blamed the chiefs of the intelligence department for their neglect of duty, and they admitted their fault. Orders were straightway issued for the Egyptian army to march on Kadesh, and as they were crossing a river near that city the hostile forces fell in with each other. When Rameses saw this, he "growled at them like his father Menthu, Lord of Thebes," and having hastily put on his full armor, he mounted his chariot and drove into battle. His onset was so sudden and rapid that before he knew where he was he found himself surrounded by the enemy, and completely isolated from his own troops. He called his father, or god, Ammon Ra to help him, and then addressed himself to the slaughter of all who came in his way; and his prowess was so great that the enemy fell in heaps, one over the other, into the waters of the Orontes. He was quite alone, and not one of his soldiers or horsemen came near him to help him. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in

cutting his way through the ranks of the enemy. At the end of the inscription he says: "Everything that my majesty has stated, that I did in the presence of my soldiers and horsemen."*

The event here recorded was made the subject of a poem by Pentaur, the Egyptian poet, and was considered worthy to be inscribed on papyrus and upon the walls of the temples built by Rameses II. We quote several lines from the English translation of the poem.

"Then the king he lashed each horse,
And they quickened up their course,
And he dashed into the middle of the hostile, Hittite host,
All alone, none other with him, for he counted not the cost,
Then he looked behind and found
That the foe were all around,
Two thousand and five hundred of their chariots of war,
And the flower of the Hittites, and their helpers, in a ring,
Cut off the way behind,
Retreat he could not find;
Then were three men on each car.
And they gathered all together, and closed upon the king.
Yea, and not one of my princes, of my chief men and my great,
Was with me, nor a knight;
For my warriors and my chariots had left me to my fate,
Not one was there to take his part in the fight."†

Our stay at Abou Simbel is none too long for us. It has that peculiar charm and interest that attaches to all places with which Bible characters have been associated. These huge statues of the Pharaoh who knew not Joseph are one of the wonders of the world. Floating down the Nile after our visit to Wady Halfa we see these mighty warders, looking out from their mountain thrones, keeping silent watch over river and desert as they have kept watch

* Budge, "The Nile," page 307, 308.


† "Notes for the Nile," Rawnsly.

for more than thirty-three centuries, and as they will continue to keep watch until the last trump shall sound. A sudden turn in the river and they are lost to our sight forever.



CHAPTER XVIII.

From Abou Simbel to the Second Cataract.—A Figure of Christ.—Wady Halfa.—Warlike Appearances.—Women Veiling their Faces.—Contrast Between Virtue and Vice.—Beyond the Cataract.—Homeward Bound.—Egypt and the Prophets.—The Potter at his Wheel.—Cairo again.

 FROM Abou Simbel southward to Wady Halfa and the second cataract the Nile valley presents to the traveler an ever-changing aspect. The scenery becomes more picturesque and rugged as we ascend the river, and the narrow strip of vegetation on either side becomes more tropical in its character. The doom palm which we saw first at Thebes now becomes more general, and fields of cotton and sugar cane line the narrow banks of the river. At many places the yellow sand of the desert comes down to the water's edge, whilst at others the mountains hem in the stream.

“A desert lies on either hand,
In stern and lone repose;
Between the wastes of yellow sand
The dark Nile flows.
The dark-robed women file in troops,
To fill their water-jars,
Where wind-bound boats lie moored in groups
With idle spars.”

Here and there, on some low mud island in the middle of the river, basking in the sunshine, may be seen the crocodile, sacred to the ancient Egyptian god Sebek, who is

represented on the monuments with the head of this monster. Disturbed in his slumbers he lazily raises his head and, seeing our swiftly-approaching boat, quickly disappears in the water. Boats with native crews are met and passed, and

"Up from the river softly floats
The boatmen's wailing song,"

as they laboriously pull against the swift current. The houses of the villages on the banks with dome-shaped roofs are all built of mud, and the natives are much darker skinned than those we meet farther north. The rays of the noonday sun, even in midwinter, beat down from a cloudless sky so that we are glad to seek the shade. We realize now very fully that we are in the torrid zone of Africa.

A few miles south of Abou Simbel, on the east bank of the river, is a small rock-cut temple belonging to the period of Rameses II. It is without special interest, save that soon after the introduction of Christianity into Egypt by Saint Mark it was used as a place of worship. In one of the chambers may be seen a figure of Christ. In this instance one of the temples erected for the worship of idols was changed into a house of prayer for the worship of the living God. The temple is called Abahudah, after a Nubian village lying farther to the south.

At two o'clock, Jan. 12, 1893, the Oonas was steered to a landing-place on the east bank of the Nile and made fast to stakes driven in the mud. We were at Wady Halfa and had reached the southern limit of our journey by boat.

Wady Halfa is on the east bank of the Nile and consists of several small villages. It is the southern boundary of Egypt's possessions in Africa. Since the war in the Sudan and the death of Gordon there has been a military post at this place, garrisoned with five regiments of native sol-

diers, mainly Negroes, under British officers. The Mahdi's soldiers are constantly threatening this frontier post and a sharp lookout is constantly kept for the enemy. Three gunboats, several batteries of artillery and the presence of a large body of soldiers give the place a warlike appearance. The troops are well drilled and are under excellent discipline, and it is said that they are brave men on the battle field.

On the side of the river opposite where our boat is tied we notice what is known as the Camel Corps. We are somewhat interested in watching the drilling and the maneuvers of this body of men mounted on the swift-footed dromedaries of the desert. An odd-looking troop of cavalry it is. At a given word of command the camels suddenly halt in their swinging trot and kneel down; the men dismount and crouch by the side of the kneeling animal using it as a kind of breastwork while they aim and fire at an imaginary foe. Then they mount again, dash out upon the desert at a swift pace, going through some very difficult evolutions, when the command to halt and dismount is again given. The drill is practiced every day, and it is wonderful how well the animals are trained.

The Camel Corps is maintained for the purpose of pursuing the Dervishes who, after making sudden attacks upon the garrison and doing what damage they can, escape again to the trackless desert. Horses were found to be practically useless in pursuing these desert nomads, hence the organization of the noted Camel Corps. The best trained camels will travel from sixty to seventy miles a day for three or four days without food or water. But the Dervishes have the advantage. They are at home on the desert and can laugh their pursuers to scorn.

A narrow gauge railway has been constructed from Wady Halfa to Sarras, a distance of thirty-five miles, for the purpose of carrying troops and military supplies above the second cataract, which is not navigable. More than half of it was torn up by the Mahdi's soldiers; the iron rails were thrown into the Nile and the cross-ties were used by them to boil their kettles. The entire line has again been rebuilt by the army of occupation at Wady Halfa and trains are run out under a strong military escort as far as Sarras.

Two miles north of Wady Halfa and the garrison is a considerable Nubian village called Barbrosa, which we visit during the afternoon of our first day at the second cataract. Here we see some strange phases of human existence. The soldiers of the garrison frequent the place and it has become a kind of trading post for them. The villagers are a mixture of Nubians, Abyssinians, Soudanese and Negroes from central Africa, each with his peculiar customs and modes of living. The main street of the village is lined with shops and the merchants are importunate in soliciting customers. We were offered swords, spears, knives, war clubs, shields and other implements of war. A spear from the Soudan changed ownership and is now in the author's library at Mount Morris.

Not only at this Nubian village, but all along the Nile from Alexandria to the second cataract we have noticed the universal custom among virtuous women of veiling the face. Even the poor women who toil in the fields and those who come down to the river to fill their water-jars, though not veiled, would draw a part of their garment over their faces at the approach of any of the male members of our party. This modest reserve on the part of these women is all the more striking when contrasted with the appearance of those who do not have the reputation of

being virtuous. To-day, coming into this Nubian village, we see on the streets a number of gaudily-dressed women bedecked with a great profusion of bright colors and cheap jewelry. Their faces are unveiled and their bold, brazen looks and disgusting actions tell only too plainly of the life of shame and degradation which they lead. The contrast between these and the modest, virtuous women with veiled faces is most striking. No greater insult could be offered to a virtuous woman in the East than to uncover her face in public, and the reason is obvious. It will be remembered that Paul, in writing to the Corinthians in reference to covering or veiling the head in time of prayer, refers to this eastern custom: "But every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head." 1 Cor. 11: 5. Some hold that the language was applicable only to the eastern people at that time; but this view seems scarcely tenable, for surely no virtuous woman would need to be told that it is a shame for her to have her head unveiled.

Early in the morning of our second day at Wady Halfa we took the train for an excursion above the second cataract. We went beyond the rock of Abu-Sir, which is usually visited by all Nile travelers who come as far south as the second cataract. The commander of the post told us that it was unsafe to cross the river, as an attack of the Dervishes might be expected. Of course we had no desire to meet these fanatical Moslems, and we were well satisfied with a ride on the railway around and above the cataract. The road skirts the desert for some distance and then approaches the river again. Reaching the extreme southern limit of our Nile journey our train stopped, and we spent some time wandering about the desert and among the rocks along the river.

Climbing to the top of a rocky knoll we have a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Owing to the singular clearness of the atmosphere distant objects appear very close to us. South of us the Libyan desert stretches out as far as the eye can reach in one vast undulating plain, its amber-colored sand glowing in the brilliant sunlight. Northwards is the rushing river, broken into numberless streams and lakes by the small islands and huge, black, polished rocks, dashing and foaming down the rapids for a distance of sixteen miles. The banks of the stream are lined with black rocks of volcanic formation, among which the wind has carried patches of the yellow sand of the desert. The scene is remarkable for its wildness and desolation, and beautiful withal on account of the clear light and transcendent coloring.

This is the end of our southward journey. Wady Halfa is nine hundred and sixty-five miles south of the port of Alexandria. Add to this our trip by rail, and our journey up the Nile covers very nearly one thousand miles. At this end of our journey we are not far from eight thousand miles from our western home in the New World. We gather a number of beautiful agate pebbles with which the desert is literally covered at this place. They have been finely polished by the sand which the wind has driven over them for ages. We notice a cemetery near Wady Halfa where the women are decorating the graves of their friends with these beautiful pebbles. Around the outer edge of the grave a row of the larger stones is placed, and then the little square inside is covered with the agates, presenting a very beautiful appearance. Just before we take the train for our return trip the Elder is the lucky finder of a horse-shoe which has been partly buried in the sand. We both

recall the tradition of our boyhood days, and the horseshoe may now be seen in the Elder's cabinet at his home.

At high noon the Oonas is loosed from the river bank. Swinging out upon the water her prow is turned northwards and, with steam and current both in our favor, we glide rapidly down stream. We are glad to be safely away from Wady Halfa. There is far too much warlike spirit there for men of peace. Then another reason for rejoicing is that we are *homeward bound*, yes, thank God, **HOMEWARD BOUND!** What a world of meaning there is in these words to the weary wanderer far away from home and loved ones! They bring joy to the heart and stir the soul with renewed hope of meeting again those who are dearer to us than all the world besides, and never dearer than now when so far away.

Only those who have felt in a far-away land the heart yearnings for home, who have known the weary, wakeful hours of the long night when sleep comes not to the eyes nor slumber to the eyelids, when the mind is filled with anxious thoughts of home and the loved ones there, only those can know to the full the meaning of the words *homeward bound*.

Then, too, God has been good to us and our hearts go out to him in gratitude for his protecting care over us during our long and dangerous journey. Hitherto the Lord has blessed us, and to-day as we turn our faces homeward we realize how good he has been to us, and we bless his holy name, praying that his blessings and his protecting care may be about us on our homeward journey and that we may again be permitted to meet those we love.

Down the river we float, gliding by villages and palm groves, sakkiehs and shadufs, temples and tombs, the ruins of Egypt's departed greatness. At Philæ we receive our

mail and a bundle of letters and papers from home is handed us. Good news from home cheers the heart and is like "cold water to a thirsty soul." A day is spent here in reading and answering letters and another at Assuan. The syenite quarries are revisited, a camel ride across a portion of the desert is endured, and we continue our journey down the Nile.

On our way down the river we revisit the fallen temples and shattered monuments, the broken columns and pilfered tombs of ancient Egypt. We pass by Thebes and Memphis, and draw a contrast between their bygone power and greatness and their present ruin and degradation. When these cities were in the height of their prosperity, when the temples swarmed with worshipers and the altars wanted not for sacrifices, when Egypt's name was feared in all the East, then the prophets of the Hebrews spoke of her downfall.

Even before the long and flourishing reign of Amasis, Ezekiel spoke of the impending doom and ruin that should come upon the land of the Nile. "Behold, I *am* against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river *is* mine own, and I have made *it* for myself. And all the inhabitants of Egypt shall know that I *am* the Lord, because they have been a staff of reed to the house of Israel." Ezek. 29: 3, 6. "And the sword shall come upon Egypt, and great pain shall be in Ethiopia, when the slain shall fall in Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down. And they shall know that I *am* the Lord, when I have set a fire in Egypt, and *when* all her helpers shall be destroyed. Thus saith the Lord God; I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause

their images to cease out of Noph;* and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt: and I will put a fear in the land of Egypt. And I will make Pathros desolate, and will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No.† And I will pour my fury upon Sin, the strength of Egypt; and I will cut off the multitude of No. And I will set fire in Egypt: Sin shall have great pain, and No shall be rent asunder, and Noph shall have distresses daily. The young men of Aven and Pi-beseth shall fall by the sword: and these cities shall go into captivity. At Tahpanhes also the day shall be darkened, when I shall break there the yokes of Egypt: and the pomp of her strength shall cease in her: as for her, a cloud shall cover her, and her daughters shall go into captivity." Ezek. 30: 4, 8, 13-18.

The words of the prophecy of this book have been fulfilled to the letter. The ruins of Thebes, surrounded by the poor mud huts and the mean villages of the natives, with her prostrate columns, broken shafts, and sand-covered temples, speak in unmistakable language, saying: "Behold the fulfillment of the word of the Lord spoken by the mouth of his servant the prophet." The annexed engraving, a view in one of the villages of ancient Thebes, speaks of the desolation of that ancient capital of the Pharaohs and of the fulfillment of prophecy.

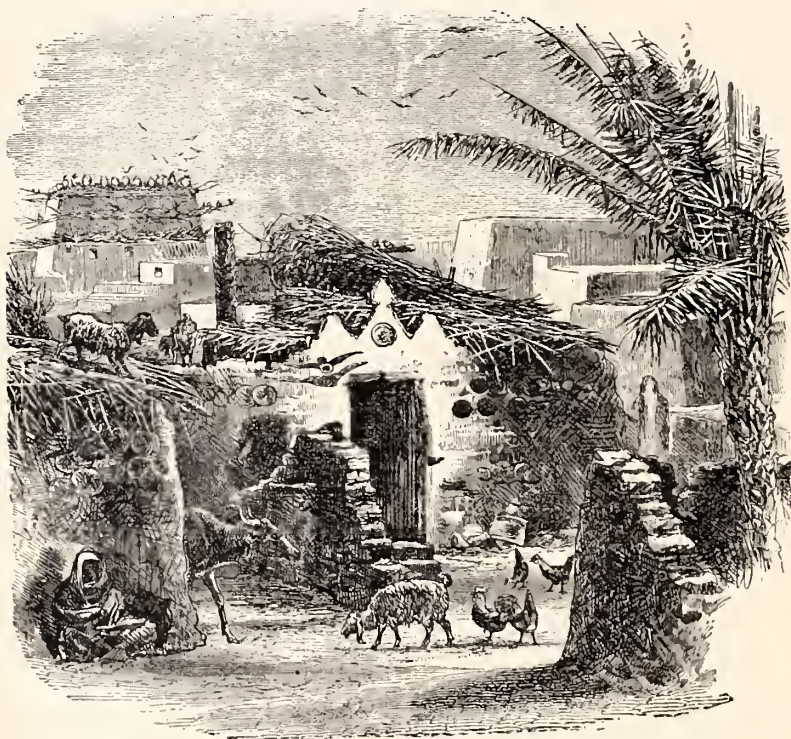
Not only at Thebes do we hear the voice proclaiming the truth of God's Book, but Memphis with her lonely statue of the Pharaoh of the oppression, On‡ with her single obelisk, Goshen with her fertile fields, the treasure cities of Pharaoh,—Pithom and Raamses,—the desert and the Red Sea all bear testimony, saying, "The Book of God is true."

*Memphis.

†Thebes.

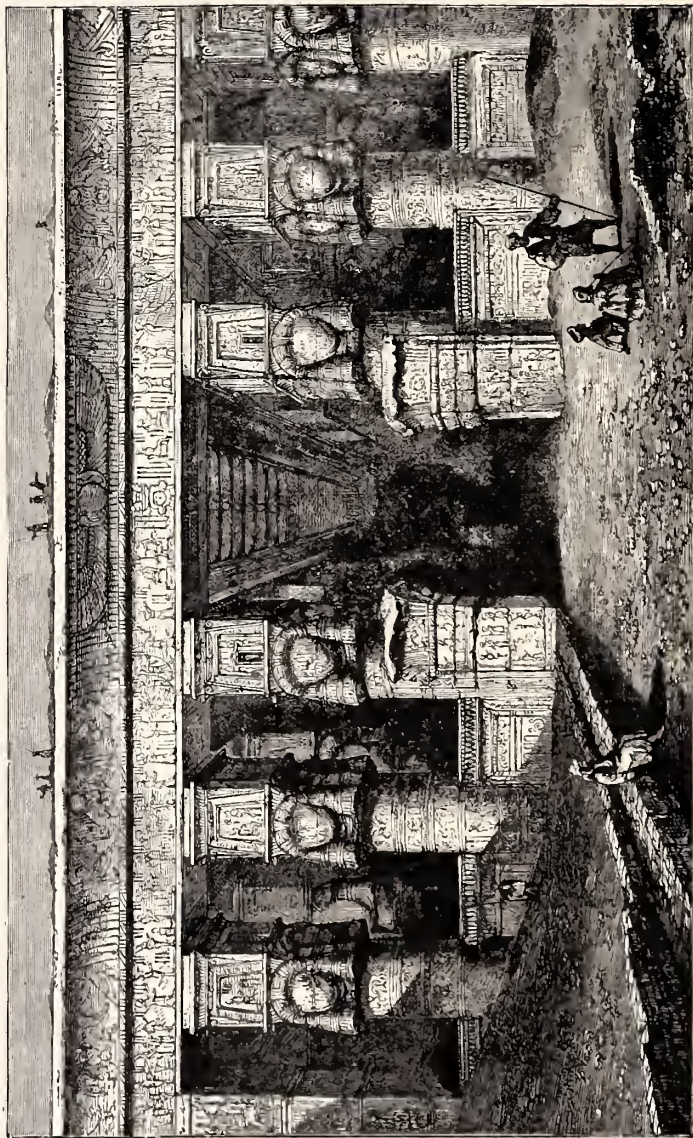
‡Heliopolis.

Even while we are in Egypt we see the evidence of the truth of the saying, "There shall be no prince in Egypt." The present ruler is a vassal of the Sultan of Turkey, but is under the hand of England. Only a few weeks ago the Khedive, as the ruler is called, becoming dissatisfied with



A Street in one of the Villages of Thebes.

his cabinet, dismissed the officers and appointed new ones. England at once protested. The Khedive was compelled to dismiss the ministry he had selected and appoint such officers as England dictated. The movement on the part



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PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH NEAR KENH.

of the ruler seemed to indicate too much independence and England sent a number of troops to reinforce her army of occupation on the banks of the Nile. Surely there is no prince in all the land of Egypt to-day.

On our way down the river we stopped at Keneh, where are located a number of potteries. There many of the water bottles and jars used in Egypt are made. We were much interested in a visit to the potters at work at their wheels. In the Bible there are many allusions to the potter and his work, and it is singular to find the description given in the Book fully confirmed by the actual practice there to-day. And this is not only true of the potters in Egypt, but also of those in Palestine. There was the potter sitting by his wheel, turning it with his foot, a description of which we may find in the Apocrypha: "So doth the potter, sitting at his work and turning the wheel about with his feet: he fashioneth the clay with his arm." So the potters there turned the wheel with their feet as was done in Bible times, as their fathers did four thousand years ago.

By his side the potter had a heap of prepared clay and a jar of water. Taking a lump or ball of clay into his hand he placed it firmly on the wheel, then, dipping his hands into the water and turning the wheel horizontally with his foot, gave the mass of soft clay the shape of a cone. Into the top of this he inserted his thumb, and thus opened a hole down into the center of the clay. This he enlarged by pressing his hand into it and shaping it with both hands until he had an open vessel before him, which we thought would in the end be a jar; but while we looked on it suddenly assumed the shape of an Egyptian water bottle. Thus the potter gave the vessel whatever shape it pleased him. It was from a scene like this that Jeremiah drew the lesson of God's absolute power over men and nations.

The whole reference to the potter is so much like what we see to-day that we give it in full: "The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel." Jer. 18: 1-6.

How natural it all seems now as we stand here watching the potter shaping the vessels and making of the clay such forms as he will. Even while we watch him one form is marred in his hand and the clay is massed into a ball again, another cone is formed, "and he made it again another vessel." How absolute is the power of the potter over the clay, and how pliant is the clay in his hand; but not more so than we should be in the hands of God. Paul refers to this when he says, "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" Rom. 9: 20, 21. To those who are unwilling to make a complete surrender of self to God this Scripture may seem hard to understand. It means nothing more or less than self-abnegation and a willing and cheerful obedience to the letter and spirit of the Gospel.

The pottery is made thin, is very fragile and is easily broken. Much of it is baked in the sun, and this also ac-

counts for the ease with which it is broken. It is very cheap. We found upon inquiring that a water bottle holding half a gallon was sold at retail for half a piaster, a little over two cents. The cheapness and fragility of the potter's ware are often referred to in the Bible. According to the law, every earthen vessel into which any unclean thing had fallen was at once to be broken in pieces.* The pottery was so cheap that it was better to break an unclean vessel than to attempt to purify it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks in this manner of the potter's vessel: "And he shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel that is broken in pieces; he shall not spare: so that there shall not be found in the bursting of it a sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit." Isa. 30: 14. On this passage Dr. Thomson relates what he saw in Joppa, and in other parts of the Bible Lands. Referring to the "sherd to take fire from the hearth, or to take water withal out of the pit," he says: "It is very common to find at the spring or the pit pieces of broken jars, to use as ladles, either to drink from or to fill with; and bits of fractured jars are preserved for this purpose. If you take your stand near any of the public ovens here in Joppa in the evening, you will see the children of the poor coming with sherds of pottery in their hands, into which the baker pours a small quantity of hot embers and a few coals with which to warm up their evening meal. Isaiah's vessels, however, were to be broken into such small bits that there would not be a sherd of sufficient size to carry away a few embers from the hearth, nor to take water out of the pit. These comparisons are exceedingly expressive where the actions referred to are of constant occurrence, as they are throughout this country at the present day."†

*Lev. 11: 33. †"The Land and the Book," page 37.


We left the potter at his wheel after giving him the customary *backsheesh*; for a gift is demanded if you but stop and look at a man at work. He seems to feel that he has conferred a favor upon you and that you should pay him for it. Carrying with us the lesson drawn from him by the inspired writers of the Bible, we had a desire to carry some of his wares with us also, but owing to their fragile nature we thought it best not to try to do so.

And now our Nile journey ends where it began a month ago, at the City of Cairo. It has been a month of hard work, of much sight-seeing, but withal of intense interest to the writer. During the month we traveled by steamboat, on donkeys and camels, and on foot a distance of some two thousand miles. We know that our readers cannot take the interest in reading these sketches that comes to us on the journey, but we write with the hope that they will prove, to some degree, interesting and instructive. Our aim is not to amuse, but to give facts and draw lessons that may be helpful to Christians. The Lord prospered our journey. The Elder was indisposed a few days, the result of fatiguing work; saving this, we enjoyed excellent health on the entire journey. For these privileges which we have enjoyed and for the blessings vouchsafed to us we thank the Giver of all good.



CHAPTER XIX.

The Coptic Church.—The Banished Patriarch.—An Interview with his Representative.—The Doctrines of the Coptic Faith.—Trine Immersion and Feet-washing.—Innovations.—A Church Difficulty.—Heliopolis.—An Ancient Sycamore Tree.—The Lone Obelisk.—The Fulfillment of Prophecy.—Lack of Bible Knowledge.

AIRO has lost none of its interest during our absence, and our second visit is even more enjoyable and pleasant than the first. We are now somewhat acquainted with the place and the peculiar loneliness which comes to the traveler when he finds himself in a large city with which he is wholly unacquainted, not even understanding the language spoken, has gone, and we feel that we know our ground. Our stay in the city was none too long to become at all familiar with life in the capital of modern Egypt.

The Copts are an interesting portion of the population of Cairo. When Christianity was introduced into Egypt it found a ready and joyful acceptance among the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Regarding life as a pilgrimage to the grave, and as a time for preparation for another world, and having a faint belief in immortality and the resurrection, it was an easy matter for them to grasp these principles of Christianity. Then, too, their ancient religion had degenerated into the lowest form of idolatry. With hundreds of gods to be worshiped, and a host of self-seeking priests who designedly kept the truth from the people in order that they might be supported, it is not

strange that they readily accepted the simple doctrines of the Gospel. The new faith was simple and adapted to the wants of the rich and poor alike, bringing them freedom from priestcraft and the blessing of salvation. The early Christians were not disturbed by speculative theology and dogmatic discussions. They were satisfied with the plain words of the Gospel and cheerfully and willingly obeyed its commands. But as time passed on the church grew in numbers and in worldly wisdom. Questions as to the nature of Christ, the time for observing the Lord's Supper, the presence of the body of Christ in the bread of the Communion, and other questions of like character disturbed the peace of the church. One of these questions,—that of the nature of Christ,—was destined to make a division in the church. It was discussed for a long time and finally, in 451, the Great Council of Chalcedon affirmed the doctrine that Christ was both human and divine. The Egyptians, with characteristic tenacity, clung to the teaching of Eutychus, who taught them to revere only the divine nature of the Savior. The contention grew warm and resulted in the excommunication of the Egyptian church as heretical, and here we have the beginning of what is known as the Coptic church.

After the excommunication they suffered much from persecution, and during the sixth century thousands of them lost their lives in defense of their doctrines. The name is simply an Arabic corruption of the Greek name of Egyptians, and among the Copts are to be found the direct descendants of the Pharaohs. They have also preserved, in their rituals and in their printed Scripture, the language of old Egypt. The representative of the patriarch of the Copt church at Cairo told us that at the present time they number seven hundred thousand; but as the census is not

accurately taken there is some doubt as to the reliability of this statement.

On our journey up the Nile we attended services in a Coptic church at Luxor on Christmas Eve and were much interested in what we saw and heard. And now, by special appointment, we have an interview with the representative of the patriarch, who is at this time living in banishment in one of the convents in the desert, leaving the management of his affairs at Cairo in the hands of an archbishop.

We take with us, as interpreter, Selim Aklam, a native of Damascus. He is a graduate of the American mission school at Beyrut and we find him obliging and capable. He is well informed as to the history of the Coptic church and gives us much valuable information. We call on the archbishop who is acting instead of the banished patriarch. He is also president of the Coptic College at Cairo. We are very cordially and kindly welcomed. Sweetmeats and coffee are served and we are made to feel very much at home. We find the archbishop to be a very pleasant and well-informed man. He wears a full beard, as all Orientals do, and his kindly face is pleasant to look upon. He has passed the fiftieth year of his life, all the mature years of which he has given to the service of the Coptic church. We spent some time with him, asking questions and receiving answers through our interpreter, Selim. The result of our interview, of which we took copious notes, is briefly given as follows:

The patriarch of the Coptic church, who has spiritual jurisdiction over the entire fraternity, is elected from among their own number by the monks of the five monasteries belonging to the church. He must be unmarried, and is usually eminent among his own class for piety and wisdom. He is regarded as the spiritual head of the visi-

ble church and respect and veneration are usually shown him by all the Copts. The bishops and ministers must be married men, and no one who is unmarried can be ordained to either of these offices. If the wife of a bishop or minister dies, the survivor is not allowed to remarry. They thus hold literally to the words of the apostle in his qualifications of a bishop when he says he must be the husband of one wife.

They believe and teach that the Savior was wholly divine in his nature, holding that the divinity of the Son of God entirely absorbed every element of human nature, and that he was begotten of God, hence very God. It was this particular article of faith which resulted in the expulsion of the Egyptian church as heretics by the Great Council of Chalcedon, A. D. 451, and the Coptic church holds with wonderful tenacity to this doctrine even to the present time.

They look upon all who have not been dipped in the water into each of the three names of the Holy Trinity as unbaptized heretics. For their authority for the three dippings they refer to the commission given by Christ to his disciples. They also claim to have kept this form of baptism from the beginning as it was delivered to them by the apostolic church, and say they propose to cling to it unto the end. In practice, the candidate is taken down into the water and dipped three times face forward.

Twice each year, on Thursday before Easter Sunday and on Christmas evening, which according to their calendar (the old style) occurs Jan. 6, they engage in the religious rite of feet-washing. In this they claim to follow the example and command of Christ as given in John 13. They regard it as a doctrine of their church. In the observance of this rite the bishops, ministers and deacons do

the washing, and every member of the Coptic church may have his feet washed. During the observance of the rite they salute each other with the right hand of fellowship and the kiss of peace.



A Coptic Woman.

The Communion is administered much in the same way as in the Roman church. Mass is said, and there is much

formality connected with this part of the religious service. They keep the *agape* or feast of love as a social meal. It is observed in the monasteries where the food is brought by those who come together.

These are some of the more important doctrines held by the Coptic church. Living in Egypt where, until within a few years, they have been entirely deprived of educational advantages, they are, as might be expected, densely ignorant. They have kept some of the doctrines of the Gospel intact, but there are to be found in their practice many innovations that are not Scriptural. At one time they practiced circumcision, but in later years this has been entirely given up.

They also baptize infants. Living, as they do, in contact with Islamism they have to some extent been influenced by its teaching. This is noticeable at some places where the practice of polygamy is permitted among the laymembers.

They are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians and we were often struck by the peculiar type of face. They bear a striking resemblance to the faces painted on the walls of the ancient temples. In some instances the faces are strikingly beautiful.

A conflict is now going on in the church. The patriarch has gradually grown in power until he has assumed the functions of a pope. He opposes education and advancement. A reform party started some years ago. They advocate education and a council by which the church is to be controlled in the future. Many of the ministers among the Copts are unable to read or write. They learn the liturgies by rote and are then qualified to serve the church. The reformers want to educate the ministry.

They want them all to be able to read and write and to have Bible training.

A college has been started at Cairo for this purpose. All of these things the patriarch opposes. He insists that his power must not be disturbed and that education is an innovation which must not be admitted into the church. The conflict grew warm, and finally the patriarch excommunicated the bishops who were moving in the reform. They held a council and called upon the Khedive to help them. He did so by banishing the patriarch to one of the monasteries in the desert. Thereupon the council appointed a man in his place. The patriarch from his place of retirement issued an order excommunicating the acting patriarch and all who upheld him. So the conflict waged, destroying the peace of the Coptic community. This accounts for our interview with the representative instead of the patriarch himself. These stirring events occurred in the Coptic church while we were in Egypt. The sequel to the whole matter was that the patriarch agreed to the conditions of the reformers and was recalled from banishment. The Cairo papers which we saw at Jerusalem gave a long account of the reception of the patriarch on his return from banishment. There was great rejoicing among the Copts because the trouble had been settled and their patriarch was with them again.

The conflict and consequent difficulty in the Coptic church seems to be only what befalls all religious organizations when human agencies become dominant. The divine and not the human should rule in the church, and when this is the case peace and harmony prevail and the church prospers,

HELIOPOLIS.

Whilst Cairo itself contains none of the ruins of ancient Egypt, yet it stands, as we have seen, within a short distance of Memphis, Sakkara, the pyramids great and small, the Sphinx and, last but by no means least in general interest, Heliopolis, the On of the Bible. The Egyptians called the place "The dwelling or seat of Ra (Helios), and the Hebrews gave it the name of On, "And Pharaoh called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah;* and he gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On." Gen. 41: 45.

At On was the magnificent temple of the sun, and there was also located the most noted school and university of ancient Egypt. It was at On, as Mariette tells us, that Moses was instructed in all "the learning of Egypt." To this great center of learning and culture came men from all parts of the East to learn the mystic lore of the priests, and the arts of the magicians and sorcerers of the school of Jannes and Jambres who withstood Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh. But the magnificent temple which stood here was the wealthiest and most noted in all the land of the Pharaohs. "The immense wealth of this noted shrine is mentioned in the Harris papyrus in London, which gives a list of the gifts presented to it by Rameses III alone. The staff of priests, officials, custodians, and menials connected with the temple is said to have numbered no less than twelve thousand, nine hundred and thirteen. As each Pharaoh was regarded as the human embodiment of Ra, it was natural that he should present special offerings to the chief scene of the worship of that god, and should proudly add to his titles that of 'Lord of Heliopolis.' The most cele-

* In the Coptic this name signifies, *a revealer of secrets, or the man to whom secrets are revealed,*



The Obelisk at On.

brated of the ancient schools, with the teachers of which Herodotus once conversed, was also established at Heliopolis, while in Strabo's time, born B. C. 60, the famous seat of learning had ceased to exist, although the houses of the priestly scholars were still standing. The guides showed the great geographer the dwelling in which Plato and Eudoxus were said to have resided for thirteen years; 'for,' he says, speaking of the professors at this university, 'these persons, so admirably imbued with knowledge of heavenly things, could only be persuaded by patience and politeness to communicate some of their doctrines; but most of them were concealed by these barbarians.' Obelisks, the emblems of the sun's rays, were of course frequently dedicated to the god of the sun and his temple; and we are accordingly informed that Heliopolis was full of obelisks."*

Of the many obelisks which once stood at Heliopolis there is but one left, the solitary survivor of the departed greatness of the City of the Sun. The annexed photograph, so beautifully reproduced on page 339 gives us an exact picture of the lonely obelisk.

A visit to Heliopolis, which is five and a half miles from Cairo, leads us through a richly-cultivated district. The soil is remarkable for its fertility. The road is lined on either side with acacia and tamarisk trees which afford a delightful shade and shield us from the rays of the sun. As the road leads to one of the Khedive's palaces it is well kept up and affords a most delightful drive. On either side are fine groves of orange, lemon and pomegranate trees. At the Khedive's garden we stop and for a small sum of money purchase from an attendant a lot of the luscious fruit. The flavor is exceedingly fine and the oranges equal the famous fruit of Joppa and Florida.

*Baedeker, "Lower Egypt," page 334.

We now come in sight of the sandy desert which bounds Egypt on every side. Before entering upon the desert, however, we come to a small garden, in the midst of which stands a very old sycamore tree. It is knotted and gnarled and props are placed under its aged limbs to keep them from breaking away from the trunk of the old tree. According to an old tradition it was beneath the shade of this tree that Joseph and Mary with the infant Savior rested in their flight to Egypt. The tree itself, although of great age, is not as old as the tradition affirms. Some degree of probability is given to the legend from the fact that at the beginning of the Christian era there was a large Jewish settlement at this place, and it is altogether probable that Joseph would have taken his young wife and her babe to his own people.

Only a short distance from the garden stands the obelisk of On. With the remains of a wall now nearly covered it is all that remains of the magnificent temple, the great colleges, the many obelisks of the great City of Heliopolis. The obelisk is the oldest yet discovered in Egypt. It is a single shaft of red granite cut from the quarries at Syene (Assuan) and is sixty-six feet high. It was floated down the Nile and set up at Heliopolis nearly four thousand years ago, and here it has stood a silent witness to all the events of the last forty centuries. It stood here when Abraham brought his beautiful wife Sarah down into Egypt to escape the famine in the Land of Canaan; it stood here when the lad Joseph was sold as a slave to Potiphar, and afterwards was a witness of his wonderful success as a ruler of Egypt; it stood here when Moses was a student in the great university of On, and he doubtless walked by its base many times when he was a schoolboy learning the wisdom of the Egyptians; it stood here when Christ was born, and



VILLA AND GARDEN NEAR CAIRO.

To face page 342.

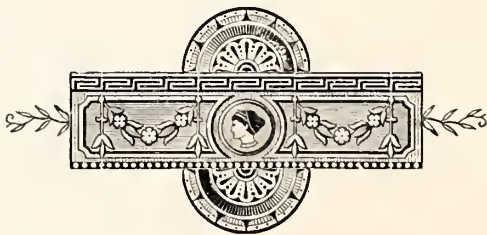
looked down upon the father and mother with their babe when they fled into Egypt to escape the savage cruelty of Herod; and it stands here to-day a monument of the greatness of a departed race, and in a remarkable manner bears witness that the Book of God is true; for the prophet of God said, "He shall break also the images of Beth-shemesh,* that is in the land of Egypt; and the houses of the gods of the Egyptians shall he burn with fire." Jer. 43: 13. The glory of Heliopolis has long since departed, the images are broken in Beth-shemesh and the houses of her gods are burned with fire. The obelisk saw the fulfillment of this prophecy, and is all that is left of the ancient City of the Sun.

Dr. Schaff relates the following amusing incident which came under his observation at Heliopolis. It illustrates how little some travelers know about the Bible. He says: "A rich California gold miner, who had some confused recollections of his Sunday-school lessons in early youth, and was traveling in Egypt with some friends, when informed that Joseph got his wife at this place and that she was the daughter of a priest, was quite astonished, and indignantly asked, 'Was *Mary Magdalene* that married *Joseph*, the daughter of a priest?' The same gentleman, when crossing the delta, remarked, 'We shall soon pass the *Jordan*.' 'No,' said his friend, 'the Jordan is a river in Palestine.' 'You are right,' he replied, 'it was the Danube I meant.' I met this traveler in the Mediterranean Hotel in Jerusalem, when he gave the company at the dinner table the important piece of information that he had just visited Aceldama, 'the famous place which Judas sold for thirty pieces of silver.' I felt quite ashamed of America, but was

* Heliopolis is here translated *Beth-shemesh*, which means literally the house of the sun. On is derived from the "Abode of the Sun." Both words refer to the same place.

somewhat relieved afterward when I asked an English traveler whether he had passed through the desert and visited Mount Sinai, and was told that he really did not remember, and 'must first look up his journal.'"

Very much like these men are those persons who criticise the Bible and have never carefully examined the Book and the abundant evidences of its credibility. It would seem to be the height of folly for any one to condemn a work without having first examined it and carefully weighed all the testimony of its truthfulness; but we meet men almost entirely ignorant of the Bible who say they do not believe it. They have acquired a number of the stock phrases of infidel writers and their objections to the Bible, which have been met and answered many times, and with these they assail a work which they have never examined. This is true of hundreds of men, young and old, who are found in the ranks of infidelity to-day. All that is needed to prove this statement is to quote the Bible to them and ask them some questions as to its contents, and their ignorance of the Book they condemn will soon be apparent.



CHAPTER XX.

The Mohammedan Religion.—The Koran and the Bible Compared.—The Doctrines of Islamism.—The Belief in Paradise and in Hell.—Hours of Prayer.—The Dervishes.—Degradation of Women.—The Mohammedan University at Cairo.—Self-denial of Teachers and Students.—The Koran the Text-book.—Intellectual Condition of the Moslems.

CAIRO is the center of the Moslem religion in Egypt, and while traveling in the East we had an opportunity of seeing something of the general character of Mohammedanism. We give our readers the views of Dr. Schaff on the subject. The Doctor made a careful study of the subject and we quote him, with some changes:

The Mohammedan religion is composed of Jewish monotheism, heathen sensuality and spurious Christianity, pervaded by devotion to Mohammed, the poet and false prophet of Arabia. It may be called a bastard Judaism, as the Arabs are Ishmaelites, or children of the bastard son of Abraham.

The Koran is the bible of the Moslems, who believe it to be literally and verbally inspired, infallible, and a universal guide in religion, morals, grammar, philosophy, and government. They hold that the words of the Koran are inspired, hence it is too sacred to be translated or printed; but it has often been translated by Christian scholars from the Arabic into modern languages.

The Koran is unquestionably one of the great books of the world, as men count greatness. It has left its impress

upon ages. It feeds the devotion and regulates the lives of more than a hundred million human beings. It has many passages of poetic beauty, religious fervor, and wise counsel, but mixed with absurdities, bombast, unmeaning images, and low sensuality. It abounds in repetitions and contradictions which are not removed by the convenient theory of abrogation. It alternately attracts and repels and is a most wearisome book to read. Gibbon says, "The Koran is a glorious testimony to the unity of God," but calls it also, very properly, "an endless incoherent rhapsody of fable and precept and declamations which seldom excites a sentiment or idea, which sometimes crawls in the dust, and is sometimes lost in the clouds." Reiske denounces it as the most absurd book, and a scourge to a reader of sound common sense. Goethe characterizes the style as severe, great, terrible, and at times truly sublime. But this is too much praise.

Of all books, not excluding the Vedas, the Koran is the most powerful rival of the Bible, but falls infinitely below it in contents and form. Both are thoroughly oriental in style and imagery, and were born under similar conditions of soil, climate, and habits of life. Both contain the moral and religious code of the nations which own them; the Koran, like the Old Testament, is also a civil code, for in Mohammedan countries the civil and ecclesiastical governments are one. Both have the freshness of occasional composition growing out of a definite historical situation and specific wants. But the Bible is the genuine revelation in Christ of the only true God; the Koran is a mock revelation, without Christ and without atonement. The Bible is historical, and embodies the noblest aspirations of the human race in all ages to the final consummation; the Koran begins and stops with Mohammed. The Bible combines

endless variety with unity, universal applicability with local adaptation; the Koran is uniform and monotonous, confined to one country, one state of society, and one class of minds. The Bible is the book of the world, and is constantly traveling to the ends of the earth, carrying spiritual food to all classes of the people; the Koran stays at home, and is insipid to all who have once fully tasted the true Word of the living God. Even the poetry of the Koran never rises to the grandeur and sublimity of Job or Isaiah, the lyric beauty of the Psalms, the sweetness and loveliness of the Song of Solomon, the sententious wisdom of the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes.

A few instances must suffice.

The first Sura, called "The Sura of Praise and Prayer," which is recited by the Mussulmans in each of the five daily devotions, fills for them the place of the Lord's Prayer, and contains the same number of petitions. We give it in a literal translation:

- "1. In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful.
2. Praise be to Allah, Lord of the worlds!
3. The Compassionate, the Merciful.
4. King on the day of reckoning!
5. Thee only do we worship, and to thee do we cry for help.
6. Guide thou us on the straight path.
7. The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious—
With whom thou art not angry,
And who go not astray. Amen."

As this Sura invites a comparison with the Lord's Prayer, infinitely to the advantage of the latter, so do the Koran's descriptions of Paradise when contrasted with John's vision of the heavenly Jerusalem:

"Joyous on that day shall be the inmates of Paradise in their employ;
In shades, on bridal couches reclining, they and their spouses.
Therein shall they have fruits, and whatever they require.

'Peace!' shall be the word on the part of a merciful Lord,
 'But be ye separated this day, O ye sinners!'

* * * * *

The sincere servants of God,
 A stated banquet shall they have
 Of fruits, and honored shall they be
 In the gardens of delight,
 Upon couches face to face.
 A cup shall be borne round among them from a fountain,
 Limpid, delicious to those who drink;
 It shall not oppress the sense, nor shall they therewith be drunken,
 And with them are the large-eyed ones with modest refraining glance
 fair like the sheltered egg."

The fundamental dogma of Islam is contained in the ever-repeated phrase, "There is no deity but Allah, and Mohammed is his apostle." (*La ilaha ill' allah, wa Muhammeda rrasula' llah.*) The first clause is true, and borrowed from the Old Testament (Deut. 6: 4); the second clause is an error which corrupts the truth. The source of its power and the secret of its success lie in the intense and fanatical monotheism of Islam. Its historical mission consists in the destruction of heathen idolatry. But this monotheism, like the Jewish and the Unitarian monotheism, is abstract and monotonous. It excludes the fullness of life and the inner-trinitarian relations as well as the outer-trinitarian manifestations of the Deity. It is hostile to the divinity of Christ and of the Holy Spirit. The Mohammedan God is not a loving father of trusting children, but a despotic sovereign of trembling subject slaves. He has from eternity ordained all things, evil as well as good. The Mohammedan doctrine of predestination is not Calvinistic, but fatalistic. It breeds a fierce fanaticism in the propagation of religion, and a stolid submission to unalterable fate. Islam—that is, unconditional resignation to the unchangeable will of Allah—is the chief virtue. He who dies fighting for his faith is sure to be saved.

The Mohammedan paradise is in the seventh heaven, and is the abode of perpetual youth and sensual delight for the faithful. Hell is beneath the lowest earth and seas of darkness, and is a place for everlasting punishment for all infidels, with seven stages for as many classes, viz., wicked Mohammedans, Christians, Jews, Sabians, Magians, idolaters, hypocrites. The bridge over hell is finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword; the pious pass over it in a moment, the wicked fall from it into the abyss. The Moslems believe also in pure angels, good and evil genii, and devils whose chief is Iblis, or Satan. They believe in prophets and apostles, among whom Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed are the greatest. Jesus excels all except Mohammed, of whom he himself prophesied when he promised the Comforter who should lead his disciples into the whole truth. Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary, and was free from sin, but a mere man. He will return again and with Mohammed judge the whole world.

The principal duties enjoined by the Koran are prayer, almsgiving, fasting (during the month of Ramadan), and pilgrimage to Mecca and Mount Arafat at least once in a man's lifetime, if possible. The less important duties and rites are abstinence from unclean animal food, from wine and all intoxicating liquor, from gambling and usury; also veracity (except in a few cases, and these have multiplied to many), probity, charity, cleanliness, decent attire, circumcision. The law allows a man to have four wives (though most have only one or two), and as many concubine slaves as he pleases. Pashas, khaliffs, and sultans are not restricted in polygamy. Divorce is made easy. Sons inherit equal shares, but the share of a daughter is half that of a son.

The Mohammedan worship consists simply of prayers, with preparatory ablutions, and occasional preaching from the Koran. It resembles the Jewish and Protestant worship, rather than the Roman or Greek Catholic. There is an entire absence of symbolical representations, which might distract the mind from the one and only object of worship. The prohibition in the second commandment is literally carried out. The Koran has no idea of an atonement, and hence no room for sacrifice, except the commemoration of Ishmael's (Isaac's) sacrifice by Abraham. Allah is indeed "all merciful" and forgives sins, but arbitrarily, without satisfaction of his justice. In this respect, as also in the doctrine of the abstract unity of the god-head, Islam resembles Socinianism and Unitarianism. It may be called the great Unitarian heresy of the East. "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful," is the phrase used at the beginning of every chapter of the Koran (except one), and of every other book, as also before every lawful and important act. The two words are from the same root, and have nearly the same meaning, with distinction, according to the Ulama (the professors of religion and law), that "compassionate" means "merciful in great things," the other "merciful in small things." But E. W. Lane (the author of that most instructive and reliable book, "The Modern Egyptians," and translator of "The Thousand and One Nights") says that "the first expresses an occasional sensation, the second a constant quality."

Friday is observed as Sabbath, because on Friday Adam was created and died, and on Friday the world will be judged. On that day the Dancing and Howling Dervishes perform their unique exercises, of which I shall speak afterwards. But the observance of Friday is not

nearly as strict as the Jewish observance of the Sabbath. On the other hand, worship is not confined to that day. The mosques, like the Roman Catholic churches, are always open and frequented by worshipers, who perform their devotions either in groups or alone.

The devotions of the pious Moslem are impressive, and put many Christians to shame. He says his prayers and goes through his bowings and prostrations regularly and punctually five times a day, in the mosque, or at home, or on board a ship, or in the street, or wherever he may be, regardless of his surroundings, being alone with his God in the midst of the crowd, his face turned toward Mecca, his hands raised to heaven, then laid on the lap, his knees bent, his forehead touching the ground. His usual prayer is the first Sura of the Koran, which serves him the same purpose as the Lord's Prayer does the Christian. Sometimes a few other verses are added, and the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah which form the Mohammedan rosary. There are five stated hours of prayer: between daybreak and sunrise, a little after noonday, in the afternoon, four minutes after sunset, and at nightfall. The Prophet fixed the seasons of prayer in this way to avoid the appearance of sun and star-worship, which he had to contend with in Arabia. The mueddin and muczzin (crier) announces the time of prayer from the minaret of each mosque, by chanting the "Adan," or call to prayer, in these or similar words: "God is most great. I testify that there is no deity but God. I testify that Mohammed is God's apostle. Come to prayer! Come to security! Prayer is better than sleeping. God is most great. There is no deity but God."

Among the most curious features of Mohammedan worship are the exercises of the Dancing and Howling

Dervishes, which I witnessed both at Cairo and at Constantinople (in Pera and Scutari) on Friday and Tuesday afternoon. The Dervishes are the Moslem monks. They perform their astounding feats of asceticism once a week in their mosques, and strangers are admitted on the payment of a backsheesh. They carry certain forms of asceticism as far as the old Christian Anchorets or the Fakirs of India.

The Dancing Dervishes, after the preliminary exercise of prayer and prostration, whirl around on their toes, ring within ring without touching each other, for about an hour, until they are utterly exhausted. I saw thirteen of them, all dressed in white flowing gowns, and with high white fezes of stiff woolen stuff; their hands were stretched out or raised to heaven, their eyes half closed; their mind was apparently absorbed in the contemplation of Allah. The performance consisted of four different acts, and I counted forty to fifty turnings in one minute. The spectacle is very exciting, and the dexterity and elasticity of their bodies are astonishing. The faces betrayed fanatical devotion. But to my great amazement, I saw the next day one of these very Dervishes in a state of beastly intoxication, reeling to and fro on the large bridge of the Golden Horn without observing anybody. This was a strange commentary on Mohammedan temperance. The higher classes, I understand, and it would seem from this exceptional example even Dervishes, freely indulge in the use of strong brandy and champagne. The Howling Dervishes swing their heads up and down, crying incessantly with all their might, *La ilaha ill' Allah*, and some other phrases, until they are stopped from sheer exhaustion.

In entering a mosque, we may keep on the hat or turban, but must take off the shoes, or cover them with



The Howling Dervishes.

socks, or put on slippers in commemoration of the divine command to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." Slippers or sandals of straw are usually provided at the entrance of these mosques, and must be paid for. There are always a half dozen claimants for backsheesh.

Women are seldom seen in the mosques. The Koran does not command them to pray, and some Mohammedan philosophers doubt whether women have souls. Yet they are necessary for the bliss of their Paradise, where the humblest believer is allowed eighty thousand slaves and seventy-two wives besides those he had in this life, if he chooses to keep them.

Islam is a religion of men, while Christianity has more followers among women. The one keeps women in a state of slavery and ignorance; the other raises her to true dignity and equality with man. In nothing is the superiority of Christian civilization over Mohammedanism so manifest as in the position of women and in the home life. Polygamy reduces woman to a mere slave and plaything, and is a fruitful source of domestic and social misery. Mohammed was comparatively temperate, but grew more sensual and cruel as he advanced in life and power. He was first married to a rich widow much older than himself (Chadijah), who bore him four daughters and two sons; two months after her death he married Sawda, another widow, and was betrothed at the same time to a mere girl of six or seven years, Ayesha, whose jealous hatred of Fatima (his only surviving daughter from Chadijah) became the cause of perpetual discords and schisms. He had in all fifteen regular wives and many concubines. He despised a throne and a diadem, he mended his own clothes, he pegged his own shoes, he lived on dates and water, in a

poor cottage, surrounded by the cottages of his wives and slaves. His successors drink champagne, live in luxury, and have dozens of palaces and harems filled with eunuchs and women who know nothing beyond the vanities of etiquette and dress. It is painful to add that the American Mohammed, Brigham Young, who died in September, 1877, had nineteen wives and over fifty children, and left an immense fortune.

Mohammed and the savage sons of the desert, by a fanatical faith, extreme simplicity and temperance, and fierce bravery, conquered the fairest portions of the East, plundering, enslaving, and destroying wherever they went, and reducing the lands of the Bible to a dreary ruin. His successors at the present day have to live at the mercy of Christian Europe. They have shamefully wasted their opportunities, and the time of reckoning has come. The Mohammedan religion is indeed neither dead nor dying; a visit to its old University in Cairo, with ten thousand pupils, and its progress among the savage races in Africa, are sufficient to prove its vitality; but it has ceased to be a terror and insult to Europe; it must retreat to Asia, it is gradually undermined by changes in its own strongholds, and before long it will have to open the door for the messengers of a purer Christianity than that which it so easily conquered, not by argument and persuasion, but by the brute force of the sword, which by the slow but sure Nemesis of history is now turned against it.*

Thus it will be seen that Mohammed, the false prophet who lived in the seventh century, borrowed from both the Old and New Testaments in formulating his religious system. What he took from these sources was added to his own views and promulgated as a revelation. From

*Schaff, "Through Bible Lands,"

time to time what purported to be new revelations were added to the Koran. At first he did not permit polygamy, but in after life, when he had grown sensual, he claimed to have had a special revelation permitting him to have as many wives as he pleased. The system is based upon sensuality, and the slavery and degradation of women are complete.

One among the interesting sights in Cairo is the mosque El-Azhar which was converted into a university A. D. 975. It is said to be the largest school of the kind in the world, and is attended by students from all countries professing Islamism. It has ten thousand students in attendance. They are instructed by three hundred and twenty teachers who are the most fanatical of all Moslems. The Koran really is the only text-book used in the university. It supplies the student with grammar, logic, law, philosophy and theology. There are other books, but they are simply commentaries on the Koran and its doctrines. The students sit crosslegged on mats with their teachers. The latter read from a book, explaining each sentence as they read; or they direct the more advanced students to read aloud, adding their own explanation from time to time. The students listen attentively, taking notes, and as soon as they can repeat the entire book which they are studying, the teacher makes a note of the fact in a copy-book, and authority to lecture upon the work is conferred upon them. In this way theology, law and philosophy are taught, the source of which is found in the Koran. It may be said that when the study of the Koran is completed (and the student must know it by heart) the education of the young man is completed, and he goes forth as a teacher of Mohammedanism.



A Group of Students and Teachers in the Mohammedan University, Cairo.

The teachers receive no salary either from the government or from the university. They make a living by serving in some religious position in the mosque, to which a salary is attached, in copying books (the Koran is never printed) and in teaching in private families; and they sometimes receive gifts from wealthy students. They lead lives of great simplicity and self-denial. The students remain in the university from three to six years. They pay no fees and are in many instances supported by alms. The place is devoid of comfort, and no chairs, benches, cots or beds are to be seen. They sleep on the floor, using their outer garment as a cover. Dr. Schaff says: "The simplicity and self-denial of this student life is something marvelous. Our theological students could not stand it a week." And we may add that students and teachers in many of our schools might learn useful lessons of self-denial at the university of El-Azhar.

When it is remembered that in reality only the Koran is taught in the Mohammedan schools, we may form some idea of the intellectual condition of the Moslems at the present day. As one writer has very truthfully said, the most conspicuous defect of their culture consists in the entire absence of independent thought, in consequence of which they are the mere recipients of the knowledge of the past. Their minds are thus exclusively occupied with the lowest grade of intellectual work, their principal task consisting in the systematic arrangement of the knowledge handed down to them. Some of the teachers of El-Azhar are men of marvelous erudition, but they are destitute of creative power, or of the ability to utilize their old materials for the construction of any new edifice. They adhere faithfully to the notion of their forefathers, that the greatest triumph of mental labor is to learn by heart any work

of acknowledged literary value. With natural history they are wholly unacquainted; and even algebra, geometry and astronomy, so industriously studied by the ancient Arabians, have now fallen into oblivion. So well satisfied are they with their own wisdom that they utterly despise the scientific pursuits of the western world.*

The great university of El-Azhar, as may easily be conjectured, is a hotbed of Moslem fanaticism, and so long as it prospers as it now does the doctrines of the false prophet will not lack for teachers.

*Baedeker, "Lower Egypt," page 287.



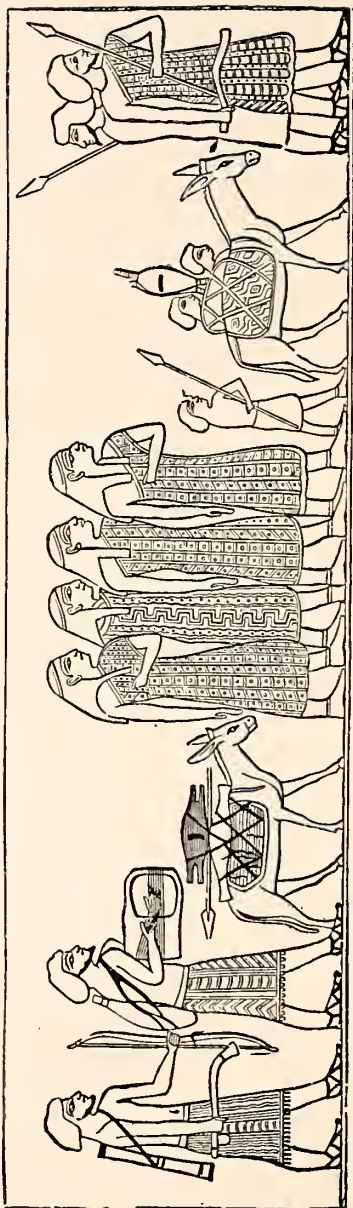
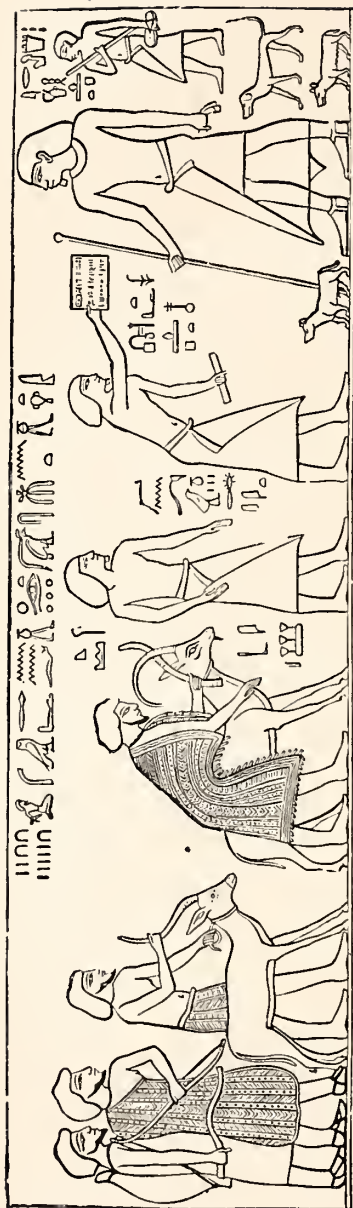
CHAPTER XXI.

The Land of Goshen.—Oppression of the Israelites.—The Buried Cities of Egypt.—Pithom and the Bricks made by the Hebrews.—Bricks without Straw.—Tahpanhes and Jeremiah the Prophet.—The Daughters of Zedekiah.—The Stones hid in the Brick Work.—Zoan.—The Burned Papyrus.—Great Statue of Rameses II.



HEN Jacob gathered his family together, left the land which God had given to his fathers and came down into Egypt, he was kindly and courteously received by Pharaoh. Although he was a stranger and a sojourner in a strange land, yet he was welcomed as a friend. The king invited him to occupy the best of the country, even the Land of Goshen. It was a goodly land, rich in pasturage and all agricultural products. By proper care and irrigation the industrious farmer might reap three abundant harvests each year. The waters of the Nile were carried by a system of canals to all parts of the country. All the conditions existed here to make a people prosperous and happy.

And here, in connection with the coming of Jacob and his sons into Egypt, we give the annexed engraving of the arrival of a Semitic family in that country. It is copied from one of the tombs at Beni Hassan. They are shepherds and the leader of the party is presenting a Syrian goat to the governor of the district, to whom he is being introduced by a scribe who also makes a record of the presents brought to the monarch. That this family is from Palestine is generally admitted. The faces are Jewish or



VISIT OF A FAMILY OF THE SEMITIC NATION CALLED AMU TO EGYPT.
(From the Tomb of Cahun-hetep.)

Semitic. The men are represented as wearing beards, and a single glance at the engraving will show the marked difference between them and the Egyptians. It is an interesting illustration and proves that it was the custom of the people of Palestine to go down into Egypt just as Abraham did, and as Jacob did after him.

But we go back again to the Israelites. It was in the fruitful Land of Goshen that the sons of Jacob settled. Here they soon forgot the country from which they came out. They prospered, grew rich, multiplied and, as the years passed, became a mighty people. It was a growing nation in the midst of Egypt that first aroused the suspicions of and alarmed the Pharaoh that knew not Joseph. From his standpoint he no doubt concluded that he was acting wisely when he determined to oppress the Israelites. As we look at his course it does not betoken wisdom or statesmanship. A wise ruler delights in having his people contented and happy. He made their lives grievous by reason of the burdens laid upon them in the fields, in making brick, in the quarries, and in the temples and tombs constructed by the king. But God's plan differed from Pharaoh's, and the means adopted by the latter to enslave the people resulted in their final deliverance.

During the first years of oppression Pharaoh "did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." Ex. 1: 11.

In modern times the borders of the Land of Goshen have been the subject of much discussion. The treasure cities built for Pharaoh had fallen into ruins, and even the sites of them were lost. Where did the Israelites dwell in Egypt? Where was Pithom and where was Raamses located? These questions were often asked, and no satisfactory

answer could be given. But now, thanks to the Egyptian Exploration Fund and the men having charge of the work, both the treasure cities have been identified and the Land of Goshen distinctly and authentically pointed out. Singular as it may seem, these old cities named in Exodus have been excavated, and thus additional evidence of the truth of the Bible is secured.

During our stay in Egypt we crossed and recrossed the Land of Goshen a number of times, and although it has been badly treated and some of the canals have been filled up, yet it is still a goodly land and produces rich harvests.

It fills one with strange feelings to pass over these fields, ride along the banks of the canals, and to know that here the Israelites dwelt, and here they were compelled to make brick without straw. But stranger still is the fact that the evidence of their oppression has been hid away in the buried cities, and has only recently been brought to light by the spade and pick of the modern excavator. We give some of the most striking of these proofs.

The story of the discovery of Pithom, Raamses, Tahpanhes and other buried cities of ancient Egypt is full of interest. The first two were built by the Israelites under the oppression, and the last is referred to by Jeremiah, so that these are not only cities of Egypt but Bible cities as well. Raamses and Pithom were located on the border of the Land of Goshen and on the route of the exodus. We are especially indebted to Edwards, Petrie, and Naville for the sketch we give of the discovery of these ancient cities.

And first the discovery of Pithom. Some forty years ago a large mound, known in Egypt as Tell-el-Maskhutah, was identified by Lepsius as Raamses, and his opinion was generally accepted. In all the maps and guidebooks it is so set down. When M. Naville commenced the work of

excavating the mound in 1883 it was with the purpose of proving that Lepsius was correct; but much to his surprise he found that the learned German had made a mistake; not a serious mistake, however, for what M. Naville did find was the treasure city of Pithom, the twin sister of Raamses.

Digging into and removing the mound a great wall twenty feet in thickness was found which enclosed a space containing fifty-five thousand square yards. In one corner of the square stood a temple, the outer wall of which was built of brick, the inner of fine limestone. It was found that the city had been founded by Rameses II, as was abundantly proved by the inscriptions discovered. Statues and hieroglyphic texts of later kings were also found on the spot, among which was a part of a tablet of the Shishak of the Bible.

It was also discovered that the temple was dedicated to Tum, the patron god of the city, and that its sacred name was Pa-Tum. It was also called Sukut. An inscription on a black granite statue of a prince implores "all the priests who go into the sacred abode of Tum the great god of Sukut" to offer a prayer for him. Another inscription sets forth the titles of an "official of Tum of Sukut and governor of the storehouse." These inscriptions, with many others found, set forth that M. Naville had discovered a place that was a "storehouse" and that it had two names, Pa-Tum and Sukut. The surrounding district was also known by the latter name.

"Now, 'Pa-Tum' means the house, or abode of Tum; 'Pa' being the Egyptian word for house, or abode. Thus the temple gave its name to the city, just as 'Pa-Bast'—the abode of Bast—gave its name to the city which the Greeks called Bubastis. But as the Greeks, according to the Greek method of transcription, rendered 'Pa' by 'Bu,'

and 'Bast' by Bastis, so the Hebrews, according to the Hebrew method of transcription, rendered 'Pa' by 'Pi,' and 'Bast' by 'Beseth.' Thus it is as 'Pi-Beseth' that we read of Bubastis. And so in like manner, the Hebrews changed 'Pa' into 'Pi,' and 'Tum' into 'Thom,' when dealing with 'Pa-Tum,' of which they made 'Pi-thom.' Accordingly it is of this very store fort, 'Pa-Tum,' that we read in the passage, 'And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pi-thom and Raamses.' '*

But we are not yet done with the name of this important Bible city. It had, as we have seen from the inscriptions, another name, "Sukut," and this was changed by the Hebrew method into Succoth of the Bible. It will be remembered that "the children of Israel removed from Ramesses, and pitched in Succoth," † so that we not only have the storehouse of Pithom, but we have as well the second camping-place of the Israelites as they fled away from the land of bondage. And not only this, we also have the very place where Joseph met his aged father when he came down into Egypt. "And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while." Gen. 46: 29. It is well known that the Greeks in later times gave the name of Heroöpolis to Pithom, and when the Hebrew Bible was translated into the Greek by the seventy at Alexandria, about B. C. 200, they give the place the Greek name and say that Joseph "made ready his chariot and went up to Heroöpolis to meet his father."

Inside the wall, which we have described as surrounding the city and the temple, M. Naville discovered a great

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," page 45.

† Num. 33: 5.

number of deep cellars and store chambers. These underground vaults, granaries or magazines are solidly-built square chambers of various sizes, divided by massive partition walls about ten feet in thickness, without doors or any kind of communication, evidently destined to be filled and emptied from the top by the means of trap doors and ladders. Except the corner occupied by the temple, the whole area of the great walled enclosure is honeycombed with these cellars. When it is remembered that the enclosure contains fifty-five thousand square yards some idea of the vast extent of the store chambers may be formed.

They are built of brick. These are large and are made of Nile mud pressed in a wooden mould and dried in the sun. "Also they are laid in mortar, which is not common, the ordinary method being to lay them with mud, which dries immediately and holds almost as well as mortar. And this reminds us that Pharaoh's taskmasters 'made the children of Israel to serve with rigor: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick.'*" We remember all the details of that pitiful story—how the straw became exhausted; how the poor souls were driven forth to gather in stubble for mixing with clay; and yet how they were required to give in as large a tale of bricks at the end of each day's work as if the straw had been duly provided.

"Now it is a very curious and interesting fact that the Pithom bricks are of different qualities. In the lower courses of these massive cellar walls they are mixed with chopped straw; higher up, where the straw may be supposed to have run short, the clay is found mixed with reeds,—the same kind of reeds which grow to this day in the old Pharaohic canal, and which are translated as 'stubble' in

*Ex. 1: 13, 14.

the Bible. Finally, when the last reeds were used up, the bricks of the upper courses consist of mere Nile mud, with no binding substance whatever.

“So here we have the whole pathetic Bible narrative surviving in solid substance to the present time. We go down to the bottom of one of these cellars. We see the good brick for which the straw was provided, some few feet higher we see those for which the wretched Hebrews had to seek reeds, or stubble. We hear them cry aloud, ‘Can we make bricks without straw?’ Lastly we see the bricks which they had to make, and did make without straw, while their hands were bleeding and their hearts were breaking. Shakespeare in one of his most familiar passages tells us of ‘sermons in stones;’ but here we have a sermon in bricks, and not only a sermon, but a practical historical commentary of the highest importance and interest.”*

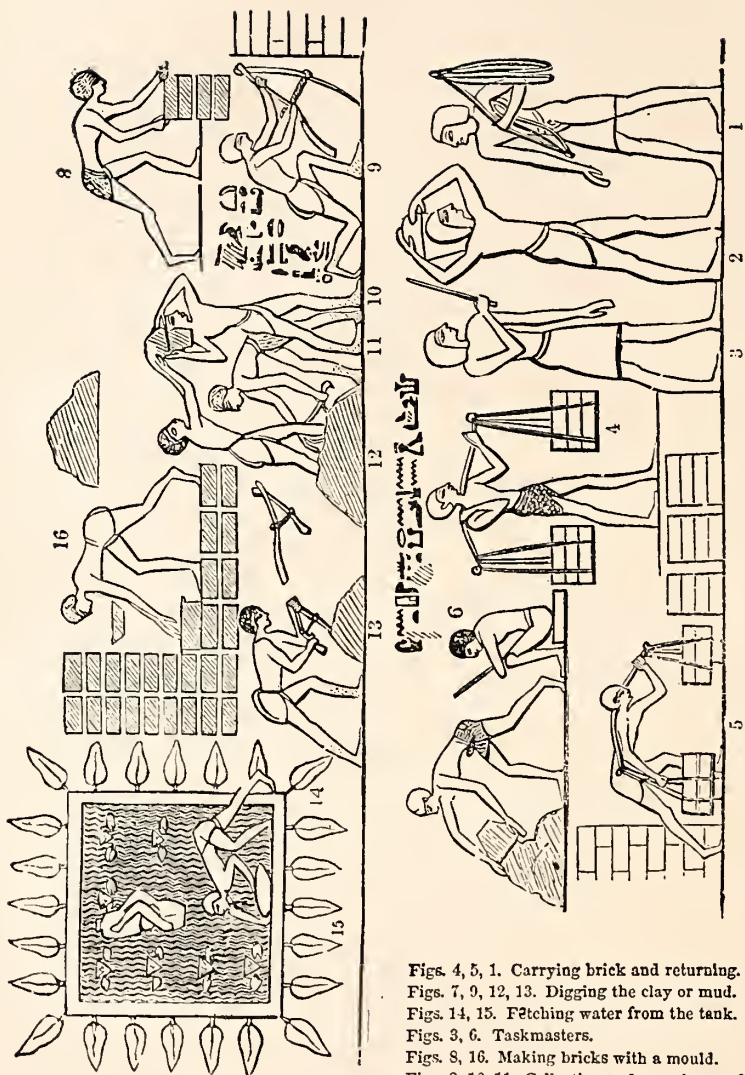
It seems remarkable indeed that the bricks of Pithom made by the children of Israel should bear such abundant testimony to the truth of the Bible narrative. And yet this is true. In God’s own time the treasure city was excavated, and thousands of silent but eloquent witnesses were taken from the buildings in which they had been placed by Pharaoh’s builders. And what a wonderful testimony these silent witnesses bear to the truth of the Bible! How marvelously do the very bricks of the ancient treasure city, built by the children of Israel under the hand of the oppressor, cry out as with living tongues and repeat the old, old Bible story, telling in unmistakable language that Pharaoh oppressed the sons of Jacob and compelled them to make brick without straw. Who can examine these

* “Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers,” pages 49, 50.

evidences and doubt the truth of the Bible account of Israel's bondage and oppression in the land of Egypt!

And here we refer to other testimony bearing on the bondage of Israel in Egypt. Letters, written on papyrus by the king's scribe, Kauiser, during the reign of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, were found in the temple at Memphis, and are now in the museum at Leyden. They were found in a good state of preservation, and have been carefully translated into English. The following passages occur: "I have obeyed the orders of the master, being bidden to serve out the rations to my soldiers, and also to the *Aperian* (the Egyptian name for the Hebrews) who quarry stone for the palace of King Rameses." "Therefore I heard the message of the eye (an official title) of my master, saying: 'Give corn to the Egyptian soldiers, and to the Hebrews who polish stones for the construction of the great storehouse in the City Rameses.'" Another letter, written by the scribe Keniamanu, tells of the Hebrews quarrying stones for a building on the south side of Memphis.

Of these letters Miss Edwards, in her excellent work on Egypt, says: "They bring home to us with startling nearness the events and actors of the Bible narrative. We see the toilers at their tasks, and the overseers conferring with the directors of public works. They extract from the quarry those huge blocks which are our wonder to-day. Harnessed to huge sledges, they drag them to the river-side and embark them for transport to the opposite bank. Some are so heavy that it takes a month to get them down from the mountain to the landing-place. Other laborers elsewhere are making bricks, digging canals, helping to build the great wall which reached from Pelusium to Heliopolis, and strengthened the defenses of



FOREIGN CAPTIVES EMPLOYED IN MAKING BRICK AT THEBES. FROM TOMB NO. 35, AT THEBES.

Figs. 4, 5, 1. Carrying brick and returning.
 Figs. 7, 9, 12, 13. Digging the clay or mud.
 Figs. 14, 15. Fetching water from the tank.
 Figs. 3, 6. Taskmasters.
 Figs. 8, 16. Making bricks with a mould.
 Figs. 2, 10, 11. Collecting and carrying mud.

not only Rameses and Pithom, but of all the cities and ports of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Their lot is hard, but not harder than the lot of other workmen. They are well fed. They intermarry. They increase and multiply. The season of the great oppression is not yet come. They make bricks, it is true, and those who are thus employed must supply a certain number daily, but straw is not yet withheld, and the task, though perhaps excessive, is not impossible."

But the day of oppression was close upon them. Rameses, alarmed at the rapid growth of the Israelites, took measures to retard their increase. "And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour." And then, as we have already seen, came still harder tasks. The straw used in making brick was withheld, and yet the full number was required. "So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather stubble instead of straw."

The annexed engraving shows the process of making bricks in ancient Egypt, and it doubtless shows just how the Israelites worked. After the discovery of Pithom M. Naville continued his work under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, and in 1884 discovered at Saft el-Henneh what is supposed to have been the capital city of the Land of Goshen, the home of the Israelites so many years during their sojourn in Egypt. It is said there is very strong reason for believing that an old city that stood here was rebuilt and enlarged by Rameses II, to which he gave his own name, and that in "Kes," "Goshen," we have the other treasure city built by the Hebrews at the time of the oppression. Raamses was the place from

which the Israelites started on their journey to the Land of Canaan, and they would most likely have assembled at the capital of the country in which they dwelt. From this and other considerations in all probability Saft el-Henneh, as it is now called, is the Raamses of the Bible.

We now turn from the important work of M. Naville, which has yielded such rich fruit, to the no less important discoveries of Mr. Petrie whose interesting work, "Ten Years Digging in Egypt," and reports to the Egyptian Exploration Fund are invaluable to those who desire to make a careful study of recent discoveries in Egypt. Mr. Petrie commenced his work in 1886 at a group of mounds called Tell Defenneh, situated close to lake Menzaleh at the northeastern corner of the delta. "Defenneh" is an Arab word derived from Daphnae, the Greek name of the place. In the Hebrew "Daphnae" is transcribed Tahpanhes, so that we have in the mounds at Tell Defenneh the ruins of the Bible city of Tahpanhes.

The occasion of the mention of Tahpanhes in the Bible was on this wise. In the reign of Pharaoh-hophra,* about B. C. 585, Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon, besieged and took the City of Jerusalem. Zedekiah was taken captive, his eyes were put out and with the largest part of the inhabitants of Jerusalem and Judea was carried into Babylonian captivity.† Jerusalem was occupied by a Chaldean garrison and ruled by a governor sent from Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar. The king's daughters and a remnant of the Israelites, including Jeremiah the prophet, remained in the city. His advice and counsel was to remain in Jerusalem; but Johanan, the son of Kareah, who had charge of the king's daughters, determined to take them and the

* Jer. 44: 30.

† 2 Kings 25: 7.

remnant of Judah to Egypt and place them under the protection of Pharaoh-hophra. Jeremiah prophesied against this scheme and said: "And now therefore hear the word of the Lord, ye remnant of Judah; Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; If ye wholly set your faces to enter into Egypt, and go to sojourn there; then it shall come to pass, that the sword, which ye feared, shall overtake you there in the land of Egypt, and the famine, whereof ye were afraid, shall follow close after you there in Egypt; and there ye shall die. So shall it be with all the men that set their faces to go into Egypt to sojourn there; they shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence: and none of them shall remain or escape from the evil that I will bring upon them."*

But the words of the prophet were of no avail. Johanan and his adherents had wholly set their faces to go to Egypt to sojourn there. The words of the prophet were an idle tale to them. They accused him of speaking falsely and said: "The Lord our God hath not sent thee to say, Go not into Egypt to sojourn there."† Here is the old story of men finding excuses for disobeying the Word of the Lord. It was a common thing in the days of Johanan, and it is by no means less common to-day. These men had marked their course and no words of the aged prophet could change their minds. To Egypt they had determined to go, and to Egypt they went.

"But Johanan the son of Kareah, and all the captains of the forces, took all the remnant of Judah, that were returned from all nations, whither they had been driven, to dwell in the land of Judah; even men, and women, and children, and the king's daughters, and every person that

* Jer. 42: 15-17

† Jer. 43: 2.

Nebuzar-adan the captain of the guard had left and Jeremiah the prophet, and Baruch the son of Neriah. So they came into the land of Egypt: for they obeyed not the voice of the Lord: thus came they even to Tahpanhes."*

Nine hundred years before this the oppressed Israelites had fled away from Egypt, and now a remnant of that once prosperous people, all that were left in Palestine, fled to Egypt and took protection from the Chaldeans from Pharaoh-hophra. It was an exodus from the Land of Canaan to Egypt. The king of Egypt placed his royal palace at Daphnae at the disposal of the princesses and granted those who came with them a large tract of land.

One of those who accompanied Johanan to Egypt we may well suppose came unwillingly. It was the prophet of the Lord, Jeremiah. He had protested with all his power and zeal against the move; he had prophesied against it, and after all was compelled to be an unwilling participant in it. But his voice was not hushed. They were now enjoying the rich bounty and hospitality of the king of Egypt, they were in the fertile land of the Nile, but the prophet lifted up a warning voice upon the very threshold of the palace which the Jewish princesses occupied, and he spoke these words:

"Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah in Tahpanhes, saying, Take great stones in thine hand, and hide† them in mortar in the brickwork, which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, in the sight of the men of Judah; and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar the king of Babylon, my servant, and will

* Jer. 43: 5-7.

† Marginal reading, or, *lay them with mortar in the pavement (or square).*

set his throne upon these stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his royal pavilion over them. And he shall come, and shall smite the land of Egypt; such as are for death shall be given to death, and such as are for captivity to captivity, and such as are for the sword to the sword.”*

Bearing in mind what has preceded we shall now follow Mr. Petrie in his excavations at Tahpanhes; and we cannot do better than give the graphic description of his work by the gifted and lamented author of “Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers,” with the report of Mr. Petrie to the secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, made in April, 1886, which is quoted in the foregoing excellent work: When Mr. Petrie arrived at the scene of his labors he found three mounds; two of them were apparently mere rubbish heaps of the ordinary type; the third being entirely composed of burned and blackened ruins, of a huge pile of brick buildings, visible for a great distance across the plain. Arriving at his destination in the evening, foot-sore and weary, Mr. Petrie beheld this singular object standing high against a lurid sky, and reddened by a fiery sunset. His Arabs hastened to tell him its local name; and he may be envied the delightful surprise with which he learned that it was known far and near as “El Kasr el Bint el Yahudi”—the “Castle of the Jew’s Daughter.”

He at once set to work with some forty or fifty Arab laborers and soon discovered that the ruins had been burned and that it once had been a palace and a fort. Referring now to the “brickwork” of the Revised Version and the “brickkiln” of the King James translation the explorer says:

“This ‘brickwork, or pavement,’ at the entry of Pharaoh’s house has always been a puzzle to translators;

* Revised Version, Jer. 43: 8-11.

but as soon as we began to uncover the plan of the palace, the exactness of the description was manifest; for here, outside the buildings adjoining the central tower, I found by repeated trenchings an area of continuous brickwork resting on sand, and measuring about one hundred feet by sixty feet, facing the buildings at the east corner.

“The roadway ran up a recess between the buildings and this platform, which has no traces of superstructures, was evidently an open air place for loading and unloading goods, or sitting out in the air, or transacting business, or conversing—just such a place, in fact, as is made by the Egyptians to this day in front of their houses, where they drink coffee, and smoke in the cool of the afternoon, and receive their visitors.

“Such seems to have been the object of this large platform, which was evidently a place to meet persons who would not be admitted into the palace or fort; to assemble guards; to hold levees; to receive tribute and stores; to unlade goods; and to transact the multifarious business which, in so hot a climate, is done in the open air. This platform is therefore, *unmistakably*, the brickwork, or pavement, which is at the ‘entry of Pharaoh’s house in Tahpanhes.’ The rains* have washed away this area and denuded the surface, so that, although it is two or three feet thick near the palace, it is reduced in greater part to a few inches, and is altogether gone at the northwest corner.”

Now the Arabic word for a platform of this kind is “balat,” and that we have in this “balat” the brickwork referred to in the Bible is scarcely to be doubted by the most determined sceptic. And it is to be noted that in the alternative or marginal reading, above mentioned, “the brickwork which is at the entry of Pharaoh’s house” is

* There are frequent rainfalls in the northern part of the delta of Egypt.

rendered as "the pavement or square." Here, therefore, the ceremony described by Jeremiah must have been performed, and it was upon this spot that Nebuchadnezzar was to spread his royal pavilion. It will be asked, perhaps, if Mr. Petrie actually found the stones which Jeremiah laid with mortar in the thickness of that pavement. He looked for them, of course, turning up the brickwork in every part; and he did find some large stones lying loosely on the surface. But these had probably rolled down from the wreck of the palace.* At all events, it was impossible to identify them.

Meanwhile we turn in vain to the pages of sacred and secular history for some record of the fate of these hapless princesses—the last, the very last, of the ancient and noble royal line of Judah who were recognized as royal. What fate befell them and their followers? Did the Assyrian pursue them with fire and sword? And was the conqueror's pavilion actually spread upon the spot marked by the prophet? The Bible tells us no more; but certain Egyptian inscriptions state that Nebuchadnezzar again invaded Egypt, and was defeated by Apries Pharaoh-hophra; while, on the other hand, certain Babylonian inscriptions give the victory to Nebuchadnezzar. Which are we to believe? For my part, I unhesitatingly accept the impartial evidence of that burned and blackened pile, "The Castle of the Jews' Daughter;" and I do not doubt that the invincible Assyrian wrought his uttermost vengeance upon the "remnant of Judah."

Nor must we forget the additional testimony of the clay cylinders of Nebuchadnezzar, inscribed in cuneiform

* May it not be possible, is it not altogether probable that these stones may have been loosened from the pavement where they were laid by Jeremiah? Their presence at this place would be a strong proof that these may have been the very stones placed there by the prophet.

characters, and now in the National Egyptian Museum. Some seven or eight years ago these cylinders were sold to Prof. Maspero by an Arab who found them, as we have every reason to believe, upon this very spot; and such cylinders were precisely the memorials which Nebuchadnezzar would have left buried beneath the spot where he spread his pavilion and planted his royal standard in the hour of victory.*

So Tahpanhes, buried away long centuries ago by the accumulated rubbish and dust of ages, speaks now at the close of the nineteenth century, bearing testimony to the truth of the Bible. What will those critics, who claim that the Old Testament was written just before the beginning of the Christian era, now have to say in the face of this positive proof that they are mistaken? Here at Tahpanhes we have a meeting point of ancient Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian and Bible history, and the chronology of the Book of Jeremiah is settled beyond all dispute. The date is fixed at nearly six hundred years before Christ. Then, too, how wonderfully does the discovery of Tahpanhes corroborate the statements made by the prophet, and how it clears up the difficulty which translators have had for years with the "brickkiln" and the "brickwork" before the house of Pharaoh. Thus are the buried cities of the Bible being excavated, and as they again see the light of the sun, after so many centuries of darkness and silence, they speak as with human voices, saying, "THE BOOK OF GOD IS TRUE."

Mr. Petrie continued his work at Tahpanhes and made a number of interesting discoveries, but none to exceed that of the discovery of brickwork before the house of Pharaoh. The palace and fort consisted of one enormous square tower, consisting of sixteen rooms on each floor;

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," page 67.

while, built up against its outer walls, were a variety of larger structures, such as might have been added for guard rooms, offices, and the accommodation of the court. There was every evidence that the place had been taken by assault, plundered, and burned, the upper stories of the tower having fallen in and buried the basements. Layer by layer Mr. Petrie cleared away these masses of buried rubbish,—each layer a chapter in the history of the place. The royal apartments had once been lined with fine limestone slabs exquisitely sculptured and painted; but these had been literally mashed to pieces before the place was set on fire, and lay in splintered heaps among the debris of charred beams and blackened bricks. Under the foundation corners of the stronghold were found libation vessels, corn nibbers, specimens of ores, model bricks, the bones of a sacrificial ox and a small bird, and a series of little tablets in gold, silver, lapis lazuli, porcelain, carnelian, and jasper, engraved with the names and titles of the royal founder Psammetichus I.

Under the immense mound of rubbish the basement chambers were uninjured. The kitchen was as it had been left centuries ago. In a large room with recesses in the wall which served for a pantry were fourteen jars and two dishes standing in their places. Here also were found weights for weighing the meat, spits, knives, plates, cups and saucers. In another room were found empty wine jars, some perfect, some broken, and this was undoubtedly the wine room of the palace.

A great variety of objects from the royal apartments were found in the fallen rubbish, such as bronze and silver rings, amulets, beads, seals, small brass vessels, a grand sword-handle with curved guard, and a quantity of burned and rusted scale armor. The palace and fort stood in the

midst of a great camp. In the camp were found many military relics, belonging to Greek soldiers who assisted Psammetichus in securing his throne. A massive gold handle, apparently the handle of a tray, was also found buried in a corner of the camp, where doubtless it had been hidden by some plunderer when the place had been plundered and burned. This undoubtedly formed part of Hóphra's service of gold plate (that service of gold plate which he would, of course, have placed at the disposal of his Jewish guests), and it is, with one exception, the only piece of gold plate ever found in Egypt.*

We close this chapter with a brief reference to the work of Mr. Petrie at Tsan, the "Tanis" of the Greeks, and rendered Zoan in the Hebrew. We are informed in the Bible that "Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt,"† and that the Lord did marvelous things in the sight of the fathers of Israel "in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan."‡ The identification of Tanis with Zoan brought to light another buried city of the Bible. We may be able to enter somewhat into the feelings of the excavator by reading what Mr. Petrie says about some of his discoveries:

"But the burnt houses were the real prize of the season, as the owners had fled and left most of their goods; and the reddened patches of earth attracted us usually to a profitable site. In one house there was a beautiful marble term, of Italian work; and the fragments of a very curious zodiac, painted on a sheet of clear glass over a foot square, each sign or month having an emblematic head to represent it; unhappily, it was broken in a hundred and fifty

* "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," pages 65, 67.

† Lev. 13: 22.

‡ Ps. 78: 12.



THE RUINS OF TANIS.

To face page 30.

pieces, and as I uncovered them it was cruel to see the gold-foil work which was on them peel off on to the earth, leaving the glass bare in many parts. A yet more heart-rending sight were the piles of papyrus rolls so rotted that they fell to pieces with a touch, showing here and there a letter of the finest Greek writing. The next house, also burnt, was the best of all. Here we found the limestone statuette of the owner, Bakakhuui, inscribed in demotic on the base; a sensible, sturdy-looking, active man, who seems to have been a lawyer or notary, to judge by his documents. Many household objects of pottery and stone were found, jars, mortars, etc., and a beautiful blue glazed jar, perhaps the largest such known and quite perfect. The rich result however was in his waste; for in a recess under the cellar stairs had been five baskets of old papyri. Though many had utterly perished by being burnt to white ash, yet one basketful was only carbonized; and tenderly undermining the precious black mass, I shifted it out and carried it up to my house with fear and reverent joy. It took ten hours' work to separate safely all the documents, twisted, crushed, and squeezed together, and all as brittle as only burnt papyrus is; a bend or a jerk, and the piece was ruined. At last I had over a hundred and fifty documents separated; and, each wrapped apart, and put in tin boxes in which they traveled safely. They have now all been opened, and glazed; and two of them already prove to be of the greatest interest. One is a book of hieroglyphic signs in columns, followed by their hieratic equivalents and the school name by which they were learned: the greater part of this is preserved, and shows us, for the first time, the system on which the hieroglyphics were arranged and taught.* When the care that must be taken in opening

* "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt," Wm. M. Flinders Petrie, pages 33, 34.

up these relics of the past is considered we are not surprised at the statement that excavators, like poets, are born, not made.

Bearing in mind what Mr. Petrie says about the burnt houses in Zoan, evidences of a great conflagration, we turn to Ezek. 30: 14, and read the following prophecy concerning this and other cities of ancient Egypt: "And I will make Pathros desolate, and I will set fire in Zoan, and will execute judgments in No."

It was also in Zoan that Mr. Petrie discovered the remains of the largest statue ever sculptured by man. It is needless to add that this colossus represented the great Egyptian egotist, Rameses II. It had been ruthlessly cut up by one of his successors and used to build a gate for a large temple. It was from the fallen blocks of this gateway that the excavator recognized that he had before him a great statue. Of this immense statue Miss Edwards says that the parts discovered proved to be the most stupendous colossus known. Those statues which approach nearest to him in size are the Colossi of Abou Simbel, and of Thebes. These, however, are all seated figures and are cut in comparatively soft materials. But the statue of Rameses II at Zoan was not only sculptured in the hard red granite of Assuan, and designed upon a larger scale than any of these, but he stood erect and crowned, ninety-two feet high from top to toe, or one hundred and twenty-five feet high including his pedestal. The weight of the whole mass is calculated by Mr. Petrie at twelve hundred tons. We ask ourselves in amazement how so huge a mass of granite in one solid piece was taken unbroken from the quarry; how it was floated from Assuan to Zoan, a distance of not less than seven hundred miles; how it was raised

into its place when it reached its destination.* What wonderful sculptors and builders those old Egyptians were! How the great statue of Rameses II must have towered above all else, and looked out over the field of Zoan!


* "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," page 53.



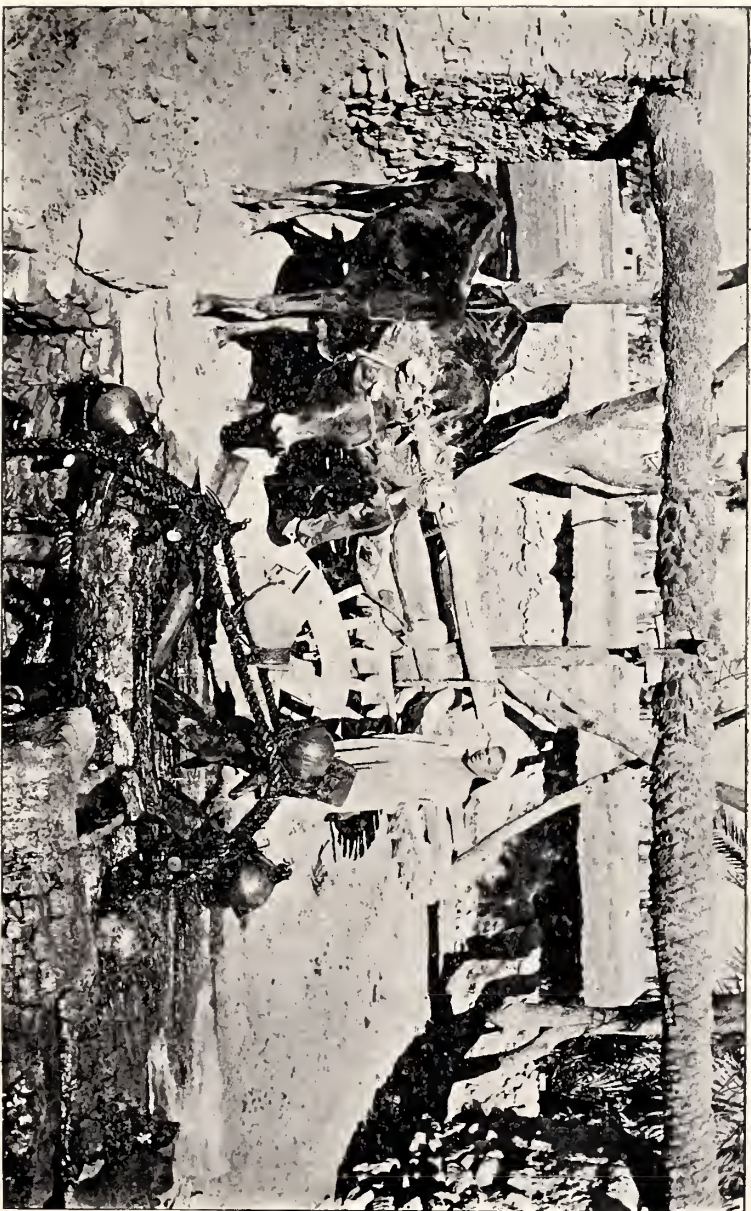
CHAPTER XXII.

The Land of Goshen.—The Sakkieh.—The Boundaries of Goshen.—The Rich, Fertile Soil.—The Israelites and their Murmuring.—A long Donkey Ride.—Raising Water with the Basket.—A Village Market.—Lost on the Desert.—The Beduin Sheik.—Wading in Mud and Water.—The Donkey-boys.—Achmet Ali our Dragoon.—A Sorrowful Man.

“And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell: and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.”—Gen. 47: 5, 6.

HE Land of Goshen again. Egypt has its pyramids, its obelisks, its ruined temples, its colossal statues, its wonderful tombs and its buried cities, each of which has an interest peculiar to itself, but none are more interesting to the Bible student than the Land of Goshen. This small, fertile territory, watered by the Nile, was the birthplace of a nation whose history and religion have had a wonderful influence upon the human race, an influence that was destined to be felt long after the mighty nation who received Jacob and his sons as guests had passed away, and an influence that is destined to be felt through the line of Judah to the end of time.

When Pharaoh spoke to Joseph concerning his father and his brethren and told him to let them dwell in the best of the land of Egypt, “in the land of Goshen let them dwell,” they numbered in all but seventy souls. When these same Hebrews were led away from the land of bondage and oppression by Moses, they had increased so that



The Sakkiel, or Egyptian Water Wheel.

of their number six hundred thousand from twenty years old and upward were "able to go forth to war in Israel."* They had come down into Egypt a single family with the aged grandfather still with them; they went forth with a strong army, with a great multitude of women and children, old men and youths. They came down to Egypt a little band of poverty-stricken wanderers, seeking food for their wives and little ones, they went forth a unified nation, ready to play its part in the great drama of the world's history.

We could wish that we had more of the personal history of these dwellers in the Land of Goshen (the Gosem of the Egyptian). The Bible passes over the many years of their sojourn with but few recorded events, and from the time of their settlement and the death of Jacob and Joseph until there arose a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph, we are without information as to the life and doings of the sons of Jacob. As they were an alien race and as the years went by were subjected to slavery, the Egyptians left but few records touching the Hebrews. We find some references to them in the temples and on the monuments, where they are represented as slaves and toilers.

In the fruitful Land of Goshen they must have dwelt many years, a happy, prosperous people, before the years of oppression came. The rich pasture-land afforded them abundant provender for their herds and flocks, for they were shepherds, both they and their fathers.† Under these most favorable conditions it is not to be wondered at that the Hebrews "were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and

*Num. 1: 3

†Gen. 47: 3.

multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them;”* that is, the Land of Goshen.

But the ancient records are not silent as to the richness of the soil of Goshen. An ancient Egyptian papyrus, written by Egyptian officials during the period of Israel's sojourn in Goshen, is preserved and bears testimony to the great fertility of the soil. "They describe the beauty and the charms of the country in the most vivid colors, stating that life there was sweet and pleasant, and that the soil produced all kinds of crops in great abundance." These records show how literally true is the statement contained in the Scripture standing at the head of this chapter: "In the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell."

Passing over the Land of Goshen and noting the wonderful fertility of the soil and the prosperity of the people who now dwell here, with a knowledge of what it was in the days of Israel's sojourn, we can well understand some of the incidents in the life of those people. Dwelling here, as they did, in the midst of plenty, in the richest agricultural district in the world, with every earthly desire gratified, they would never have been willing to follow Moses into the sandy wilderness which bordered their rich farms had not their lives been made bitter and grievous by oppression. God works by means, and this was the means used to wean the Israelites away from the pleasant Land of Goshen. There they were losing their knowledge of the true God and were partaking of the idolatrous religion of the Egyptians. God led them out from under a terrible slavery, by the hand of his servant Moses, and by a discipline of forty years in the wilderness prepared them for the land in which they were to dwell,

* Ex. 1: 7.

Then, too, with the goodly Land of Goshen in mind it is easy to understand why they so fondly and longingly looked back to the fleshpots of Egypt, and why they said to Moses when they had been led into the terrible wilderness of Sin, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

It all seems plain enough now, and natural enough, too, as we traverse the fertile plain of Goshen and remember that this is the land in which the Israelites dwelt. And then when we pass over the green border of the fertile plain and enter the silent, mysterious desert with sand everywhere, and remember that it was this dreary, desolate wilderness into which the people had been led, all wonder that they murmured ceases. How they must have dreamed, as they slept on the sands of the desert, of the green fields, the palm groves, and the sweet, life-giving waters of the Nile, of their granaries bursting with plenty, and of the kettles over the fire, never wanting for an abundant supply of flesh. To awake from such a dream in a howling wilderness, with sand and desolation everywhere, was to take the heart back again to the land they had left. Under such circumstances and such surroundings, they would have forgotten the oppression and bitterness of their lives and thought only of the blessings they had lost. It is all plain enough now and we wonder no more as we once did, years ago, why the children of Israel murmured and turned back in their hearts to the "fleshpots of Egypt." The whole proceeding is entirely in line with human nature, and only shows how true the Bible account is, even in the minutest details.

As we write these lines, the thought comes to us, How much better are professing Christians to-day, with the light of the Gospel and all the advantages of a high state of civilization, than were the ignorant, oppressed Hebrews who murmured in the wilderness of Sin? How many who profess Christ are not only looking back, but going back, to the fleshpots of the world? Is not the Christian church moving worldward? Is she not much more blameworthy than were the Israelites? Will she go on until she is swallowed by the great whirlpool of worldliness?

Fathers and mothers in the Israel of God, dear young Christian lambs of the flock of Christ Jesus, will you not keep your eyes and your hearts fixed on the blessed, holy Land of Canaan and leave the world of fashion and folly to the children of darkness? You are the children of the light, you have been bought with a price, you are God's own. Oh, do not look back with longing eyes to the world! Follow the blessed Master, and in the end you will enter the Land of Promise, not an earthly Canaan full of ills, but a heavenly, where the ills of life trouble not.

As before stated the boundary line of Goshen has not been fully determined. A part of the territory occupied by the Israelites has been settled and agreed upon, but the full extent of the country is not now known. Recent discoveries have added much to our knowledge of the country, but we must await further light before its full extent can be determined. Baedeker says: "That Goshen lay to the east of the delta there can be no doubt, as it was situated between the residence of the Pharaohs and Palestine, and the Scriptures make no mention of the Nile having been crossed." It contained the cities of Heliopolis Beth-shemesh, Zoan, Pithom, Raamses, Tahpanhes, all of which have been identified and fully described. The

name of the district is still found preserved in the town called Kus by the Copts and Takus by the Arabians.

We arranged for a ride over the Land of Goshen and a visit to the ruins of the treasure city of Pithom. The difficulty of getting exact information at Cairo was in our way and proved in the end rather annoying. We had a letter of introduction from Mr. Newberry to Dr. Grant, an eminent Egyptologist, but unfortunately when we called at his home he was absent. Dr. Watson kindly gave us what information he could, but we were not equipped as well in this respect as we should have been.

It was very early on the morning of Jan. 28 that we left Cairo by rail for Zagazig, a prosperous city of some forty thousand inhabitants, forty-seven miles from our starting-point. Here we had arranged to secure donkeys for our ride across a portion of the Land of Goshen and the wilderness upon which the Israelitish host entered soon after leaving their homes in the land of Egypt. For our journey we had secured Achmet Ali as interpreter and dragoman. He was recommended as being honest and trustworthy. He assured us that he could take us to the excavations at Pithom; and we found him to be kind and obliging. He appeared on the scene in a flowing robe, red fez, white turban, baggy trousers of white material, and yellow shoes, thus presenting a picturesque appearance. Long since we learned not to trust to appearances, and we again had the lesson deeply impressed before we had finished our ride in Goshen. As it turned out our picturesque dragoman knew less of the locality we were seeking than we did ourselves.

At Zagazig we secured good donkeys and started on what proved to be a long and wearisome ride. Our donkey-boys, or men, rather,—they were both above

twenty-five years,—solemnly assured us, in the name of Mohammed their prophet, that we should reach the excavations in two hours and a half. This was entirely satisfactory, as it would give us several hours at the ruins and we could return to Zagazig in time to take an afternoon train to Cairo. Trusting to these assurances, we started out in good spirits in the following order: Achmet Ali leading the way, closely followed by the Elder and his donkey-boy, the writer and his driver bringing up the rear.

It was a bright, beautiful day. The sun shone from a cloudless sky as warm as if it had been midsummer instead of midwinter. We had just been reading of the cold weather at home, the mercury far below zero, and we spoke of the contrast. We rode along the banks of the great canal which carries the water of the Nile to the Land of Goshen as it did in the days when the sons of Jacob tilled these same fields. We realized that we were in a goodly land. We passed by many prosperous villages, surrounded with groves of palms. The fields were covered with luxuriant growing crops. Everywhere there were signs of the fertility of the soil and the prosperity of the people. We were really in Goshen, the best of all the land of Egypt.

The ancient name of Egypt was *Kam*, which means blackness, and we can now see the significance of the word. Wherever the soil is turned up by the plowman it is as black as the richest prairie soil. It forms a striking contrast with the green and luxuriant crops growing on every side. The farmer takes no pains to pulverize the soil. The crops grow without that labor, and the Nile mud levels it once each year.

Innumerable birds are to be seen as we ride along the line of the canal. The pure white crane, called by the

natives *aboo goordan*, is the most plentiful. Standing in green fields their white raiment looks very pretty. In their hieroglyphics the ancient Egyptians used the figure of this bird to represent the soul, and as a result it came



The Egyptian Ibis.

to be regarded with sacred reverence. This feeling is still dominant, and the white crane is never disturbed by the Egyptian farmer. Then there are hawks, kites, storks, pigeons and the kestrel, which was also an object of veneration among the ancient Egyptians. They worshiped it under the name of Horus. They also held the ibis sacred to the name of the god Thoth, who was regarded as the god of time, measures and numbers. Myriads of the ibis were embalmed and buried in the bird catacombs, where they are still to be found in a good state of preservation. The ibis is now extinct.

Now and then we met long caravans of camels, laden with heavy burdens, growling and grunting as they passed, uttering, as it were, a protest against everything and everybody. Groups of farmers were to be seen lounging under the shade of palm trees, or at work at the shaduf and sakkieh raising water from the canal to the level of their fields. Veiled women, clad in a single blue garment, came down to the canal, filled their water jars, poised them gracefully on their heads, walked away to the village as easily and as gracefully as if they were not burdened with five gallons of water.

Men, women and children on foot, men and boys on donkeys, men on camels, we met by the score. And there was a great, strong, strapping fellow riding a donkey and carrying a child while his wife trudged along at his side, bearing on her head a load heavy enough for the strongest man to carry. It was the old, old story of woman's slavery and degradation, which is repeated over and over again in these eastern countries.

And there we had the brickmakers at work. It was a scene such as might have been witnessed at this very same place thirty-three centuries ago when the sons of Jacob

dwelt in the Land of Goshen. The clay was dug up with the same kind of hoes used in the olden time; it was carried in baskets and thrown into a round pit dug in the ground. Water was then poured upon it, the straw was thrown in and the men trod the mass until it was thoroughly mixed. Then, with the hands, the clay was made into large balls and carried in the arms to the moulder, who, squatting on the ground with a crude mould before him, gave shape to the bricks. These were then placed in rows on the ground, where they were left to dry and bake in the hot sun. They were then ready for use and were built into the walls of the houses.

We stopped some time and watched the men at their work. It was an interesting scene and well worth a careful study. We had seen on the ruined walls of the ancient City of Thebes a picture representing brickmaking, painted there more than three thousand years ago. And now here we had before us the same thing in real life. The hoes, the baskets, the pit, the moulder and the bricks were just the same. The only features wanting were the taskmasters and Jewish faces. Supply these, and we should have had in the Land of Goshen on that day, Jan. 28, 1893, an exact reproduction of the brickmaking of the Israelites thirty-three centuries ago. Singular, indeed, how the Egyptians cling to the old way of doing things.

Continuing our ride, we passed by a large village where a weekly market was being held. By common consent of the people, one of the villages is selected and a market day appointed. Then the people come together from all the villages round about, bring their wares and products together, and buy and sell and trade. Fully a thousand men and women, boys and girls were assembled in the open space before the village. Long before we

came near the place we heard the noise of many voices. It was a matter of surprise to us how any business could be transacted amid so much loud talking, yelling, confusion, but purchases were made, trades effected, and the people, we were told, came and went the greater part of the day.

In the Land of Goshen we saw another and quite a simple method of raising the water from the fresh water canals to the level of the fields. A basket with ropes attached at either side is the simple machine used. Two men stand facing each other in the water, grasping the ropes in either hand. By a swinging motion the basket is filled with water which, by a dexterous movement of the ropes, is thrown into a reservoir from which it is led by ditches to the fields. This method is only used when it is not necessary to lift the water very high. It is remarkable how much water two men will raise by means of a basket and ropes in a single day. But it is hard work swinging a basket in this way hour after hour. The men, partially nude, stand in the hot sun as do the "fathers of the shaduf" and sing in a low, monotonous tone as they raise the water. The annexed photogravure will give an excellent idea of this method of irrigating the fields in the Land of Goshen.

We crossed the large canal by a well-constructed bridge, then followed a smaller watercourse some distance, and were finally ferried across. We rode toward the line of the desert, which was in view in the distance, and in a short time we reached the border of the plain and rode out upon the sand of the desert. We had been so much interested in the fertile land and the strange scenes by which we were surrounded that we had taken no note of the time. Consulting our watches we found that it was half past one, and that we had been in the saddle some four hours. We



Raising Water with a Basket.

realized at once that the promise made by Achmet and the donkey-boys, that we should reach the ruins in two hours and a half, was a bit of fruitful imagination of our Arab attendants. Achmet was asked to say now how much more time would probably pass before we should arrive at our destination. He held a consultation with the donkey-boys and said with the utmost assurance, "We go there very soon, in half hour."

Our course led us farther and farther into the desert, and we had lost sight of the green fields of Goshen. Our donkeys sank to the fetlocks in the sand at every step, and at the end of another hour were entirely fagged out. We called a halt. It had become painfully evident to us that some one in our party had been untruthful. We spoke our mind pretty freely to Achmet. We had now been in the saddle five hours. "How about the two and a half hours' ride?" we asked him. He declared that the donkey-boys had deceived him. It was the saddest day of his life. He was much, very much sorry, his life was of but little value to him; he cared not for himself, but for us; but he could not help it, he had been basely deceived by those miserable donkey-boys. There was no help for it now. We must ride on. "We get there plenty soon now, very soon," he said. But we had lost confidence in our dragoman. He looked well enough, but his promises were valueless. He put the blame on the boys, but as they could not talk English we could not decide the merits of the case. One thing, however, he said which appeared to be true, "We must ride on." It was too late now to think of retracing our steps, and so we pushed ahead across the desert sand.

Our donkeys had a hard time of it, and the Elder and the writer, taking pity on the fagged-out animals, conclud-

ed to walk and allow them to rest. We trudged on through the sand under a hot sun for half an hour, and looking back saw that the donkey-boys had mounted and were leisurely riding after us. But for the provoking element in this incident, it would have been amusing. We remounted and pushed on until four o'clock. We had been winding about in the desert for some hours, and it was apparent to us that neither Achmet nor the donkey-boys knew our whereabouts. Seeing a Beduin encampment on a hillside not far away, we rode up to it and directed Achmet to call the sheik and inquire as to our whereabouts. The chief man of the place met us as we neared the tent. He had a long gun on his shoulder and strode out to see what the strangers wanted, war or peace. He was soon assured that our mission was a peaceful one, and he pointed out to us in the distance the mounds where the excavations for which we were looking had been made. In the distance a few palm trees were visible, and we were informed that these marked the site of Tel-el-Kebir.

The sun was nearing the western horizon, and as we had no desire to sleep on the sands of the desert we hurried on, keeping the palm trees before us. After some time we came to the border of a salt lake and marsh. It was at least a mile wide and seemed to be ten miles long. To reach the village we must either cross the marsh or ride around it. We rode along the bank for a mile or more, and then reached a place where the ground seemed solid enough to bear us up. A channel had been cut across at this point, and the muck thrown out formed a low bank on the side of the ditch. The Elder said, "We must either cross here or make up our minds to sleep on the desert to-night." Neither prospect was inviting, but the thought of prowling jackals and hyenas decided us to

try the crossing. However, if the decision had remained with the author the attempt to cross the marsh would not have been made, and the night, as we afterward found when we learned the length of the marsh, would have been spent on the desert.

We rode in upon the soft, spongy ground of the salt marsh. For a short distance from the bank it seemed solid enough to bear up our donkeys, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that the crossing could be easily made. But we had not proceeded many rods when Achmet's donkey sank down hopelessly, and our picturesque dragoman was floundering in the mud and water. Before he could turn back, the Elder was in the same plight. I looked upon my companions wading in the soft mud and dark-colored water, and congratulated myself that I had been wiser than they. I said to them, "I told you crossing here was not safe. I am glad I did not follow you too closely; you are not good leaders." But pride goeth before a fall. Even while these things were taking place, and in less time than it has taken me to write them down here, my own donkey moved a little to one side, sank down to the girth in the mud and I was keeping company with my unfortunate companions. We waded to the bank along the ditch, and found solid footing. Looking back we saw the three donkeys sticking fast in the mud and the men wringing their hands and calling on Allah to help them. It was well, for we could render them no assistance.

Night was coming on and we were in the midst of a swamp. Setting our faces toward the farther shore, we pushed on. At many places the little ridge gave way and we were compelled to wade in the mud and water nearly knee-deep. After a mile of this kind of traveling we reached the solid ground again, and later came to an Arab

village. We were told upon inquiry that Tel-el-Kebir was not far away. We hurried on, and at sunset reached the station, worn out and hungry. We had not tasted food or water since we ate our breakfast in Cairo in the early morning. We ate our lunch with thankful hearts, and afterwards secured a cup of Arab coffee. We had ridden, walked and waded not less than thirty miles. Part of this distance was across the hot desert. It was a hard day's work; but we had seen what we supposed to be the ruins of Pithom, one of the treasure cities of Pharaoh built by the children of Israel.

The donkeys and drivers reached the station later in the evening, presenting a sorry appearance as they came in. Both donkeys and men were literally covered with mud. They had a hard time lifting their animals out of the mud and getting them across the marsh, and they were "plenty tired." We pitied the poor fellows, but we also felt that they were blameworthy and got no more than they deserved. When we came to settle with them they demanded double pay and extra backsheesh. It never seems to enter the head of a Moslem that he can be held to blame for any mishap that may occur, no matter how much he may be at fault. It was "Allah's will," and that ends the whole matter. We paid them a fair price for the day's work and, adding a shilling for backsheesh, dismissed them.

As for Achmet, he was a sad man. His yellow slippers, white trousers, flowing robe, and fine turban were mud-stained and soiled. He wore the face of sorrow, largely made up for the occasion, as we have reason to believe. After lunch he said, "This makes me more sorry than all my life, I care not for myself, but you. My life I care not for." He then took off his turban and fez, and bowed

his bared head before us, saying, "You break Achmet's head with your cane; he care not to live." This was said with much feeling, but the Arab did not intend that it should be taken literally; it was only intended to intensify his expressions of regret and deep sorrow for what had occurred. He felt extremely bitter towards the donkey-boys, and of course put all the blame upon them. He declared if it were not for the law of Egypt both of them would be dead men, but the law restrained him. In speaking of the money paid them he said, "You pay plenty money, you get no good, just same as pouring water on sand." The force of this expression will be seen by those who have poured water on the hot sand of the desert. It disappears, and no good results. Notwithstanding his apparent sorrow and his laying the blame of the failure of our expedition upon the donkey-boys we left him, feeling that he was more blameworthy than they.

At 8 o'clock the train arrived for Cairo, and at 11:30 we were again in our hotel. Sleep and rest are sweet to the weary, and how we did rest and sleep the night after our weary journey! It was, after all, an interesting day's work. It was one of those experiences in life which, when passed, one does not regret having had, but having had it, does not care to go through with it again.



CHAPTER XXIII.

The American Mission in Egypt.—A Funeral and a Wedding.—The Sakka.—Cairo to Alexandria.—The Delta.—The Arms of the Nile.—The Fair at Tanta.—Alexandria.—The Septuagint.—The Introduction of Christianity.—The First Christian School.—A great Library and its Destruction.—The Modern City.—Catacombs.—Pompey's Pillar.



WE are again in Cairo, and spend several days in visiting the American Mission Schools, the mosques of the city, in studying the manners and customs of the people and in writing up notes and letters. One might write a volume on the street scenes of the capital of Egypt and still leave the subject unexhausted. To the western traveler this oriental city is one of the most interesting in the world.

Not only at Cairo, but on our journey up the Nile we saw much of the work of the American Mission, conducted by the Presbyterian church. We visited the schools at a number of places and found much activity among the workers. Dr. Watson who went to Cairo in 1861, then in his prime, now wears a silver crown. He said, in answer to a question how long he intended to stay when he came to Cairo, "As long as the Lord lets me live." This is the true missionary spirit. The principal work of the mission is educational.

From the report for 1892 we glean the following facts concerning the work: During the past year, at the one

hundred and thirty-four stations occupied, there were held three thousand, two hundred and eighty-seven religious meetings throughout the country, and an increase of four hundred and seventeen to the church is noted. The report says:

“The number of Sabbath schools reported is one hundred and nine, attended by five thousand, four hundred and forty-seven pupils. Sabbath school organization is difficult on account of scarcity of qualified workers. The International Series of lessons is used. A two page leaflet, in the Arabic language, explaining the lesson, is distributed weekly. Over one hundred and fifty-six thousand of these little leaflets were sent out during the year. They do service not only as helps in preparing the lesson, but also to some extent as tracts, distributed among those that do not attend Sabbath school. A few of the older schools bore the entire expense of publishing these papers the past year. These helps are distributed free to all schools that will use them.

“During the year one hundred and ten schools were in operation, with six thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three pupils attending them. Of this number four thousand, six hundred and twenty-six were boys, and two thousand, one hundred and thirty-seven were girls. Our Mission Schools have educated almost all our pastors and teachers. The demand of the government for our pupils, to enter the various departments of service, has been so great, as even seriously to interfere with the efficiency of some of our higher classes. Our schools have for years enjoyed a high reputation in Egypt for efficiency, and our constant aim is to gradually raise the standard of scholarship. Under the present administration the Egyptian Government schools in the larger cities have been very greatly improved. Nothing has been done however for primary

schools in the villages throughout the country. Our schools remain alone in the work of providing education for the children of the peasant class."

Dr. J. R. Alexander, who has charge of the mission schools at Assiut, told us that in the work of the mission comparatively few Mohammedans were brought into the church. It seems a very difficult matter to turn them from their faith, and those who do change often go back again. Their converts are largely from the Coptic church. In the education of the children the mission is doing an important work. With nearly seven thousand children in their schools they will be able to plant seed that will surely bear fruit in the years to come.

Cairo is a city of Mohammedan mosques (places of worship) and some of them are really fine buildings. One of these, the Alabaster Mosque, the walls of which are covered with blocks and slabs of alabaster, presents a rich appearance, and is a fine building.

Returning to our hotel from our visit to the mosques and the tombs of the khaliffs, the burial-place of the rulers of Egypt, we passed through the principal street, called "The Muski." Here we met a funeral procession. The coffin, carried on the shoulders of four stalwart men, was covered with fine cashmere shawls. The occupant must have been a person of note, judging from the large number of hired mourners that followed it and the amount of noise they made. The procession of carriages carrying relatives and friends was also quite large. Before the sound of mourning had died away our ears were greeted with music and songs of rejoicing. It was a wedding procession on the same street. A band of music was moving along and playing a lively air. A number of young men followed on foot singing songs. Then came a carriage completely cov-



Sakka (service d'eau à domicile) N° 275.

Photog. Art. G. Lefebvre

The Sakka. Egyptian Water Carrier.

ered with cloth of gold, in which the bride sat hid from the view of those who thronged the street. Her friends followed her in open carriages, making every demonstration of joy. The contrast was most striking. A wedding and a funeral. The song of rejoicing and the wailing of the mourners. So do sunlight and shadow, light and darkness, hope and despair, rejoicing and weeping, life and death, joy and sorrow crowd upon each other in this old world of ours. But it is not often that we see the two opposites so closely and so strikingly brought together as we saw them in Cairo.

The most industrious class of people in Cairo, it seemed to us, were the sakkas or water-carriers. The sakka may be met on the streets of Cairo at all hours of the day with his well-filled goatskin slung on his back. He is carrying water from the Nile to fill the empty jars of his customers. For his slavish labor he receives a mere pittance. And yet he is patient, murmuring to himself, "God will reward me." In filling his goatskin he wades into the water, lays the skin down, holds the neck open with one hand and by a skillful motion with the other fills it full of water. Then, slinging it on his back with a strap across his shoulder, he trudges along with his load, a veritable burden-bearer. The photogravure which is here given shows one of these faithful laborers standing in the water with his goatskin, which has just been filled, strapped on his back ready to start. As it was taken from life it also gives a good likeness of one of the sakkas of Cairo, as well as the style of dress worn by this class.

The usual route taken by travelers to Egypt is to land at Alexandria and then journey by rail a distance of one hundred and twenty-eight miles to the City of Cairo. The books of travel usually describe Alexandria first, then give

an account of Cairo and the pyramids. Then a trip by rail to Ismailia is made and a boat ride from the latter place to Suez is taken on the canal, and the Egyptian tour is completed. A tour of this kind gives one but a very limited idea of the country. It comprises but a few hundred miles of travel and may be, and often is, accomplished in a very few days by travelers who do the country.

Those who have followed us thus far in our wanderings will know that we landed at Suez and came to Cairo *via* Ismailia. We omitted visiting Alexandria until our return from the second cataract. A very good railway is in operation between Cairo and Alexandria, and the journey may be made in about four hours. Soon after leaving Cairo the road enters upon the district known as the Delta of Egypt. The delta is triangular in form and is not a valley, as is the country south of Cairo, but a vast alluvial plain, extending to a width of from seventy to one hundred miles and containing not less than seven thousand square miles. The district is flat, without any natural elevation, and is remarkable for the wonderful fertility of its soil. At present the Nile flows through the delta in two great branches, emptying its surplus waters into the Mediterranean Sea at Rosetta and Damietta. Between these two great branches of the river of Egypt there are many streams and canals, all fed, however, from its waters. By means of these branches, streams and canals the country is well watered and is perhaps the richest agricultural territory in the world.

As has already been noted, the Nile has undergone great changes in its branches in the delta in modern times. In ancient times it had seven branches, of which the Pelusiac, the Canopic, the Tanitic and the Mendesian were the principal ones. Speaking of these branches Raw-

linson says: "The Pelusiac branch which was originally a principal one is now almost entirely dried up, and the Tanitic and Mendesian branches have similarly disappeared."* Manning says: "The river formerly ran through the delta in seven channels. Five of these are dried up, and only two remain, known as the Rosetta and Damietta branches."† And he further states that the remaining mouths of these branches are not natural but artificial channels. Thus we may see for ourselves, as we travel over the delta of Egypt to-day, that the words of the prophet have been fulfilled; the seven streams of the Nile have been smitten and dried up so that we may pass over them dry-shod.

Soon after leaving Cairo we pass through the City of Tanta which has a population of sixty thousand. At this place three annual fairs are held, at which great numbers of people assemble. The principal fair is held in August and continues an entire week. It is said that upwards of half a million people congregate here during the fair week. They come from all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and from the Mohammedan part of Africa. These bring with them merchandise to sell. European merchants are also to be found in the throng. The fair is simply a place for the sale of merchandise and the products of the various eastern countries represented. The Egyptian farmers attend the place in large numbers and purchase cattle, farming implements, clothing and other articles. Upwards of a million head of cattle are sold at these fairs during the year.

The place presents a lively appearance. Long processions of camels laden with chests and bales are seen con-

* "History of Ancient Egypt," page 29.

† "The Land of the Pharaohs," page 22.

verging towards the town, accompanied by crowds of men and large herds of cattle. The banks of the canal are thronged with persons washing themselves and drawing water. The streets teem with the most animated traffic, and are filled with long rows of booths, in many of which the occupants are seen plying their handicrafts. Dervishes with disheveled hair and ragged clothes, cripples and idiots, who are treated with great respect, are clamorous for backsheesh.*

We have been traveling over a very rich country, so far as the land is concerned, and if the people were not taxed so heavily they would be prosperous and happy; but they must pay about an average of six dollars a year to the Egyptian government for taxes. The soil here is the black Nile mud deposited on a bed of sand, and its fertility is surprising. Passing over the delta we are reminded of what Ebers says of the country. He too passed over it in the winter, if the spring-like weather here in January can be called winter. The fields, he says, are still wet in places, and straight canals are seen in every direction. All cereals grown in ancient times still flourish here, and the slender palm still rears its fruit-laden crown beside the less frequent sycamore, with its slender umbrageous foliage. The cotton plants are successfully cultivated where the soil is well irrigated and form extensive plantations of underwood; vineyards are rare, but they sometimes occur in the northern part of the delta, the plants being trained on the trellis-work which we often see represented in the paintings of the ancient Egyptian tombs. The water-wheels (sakkieh) are turned by buffaloes and donkeys, and sometimes by camels or by steam; and the shaduf, though less common than in Upper Egypt, is occa-

* "Lower Egypt," page 226.

sionally plied by slightly-clad men and boys. The canals are flanked with embankments to protect the fields from inundation, and the paths on these banks are enlivened with strings of camels, donkeys with their riders, and men, women and children on foot. From a distance the villages look like round, grey hillocks, full of openings, and around them rise dovecotes and palm trees. On closer examination we distinguish the mudhuts huddled together on rising ground where they are safe from inundation. Many of these villages are surrounded by handsome groves of palm trees.*

When the War of the Rebellion was in progress in the United States the Egyptian farmers on the delta made a golden harvest of their cotton crops. The price advanced beyond anything ever before known in the history of the product. This great advance so stimulated the production of the plant that the delta became one vast cotton field. With the close of the war trade again fell into its usual channels, the price of cotton fell and many a poor Egyptian farmer was bankrupt.

In the delta the steam engine is used to raise water by the better class of farmers. The prejudice here against modern improvements and innovations, while it is yet strong, is wearing away and is not so manifest as in Upper Egypt. Having large plantations, they are better to do than their brethren in the upper country. Their homes are not entirely devoid of comforts, and in many respects their lot is not a hard one.

We cross the Rosetta arm of the Nile at Zaiyat, where there is a long, well-constructed iron railway bridge, and follow the west bank of the stream, skirting the border line between the Libyan desert and the cultivated lands of the

* Ebers, "Goshen," etc.

delta; and then passing between the lakes Mareotis and Aboukir we have our first glimpse of the minarets of Alexandria.

Compared with Thebes, Memphis and Heliopolis, Alexandria is a modern city, and yet it was founded by Alexander the Great three hundred and thirty-two years before the birth of Christ. After he had conquered the land of the Pharaohs the great general left this city bearing his name, "a magnificent and lasting memorial of his Egyptian campaign." Here it was that the great general was buried. The harbor and the surroundings are admirably adapted for a great commercial city, and Napoleon said that Alexander showed more wisdom in the selection of the site for his capital of Egypt than he did in all his battles and victories. The sheltered harbor is large enough to float all the navies of the world.

In the days of its greatest prosperity and glory Alexandria became the center of trade between the East and the West. It grew until its inhabitants numbered over half a million. It was not only the center of eastern commerce, but it became also the center of learning and literature. It was the great educational city of the East. It had at one time an immense library, numbering nearly half a million volumes, or rather rolls of manuscript. Many learned Jews from Jerusalem lived in the city, and it was here that the Old Testament was for the first time translated into the Greek. A letter is extant which purports to give an account of how the translation came to be made. It says that one Demetrius, keeper of the Alexandrian library, proposed to Ptolemy II, who reigned B. C. 286-247, to have a Greek copy of the Old Testament made for the library. The king assented, and seventy-two learned Jews, selected with great care, were set apart for the work. The

sacred roll of the law was brought to Alexandria from Jerusalem, the translation was made and a copy of it was placed in the library. The title of the work was the Septuagint, so called because it is said to be the work of the seventy-two writers. The name still clings to this ancient version of the Old Testament. Whether the tradition in regard to the LXX be true or not, it is established that this translation was made at Alexandria at least one hundred and fifty years before Christ.

The evangelist St. Mark introduced Christianity into Alexandria and may have written his version of the Gospel at this place. The church prospered and very soon grew so large that it outranked both Jerusalem and Antioch in importance. Here the first Christian school or college was established, and tradition says that it was founded by St. Mark himself. Be this as it may, it is a fact that in A. D. 189, when the learned bishop Clement took charge of the school, succeeding his master Panænus, the institution was in a prosperous condition. The good bishop labored here for years expounding the Scriptures and meeting and overthrowing by argument the various heathen systems of philosophy and religion which were prevalent in his day. It was here, too, that Origen when in his eighteenth year was appointed to succeed Clement in the school. He gave himself wholly to teaching in the school and refused all remuneration for his services. He sold the books which he possessed,—many of them manuscripts which he himself had copied,—on condition that he should receive from the purchaser a sum equal to about four cents a day, and on this scanty pittance he lived. After teaching all day he spent much of the night in searching the Scripture. His life was wholly devoted to study and teaching.* As to the

* "Life of Origen," Antenicene Library, Vol. II, page 25.

date of the founding of the Christian school at Alexandria, it is not at all improbable that it may have been first opened by Mark. It would have been quite natural for him to gather the first converts together to instruct them more fully in the way of truth. If the school was not started by Mark, it must have been opened very soon after his death. It was in a flourishing condition sixty years later when presided over by Panænus.

Perhaps one of the greatest losses the world of letters has sustained was the destruction of the great Alexandrian library by the semi-barbarous Khaliff Omar, the follower of Mohammed. The library contained the literature of the world up to the date of its destruction. In it were books which, if we could have them, would doubtless settle many of the vexed questions of antiquity. Doubtless it contained the original copies of the Gospel with the names of the writers attached. Could these copies have been saved from the fire their value to-day could not be estimated. But when the city fell into the hands of the victorious Moslem the library was doomed to destruction. Amru, the Moslem general who captured the city, wrote to Omar asking as to the disposition to be made of the books. The reply was fatal. The khaliff wrote, "The contents of those books are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If they are, the Koran is sufficient without them; if they are not, they are pernicious; let them be destroyed." The order was obeyed, and it is said the books were distributed as fuel among the five thousand baths of the city and then they were so numerous that it took six months to consume them.* Thus the records of ages were destroyed by the blind fanaticism of the Moslem.

* Irving, "Life of Mohammed," page 340.

Alexandria now contains a population of two hundred thousand, about one-fourth of whom are Europeans. There are also representatives from every nation dwelling on the banks of the Mediterranean. The old city having been destroyed, the new is built after the European model, and were it not for the mixed character of its population one might well conclude that he was in a city of Europe instead of Egypt.

In modern times the city has suffered much from war. In 1801, during the siege of the city by the English, they cut through the narrow bank which kept the water of the the sea from overflowing a large basin surrounding the city. As a result one hundred and fifty villages were destroyed and a vast tract of fertile land was covered by the sea water. The cutting was closed again and every effort made to repair the damage, but about one hundred thousand acres of fertile land, it is said, are still covered by the water. Such is the heartless destruction of war. In 1884 the English again bombarded the City of Alexandria, destroying a large number of its houses. Traces of the destruction are still to be seen, but the city has been for the most part rebuilt and at this time is in a prosperous condition.

Near the city is an extensive series of catacombs, resembling in some respects the sleeping-places of the dead at Rome. The rock was literally honeycombed with subterranean passages and tomb chambers. The sides of the underground passages contain niches in which the dead were laid away to rest. As in Rome so also here the tomb chambers are frescoed, and pictures and decorations are to be seen. One of the former represents the Savior treading on and destroying serpents. There is also a representation of the ascension. These catacombs date from the time of

Constantine the Great and were doubtless used by the early Christians. At the present time a stone quarry has been opened in the cemetery, and soon all traces of the Alexandrian catacombs will have disappeared.

Not far from the catacombs stands Pompey's Pillar, a handsome monument composed of the red granite of Assuan. Including pedestal, shaft and capital, it is one hundred and four feet high. The shaft is sixty-seven feet high and nine feet in diameter at the base. It tapers slightly, and is eight feet at the top. It is a beautiful structure, and is the only ancient monument left in the city.

The return trip to Cairo was without other interest than came from passing over the delta and part of the Land of Goshen again. The railway between the two cities was the first built in the East. It was completed in 1855.



CHAPTER XXIV.

Farewell to Cairo.—The Land of Goshen Again.—A Dusty Ride across the Desert.—Suez.—The Red Sea.—An Excursion to the Wells of Moses.—Israel's Song of Deliverance.—The Waters of Marah.—The Murmuring Host.—A Beautiful Oasis in the Desert.—The Corals of the Red Sea.

WE left the City of Cairo with its strange sights and interesting people on the last day of January. We had spent considerable time in the old oriental city, but were glad when the time came to continue our journey homeward. Our objective point was Suez, and we were accompanied by Mr. Gould and his lady, Americans whom we met at Cairo and who proved to be very pleasant and agreeable traveling companions. Our purpose now was to follow the Israelites, as nearly as it was possible for us, on their journey from the land of bondage toward the promised land of freedom, and especially to visit and examine the place where Moses led the sons of Jacob through the Red Sea. And this we were enabled to do. We crossed the Red Sea and journeyed to the waters of Marah, the scene of Israel's triumph over the armies of Pharaoh and of their murmuring against Moses on account of the bitter water of the desert.

The distance from Cairo to Suez by rail is one hundred and forty-nine miles. The road runs to Ismailia, ninety-nine and one-half miles, and thence to Suez, along the great canal, a distance of forty-nine and one-half miles. Soon after leaving Cairo we passed by Tell-el-Yehudiyeh

(Hill of the Jews), where Onias the high priest who lived one hundred and fifty years before Christ erected a temple to which reference has already been made. Here Brugsch discovered the ruins of the temple in 1871, and the cemetery near the place was discovered several years ago by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. It is an interesting locality, but we hurry on our way to the Red Sea.

Just before reaching the Land of Goshen the road approaches the fresh water canal which was constructed by the early Pharaohs for the purpose of carrying the water of the Nile to the interior for drinking and irrigating purposes. The canal existed fourteen hundred years before Christ, but fell to decay and was not used until the construction of the Suez Canal. It was then opened again to supply the twenty thousand workmen who labored on the great water way with fresh water. Before it was completed sixteen thousand camels were constantly employed in carrying water for the army of laborers. The canal is now used to supply Ismailia and Suez with fresh water from the Nile, to irrigate and fertilize the fields and gardens by the way and to furnish the railway engines with water. At the surface the canal is fifty-four feet and at the bottom twenty-six feet in width, and it has an average depth of seven feet. The volume of water passing through it is regulated by a system of locks. It is used for navigation to some extent and numerous small boats now convey the products of Egyptian soil to Ismailia where they are exchanged for imported wares, and these are brought back to the villages which line the banks of the canal. The boats use sails when the wind is favorable, but as this is seldom the case they are for the most part drawn by men. Long ropes are attached to the boats and two or three

men tug wearily along the banks, slowly drawing the heavily-laden boats to their destination.

At Zagazig we enter again the Land of Goshen, the home of Joseph's brethren. Here several of the fresh water canals intersect, thus affording an abundant water supply, rendering the country round about famous for its productiveness. As the train crosses the "best of the land of Egypt" we are again and again impressed with the wonderful fertility of the soil and the beauty of the green fields. We think again of the time so long ago, now brought close to us, when the sons of Jacob dwelt here and were happy and prosperous. Upon these very fields, along this very canal, they watched their flocks and led them into the green pastures and by the side of still waters. Here their little ones, happy and contented, grew up as the olive branches. Then came the years of cruel oppression, the stirring events preceding and following the Exodus. While we are thinking of these things the train dashes out on the desert, leaving the Land of Goshen and its interesting associations behind.

The contrast between the desert and the fertile soil and the rich country we have just passed through is indeed a striking one. The hot sun beats down on the white sand and the glare and the heat are terribly oppressive. The bed of the railway is made of sand, and as the train rushes on it is enveloped in a cloud of hot, stifling dust which fills every compartment of the partially open cars. We are simply enveloped in dust. We have had some dusty car riding at home, but a ride across the desert gives one an experience in this line that can be had nowhere else.

We pass by the salt marsh and lake where, but a few days before, we had the rather unpleasant experience recorded in a preceding chapter. We see the place we

crossed by wading through the mud and water, and we find, too, that the marsh is at least twenty miles long. If we had made the attempt to ride around it, as we once thought of doing, instead of crossing it, as we did, a night's rest on the sands of the desert without shelter would have been added to our experiences.

After leaving the salt marsh, the train runs through the sandy desert, and we reach Ismailia literally covered with dust. Here the blue waters of Lake Timsah, through which the Suez Canal passes, present a striking contrast to the desert through which we have just passed. Several large ships are passing through the canal, and their tall masts and smokestacks towering above the low houses seem strange enough. From this point to Suez we skirt the fresh water canal, traverse the desert again, pass by the Bitter Lakes where Brugsch locates the route followed in the Exodus, and finally, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we reach the town of Suez, on the shores of the Red Sea. We find rather pleasant quarters at the Hotel Orient, and here we remain several days exploring the surrounding country.

After ridding ourselves of the dust of the desert, we walk several miles to the seashore and enjoy a view of the Sinaitic Peninsula, the scene of Israel's wanderings until they reached Sinai. We also take a general survey of Suez and its surroundings. The town has a population of about twelve thousand, composed of many nationalities. It lies at the head of the Gulf of Suez, one of the northern extremities of the Red Sea. It is a short distance southwest of the mouth of the great ship canal which unites the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Sea. It owes its importance to the traffic on this important water way. Before the construction of the canal, Suez was an unim-

portant Arabian village of not more than fifteen hundred inhabitants. The place is without attractions, and no traveler cares to stay longer than is necessary to visit the points of interest in its vicinity.

Our first care after resting and looking about is to secure a competent and reliable dragoman and interpreter for our proposed journey to the wells or springs of Moses. Very much depends upon this important personage. After some time we arrange with Mohammed Mahmoud to take charge of the expedition. He is to furnish donkeys, boats, attendants, food and water, and all that is needful for the journey. We, on our part, agree to pay him a stated sum of money, provided he fulfills his part of the contract in a satisfactory manner.

At an early hour next morning we were up and ready to start. After walking a considerable distance we reached the water side where we found a large Arab sailboat with boatmen and five donkeys aboard, all ready to start for the other side of the Red Sea. It was a bright, beautiful morning, with a light breeze blowing strong enough to fill our sails. After coasting along the shore line for some distance we crossed directly over the narrow strip of water and ran our boat aground some forty feet from the shore. Here again we had the novel experience of sitting astride the neck and shoulders of an Arab and being carried in this way from the boat to the shore. We all landed without mishap save Mr. Gould. He was perched on the shoulders of an Arab, and when only a few feet from the boat, where the water was at least three feet deep, his man stumbled and fell, and our friend received a complete ducking. With the exception of this unpleasant incident all landed in safety.

And now we have crossed the Red Sea, and in doing so we have passed from Africa into Asia. Looking back over the sea, we are reminded of the profound interest connected with this spot. As Stephan says: "This is the scene of Pharaoh's attempted passage, and these waves once bore the ships of King Hiram and King Solomon, which every three years brought gold from Ophir, and ivory, ebony and incense to the harbors of Elath and Ezion-geber. Here, too, once plied the light Moorish vessels, mentioned in the Old Testament, and similar to the craft now used by the Arab boatmen, and to the one in which we had just crossed the arm of the sea. The Red Sea was also navigated by the merchantmen of the Ptolemies and the Romans, who, by this route, imported precious stuffs from India, and spice from Arabia—the robes and pearls which decked Cleopatra, and the frankincense which perfumed the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill." The waves of this sea wash the shores of Sinai, the Mount of God, from which the law was given to Moses.

Here, too, on these very shores, stood the children of Israel and saw their enemies overwhelmed in the sea. And here it was that Miriam took a timbrel in her hand and sang the song of triumph, which Moore has immortalized in verse:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumphed,—his people are free!

“Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave counsels are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!”

And here, too, on the shores of the Red Sea, certainly not very far from the spot where we are standing to-day, “Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea shore.” And what a sight that must have been to the sons of Jacob! To the fleeing slaves, who had served so many years in cruel bondage, the sea opened and they passed through on dry ground, “and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left.” The Egyptians, in hot pursuit, sure of their prey, followed in great haste. But as they pressed forward confusion seized upon them, and then suddenly the walls of water were loosed and Pharaoh's host was struggling and drowning in the midst of the sea. What a wonderful deliverance for the fugitives who stood on this very shore so many centuries ago! How they must have rejoiced as they saw their terrible enemies overthrown, and realized for the first time that they were free from the bondage of Egypt! No wonder Moses and all the people sang unto the Lord this glad song of deliverance:

“I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
The Lord is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation:
This is my God, and I will praise him;
My father's God, and I will exalt him.
The Lord is a man of war:
The Lord is his name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea:

And his chosen captains are sunk in the Red Sea.
The deeps cover them:
They went down into the depths like a stone.
Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power,
Thy right hand, O Lord, dasheth in pieces the enemy.
And in the greatness of thine excellency thou overthrowest them that
rise up against thee:
Thou sendest forth thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.
And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were piled up,
The floods stood upright as an heap;
The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said,
I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:
My lust shall be satisfied upon them;
I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.
Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them:
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods?
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders?
Thou stretchedst out thy right hand,
The earth swallowed them.
Thou in thy mercy hast led the people which thou hast redeemed.
Thou hast guided them in thy strength to thy holy habitation.
The peoples have heard, they tremble:
Pangs have taken hold on the inhabitants of Philistia.
Then were the dukes of Edom amazed;
The mighty men of Moab, trembling taketh hold upon them:
All the inhabitants of Canaan are melted away.
Terror and dread falleth upon them;
By the greatness of thine arm they are as still as a stone;
Till thy people pass over, O Lord,
Till the people pass over which thou hast purchased.
Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine
inheritance,
The place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in,
The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.
The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.
For the horses of Pharaoh went in with his chariots and with his
horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters

of the sea upon them; but the children of Israel walked on dry land in the midst of the sea."*

Mounting our donkeys we start, with Mohammed as our leader, on our way for the wells of Moses. Our route traverses the desert with the Red Sea to our right, while the great wilderness of the wandering stretches out to our left. Toward the west, a distance of some thirty miles from the springs of Moses, tower the Ata-Kah Mountains, presenting a beautiful and picturesque appearance. Next to the sea the wall of the mountain rises almost perpendicularly to a considerable height. Here the retreat of the Israelites may have been cut off, leaving their only means of escape through the Red Sea.

We are now, beyond all doubt, following the line of march taken by Moses as he led the army of Israel toward Mount Sinai. Every step reminds us, over and over again, of the Bible, and we can understand it better and better as we follow the route of the Exodus and find that the conditions here, even after the lapse of more than three thousand years, agree so well with the statements made in the Book of books. Continuing our journey we see in the distance an oasis in the desert. The palm trees forming a beautiful grove are waving their branches in the air, and we have no need that Mohammed should tell us that these palms grow at the wells of Moses. We know that this is the only oasis in all the desert near the place where God opened the waters of the sea for his people to pass through. After our tiresome ride across the desert, the green oasis and the inviting shade of the palms present a beautiful sight, in striking contrast with the sand of the desert. We ride up to the largest of the wells and are met by the sheik of the band of Beduin Arabs who have

* Ex. 15: 1-19, Revised Version.

their home here. He bids us welcome and we dismount and are soon resting beneath the shade of the trees. We eat our noonday lunch in a small building erected for that purpose, for the use of which the sheik expects a generous backsheesh, and then start out to explore the place.

Our photogravure gives a beautiful picture of the larger of the wells and the small building placed at our service by the sheik.

Leaving my companions I find a quiet resting-place beneath the shade of the palm and tamarisk, and with note-book and Bible some time is spent in quiet meditation and thought. I read, "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah. And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink?" Ex. 15: 23, 24. Is this the Marah of the Bible? Is this the scene of the murmuring of the host of Israel? Many Bible scholars who have made a careful study of the route of the Exodus think it is, and I am quite willing to accept their opinion without entering into the controversy. And so, seated near the larger of the wells, I write these lines. In meditation my mind goes back to the time when Israel encamped round about these waters. In my imagination I see the plains covered with the white tents of the sons of Jacob. I hear the people lifting up their voices and murmuring against the man who had brought them out of bondage. They are saying, "The waters of the Nile are sweet in the green meadows of the Land of Goshen. There in Egypt we had plenty and to spare. Why hast thou brought us hither to drink of these bitter waters? Oh that we were again in the green fields of Goshen! Oh for a draught of the sweet waters of the Nile!" How soon has the song of rejoicing



The Wells of Moscs.



turned into the bitterness of complaint. Moses, the tried man of God, hears the murmurs of the people, "and he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."

I have just read, here at the waters of Marah, the fifteenth chapter of Exodus with wonderful interest. How real it all seems when we read of these wonderful occurrences just where they took place. It is a blessed privilege to be permitted to wander in the Lands of the Bible and to visit these places made sacred by their associations. And here I record the gratitude of my heart to Almighty God for his goodness to me in all my wanderings, and especially for permitting me to visit this place, the scene of Israel's triumph and murmuring. Surely God has been very good to me, and here this day, at the wells of Moses, beneath the shade of the trees, I bow in gratitude to the dear Father above.

There are at least a dozen springs or fountains at this place. Porter counted twelve, while Dean Stanley places the number at seventeen. The water in some of them is sweet enough for drinking purposes, while in others it is brackish and bitter. The largest of the fountains, lying on the upper side of the oasis, is surrounded by a wall which was built to keep the drifting sand from filling it up. The basin inside the wall is forty-six feet long, thirty feet wide at one end, and twenty-seven feet at the other. The water forces its way up through the soft, black mud, bringing with it numerous gas bubbles which burst as they reach the surface. Thrusting a cane or stick into the mud and drawing it out again, the hole thus made becomes the source of a new fountain. From the larger fountain the water flows through an opening in the wall, forming a

beautiful little stream some two feet in width and four inches in depth. It then is led into the gardens, five in number, which it irrigates and fertilizes. Several other fountains which do not have outlets also supply water, which is used to irrigate the oasis. Around the fountains vegetation grows luxuriantly, and the date palm, the tamarisk, the acacia and the pomegranate thrive in abundance. With the care given the gardens by the Arabs they are not what we should call well kept. If properly cultivated and cared for they might be made to bloom as a garden of roses in the midst of this perfectly barren desert.

About one thousand paces from the largest fountain stands a solitary palm tree at the foot of a little hill, on the top of which is a fountain four feet in diameter and nearly two feet deep. The water is quite bitter and sickening to the taste. The bottom of the pool is covered with black mud, and the water which runs away in small streams is soon swallowed up by the desert sand. It seemed to us that it was almost a miracle in itself that not only this but all the fountains here force their way to the top of the ridge, some twenty or thirty feet above the level of the tract which is spread out between them and the sea.

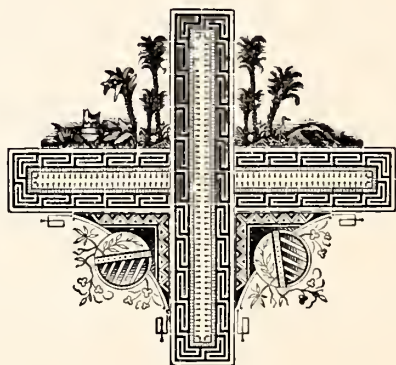
From the elevation which we occupy we have a fine view of the surrounding country. Only a few miles away are the waters of the Red Sea. This is the boundary line between two continents—Asia and Africa—and while we are on Asiatic soil we have before us part of the African Continent. They approach each other like giant rivals. As Schubert says: "Asia and Africa seem to scowl at each other across the Red Sea like wrestlers who have divested themselves of their garments and are on the point of enter-

ing the lists to fight a fierce battle for the sovereignty of the world. On the African side the Ata-Kah Mountains present a bold and menacing appearance, while the dreary desert of Asia, situated among the Gebel er-Raha, bids defiance to its loftier adversary." At our feet lies the plain where Israel encamped by the waters of Marah, and it needs but a glance to show us that it meets all the requirements named in the Bible. It was in every respect a delightful camping place, with the single exception that the waters were bitter until they were miraculously healed by Moses.

But the day is far spent and we must leave the oasis and recross the stretch of desert and the sea that lies between us and Suez. Before leaving we cut some branches from the palms and tamarisks. The latter may have been the kind of tree cast into the water by Moses to heal its bitterness and make it sweet. Not forgetting the back-sheesh, for which many hands are held out, we ride away from Ayun Musa on our return journey. Reaching our boat we are carried aboard without mishap. The donkeys are driven into the water and, swimming to the boat, are lifted on board, and we set sail for the other side.


Before landing at Suez we cross over the sea to where the red coral abound. A stiff breeze is blowing. Our sails are hoisted and our boat cuts through the water very rapidly. After sailing some miles we see the corals at the bottom, and occasionally a gleam of reflected light tinges the waters and gives them the color of blood. May it not be possible that the sea has its name from these red corals and the red tinge of water above them, and not from the reddish sand on the scashore, as some travelers have supposed? One of our boatmen divests himself of his clothing and diving down head first brings up from the bottom

handfuls of the beautiful red coral, some of which we take with us as a memento of our sail on the Red Sea. We reach our hotel late in the evening, very tired after the fatiguing day's work; but to us it is one among the most interesting days spent in Egypt.



CHAPTER XXV.

The Route of the Exodus.—Crossing the Red Sea.—Various Opinions as to the Place.—The Sinaitic Peninsula.—The Beduins and their Customs.—The Murmuring Israelites.—The Sinaitic Mountains.—The Mount of Moses.—The Plain of Assemblage.—Ras Sufsafeh, the Pulpit of the Law.—The Convent.—Tischendorf's Great Discovery.—A Happy Theologian.

 DURING a short stay here at Suez in the neighborhood of the very spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea and where Pharaoh's army was overthrown, we have time to look up the important question in regard to the route of the Exodus. This question has not been definitely settled, and has given rise to a great deal of controversy among Bible scholars and travelers. At what particular place on the shores of the Red Sea did the Israelites march in between the walls of water and thus escape from their pursuers? is the question asked, and up to this time it has not received an answer to satisfy all minds. And there is, it seems to us, good reason for this uncertainty. Owing to the fact that the drifting sands of the desert have covered up many cities, well known in the days of Moses, so that we do not know where they stood, room is left for conjecture as to the route actually taken. With the lapse of more than thirty centuries the physical conditions of the country may also have undergone some change. Taking these things into consideration, it is not strange that difference of opinion obtains. Since the discovery of the treasure cities of Pithom and

Raamses, we have one part of the question definitely settled, *i. e.*, the place from which the Israelites started on their long march which was, after forty years, to bring them to their promised possessions in the Land of Canaan.

The Bible is very explicit as to the various camping places of the Israelites from the time they left Raamses until they pitched their tents by the Jordan. These camping places were afterward written down by Moses and are now a part of the Bible. Some of them, as has already been pointed out, have been discovered and fully identified; others have entirely disappeared. The list given by Moses is in part as follows: "And Moses wrote their goings out according to their journeys by the commandment of the Lord: and these are their journeys according to their goings out. . . . And the children of Israel removed from Rameses, and pitched in Succoth. And they departed from Succoth, and pitched in Etham, which is in the edge of the wilderness. And they removed from Etham, and turned again unto Pi-hahiroth, which is before Baal-zephon: and they pitched before Migdol. And they departed from before Pi-hahiroth, and passed through the midst of the sea into the wilderness, and went three days' journey in the wilderness of Etham, and pitched in Marah."* We were enabled in our wanderings to follow the Israelites as far as the supposed waters of Marah; if not upon their line of march, not far from it.

According to the Bible account given above, the first day's march brought them to Succoth, a place which has been clearly identified as the district surrounding Pithom. And here was their first stopping place. Their next movement brought them to Etham "in the edge of the wilderness." The course they were now taking would have

* Num, 33: 2-8.

led them around the head of the gulf over the caravan route to Sinai and Canaan. But here their course was suddenly changed and they turned about by the command of the Lord. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea."* It was this retrograde movement, directly out of their apparent course which led Pharaoh to say, "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in," and induced him to pursue them in the hope of forcing them to return and serve him. While they were encamped here by the sea, resting from their march, "the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them; and they were sore afraid." Then came in swift succession the miraculous passage through the sea and the overthrow and destruction of the Egyptian army.

As to the part of the sea where the passage took place there are three different views held by those who have given the subject any considerable attention.

1. This view locates the passage several miles south of Suez, between the mountain of Ata-Kah and the opposite shore of the Red Sea. The width of the sea at this point is, according to Porter, seven miles. Robinson's measurement makes it somewhat wider, but these differences may arise from the different stages of the tide when they were made. This view, as Schaff says, seems to accord best with the literal meaning of the narrative, that the waters were divided and stood up like a wall or like entrenchments on both sides of the passing army. But it is impossible that six hundred thousand armed men, with women and children and their herds of cattle, could have

* Ex. 14: 2.

crossed such a distance in one night without a prodigious accumulation of miracles. And would the Egyptians have dared to follow the Israelites through the deep sea, in view of such an amazing and overpowering interposition of God? Could the east wind, or any other wind, have such an effect on the sea so wide as it is here? And if not, why is it mentioned at all?

2. The second theory, which has been adopted by a large number of Bible scholars, locates the passage nearer the head of the Gulf of Suez, some distance north of the town of that name. The gulf has the shape of a horn, and is a shallow channel less than a mile wide and about four miles long, running from the north to the south. In it are several small islands and sand banks, bare when the water is low. As a reedy marsh it may have extended considerably farther north, perhaps as far as the Bitter Lakes.

The crossing took place during the time of an extraordinary ebb, which was hastened and extended by a continuous night storm blowing from the northeast against the water and laying bare the whole ford for the passage of the Israelites; after which the sea, in its reflux, returned with double the usual power of the flood tide and overwhelmed Pharaoh's army. In ordinary times many a caravan crossed the ford at the head of the gulf at low ebb before the Suez Canal was built. Napoleon, deceived by the tidal wave, attempted to cross it on returning from Ayun Musa in 1799 and nearly met the fate of Pharaoh. But an army of six hundred thousand could, of course, never have crossed it without a miracle. The question is only whether the miracle was immediate or mediate; in other words, whether God suspended the laws of nature, or whether he used them as agencies both for the salvation of his people and for the overthrow of his enemies. The express men-

tion of the strong east wind which Jehovah caused to blow all night decidedly favors the latter view, which is also supported by an examination of the spot. The tide at Suez is very strong and rapid, especially under the action of the northeast wind. This wind prevails there and acts powerfully on the ebb tide, driving out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez, while the more northern part of the arm would still remain covered with water, so that the waters on both sides served as walls of defense or intrenchments to the passing army of Israel. In no other part of the gulf would the east wind have the effect of driving out the water.

Dr. Robinson calls the miracle a miraculous adaptation of the laws of nature to produce a required result.* It was wrought by natural means supernaturally applied.† The same view is also adopted by other modern scholars. It does not diminish the miracle, but only adapts it to the locality and natural agency which is expressly mentioned by the Bible narrative.

This theory is strongly supported by Dr. Robinson. He says that the strong east wind was a miraculous agency in the hands of the Lord, used in connection with the ebb of the tide to divide the waters. It will be observed, by the examination of a map, that the northeast wind acting with the tide would have the effect of driving out the waters from the small arm of the sea which runs up by Suez. Thus the waters would be divided and be a wall or defense to the Israelites on the right hand and on the left. To the objection that at this place there could not be space and depth of water enough to cause the destruction of the Egyptians, as related in the Bible, it is urged that this arm

* Robinson's "Researches," Vol. I, page 82.

† Schaff, "Through Bible Lands," page 158.

of the sea was both wider and deeper; and also that the sea in its reflux would not only return with the usual power of the flood tide, but with a far greater force and depth, in consequence of having been driven over by the wind. It would seem, moreover, to be implied in the triumphal song of Moses on this occasion that on the return of the sea the wind was also changed, and acted to drive the flood in upon the Egyptians.*

3. The view set forth by Brugsch, in which he places the Exodus north of the Red Sea by the usual caravan route, created a great deal of comment when it was first published; but recent discoveries show that his conclusions are not correct. As his theory seeks to do away with the miracle, and hence is not in accord with the Bible statement, we may dismiss it without further comment.

These are some of the theories held in regard to the place where the crossing of the Israelites occurred and where the army of Pharaoh was overwhelmed and destroyed in the sea. The Bible account is plain, and if the sites of the cities named by Moses as camping places can be found, all controversy as to the place of crossing will be at an end. Until such discoveries are made we may not expect perfect agreement among Bible scholars.

It seemed to us, in examining the scenes of the Exodus with the Bible as our guidebook, that some of the conditions there given have been overlooked by Drs. Robinson, Schaff and McGarvey. Let us notice what the Bible says about the place of the Exodus.

1. "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp." Ex. 14: 2. It is plain from this that the Israelites turned

* Robinson's "Researches," Vol. I, page 83. *

away from the caravan route and pitched their camp by the sea. If the sites of Baal-zephon and Migdol were known the matter would be settled; but as yet they have not been discovered.

2. "For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." The conditions of their camping place before Baal-zephon were such as to lead Pharaoh to conclude that they were hemmed in by the wilderness and sea, "entangled in the land," and he was encouraged to follow them.

3. "But the Egyptians pursued after them, . . . and overtook them encamping by the sea, . . . the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them; and they were sore afraid." Ex. 14: 9, 10. It would seem that the Israelites were so situated, when they saw the Egyptians in close pursuit, that the only way of escape was to go through the sea, and such indeed was the Lord's purpose in bringing them to the seaside. The first two authors named do not refer to this condition.

4. "And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall to them on their right hand, and on their left." Ex. 14: 21, 22. It will be seen here that the Lord used the strong east wind for the accomplishment of his purpose, that the waters were divided, and that on either side of the Israelites they stood as walls of defense. The only way open for pursuit was to follow the fugitives through the sea. Dr. McGarvey omits entirely the agency of the east

wind in the accomplishment of the Lord's purpose. It was used; for it is so stated.

5. "And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them." Ex. 14: 28. The distance across the sea where it was divided and the depth of the water must have been sufficient to allow all the army of Pharaoh to be within it at one time; and when the waters returned they were deep enough to cover the chariots and horsemen, so that not one of them escaped. It will be seen that both the first and second theories named contain nearly all the Bible requirements. The difference between them is one of opinion rather than fact. We can very easily afford to wait until further discoveries are made by the Egyptian Exploration Society. Of one thing we may rest assured, when the route of the Exodus is fully explored it will be found to agree exactly with the Bible account.

An author, who is by no means partial to the Bible, writing on the Exodus, says that until recently the Bible was the only source of information regarding the emigration of the Jews from Egypt, but the monuments and papyrus scrolls which have been handed down to us by the ancient Egyptians, and deciphered by modern ingenuity, now convey to us a distinct idea of the condition of Egypt at the time of the Exodus, which we may compare with contemporaneous Biblical accounts. On comparing the Bible narrative with the monuments, we find that they agree on all material points.*

After the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea and their wonderful deliverance by the hand of the Lord from the host of Pharaoh, the children of Israel found themselves on

* Baedeker, "Lower Egypt," page 481.

the border of the great wilderness, known as the Sinaitic wilderness. They had left the land of plenty, and were now to enter upon the peculiar hardships of a desert life. It was our intention to follow them in their wanderings to Mount Sinai, but we failed to secure a company, and the Elder did not feel like taking a camel ride that would have extended over twenty-five days on the desert. We satisfied ourselves with a journey to the wells of Moses, and a sight of the mountains of Sinai through our field glass. We, however, give a short account of the wilderness, abridged from the works of Palmer, Schaff and Baedeker.

The peninsula is formed by two arms of the Red Sea extending northeast and northwest into Arabia Petræa. That in the west is known as the Gulf of Suez, while the eastern arm is called the Gulf of Akabah. The former is one hundred and ninety miles in length, and the latter one hundred and thirty. It will be noticed by this description that the Sinaitic Peninsula is in the form of a triangle, the base line of which is one hundred and fifty miles and the two sides as given above. It contains eleven thousand square miles, and within the boundary of this territory occurred many of the events, recorded in the Bible, of the forty years' wandering of the children of Israel. The Arabs call it *el Tih* (the wandering).

It consists of broad, undulating plains, narrow valleys, dry river beds, isolated mountains, and precipitous rocks of limestone and granite, with fantastic shapes and gorgeous colorings. It is rich in mineral wealth of iron, copper and turquoise, so that the Egyptians called it the "Mafkat," that is, Land of Copper or Turquoise. The mines are now neglected, but were once worked on a large scale by the ancient Egyptians, especially in the neighborhood of Sevet el Khadim, where hieroglyphic tablets still record the

names and titles of kings.* The Bible contains the following allusion to these mines:

"Yes, truly, for the silver there's a vein,
A place for gold which they refine.
The iron from the dust is brought,
And copper from the molten ore.
To (nature's) darkness man is setting bounds;
Unto the end he searcheth everything—
The stones of darkness and the shade of death.
Breaks from the settler's view the deep ravine;
And there, forgotten of the foot-worn path,
They lay them down,—from men they roam afar.
Earth's surface (they explore) whence comes forth bread,
Its lowest depths, where it seemed turned to fire
Its stones the place of sapphire gems,
Where lie the globes of gold.
A path the bird of prey hath never known,
Nor on it glanced the vulture's piercing sight,
Where the wild beast hath never trod,
Nor the roaring jackal ever passed it by.
Against the granite sends he forth his hand;
He overturns the mountains from their base.
He cutteth channels in the rocks;
His eye beholdeth every precious thing.
From weeping bindeth he the streams,
The deeply hidden brings he forth to light."†

The general appearance of the wilderness is that of a barren, desolate, dreary land. Sand, hard gravel and rock cover all the vast plain which is broken here and there by oases; mountain ranges and romantic valleys abound, covered to some extent with scrubby shrubbery on which the camels of the traveler feed. The tent of the wandering Arab is sometimes seen, but there is not a habitable house in all the peninsula, except the Greek Convent at Mount Sinai. It is a vast desert, and as we rode over part of it we did not wonder that, while the Israelites were wandering

* "Through Bible Lands," page 145.

† Job 28; 1-11. Translation by Lewis Lange's Commentary, page 116,

across its sands in the burning sun, their minds went back to the Land of Goshen and the waters of the Nile.

Doubtless when the Israelites wandered here the peninsula contained a considerable population. There were large colonies of Egyptian miners, and no doubt a better supply of water, but still not enough to supply the demand of the wandering sons of Jacob. God furnished them both food and water, and one may see that this was absolutely necessary, for the great host could never have marched across this great desert without being miraculously led and supplied.

At the present time there are some four thousand wandering Arabs (Beduins) on the peninsula. They manage to obtain a scanty livelihood on the oases and in the valleys. They are slight in figure and have regular, sharply-marked features. The boys who follow the camels and wait upon travelers are particularly graceful and engaging; the men are employed in conveying charcoal, millstones and other wares to Egypt. They also supply travelers (who are chiefly pilgrims of the Greek faith) with camels, hunt the wild goat, and attend to their flocks. The boys and girls, and sometimes the men, drive the goats and speckled sheep to the meager pasture in the summer, while the women remain in their black tents to look after the younger children and attend to home duties. Seeing the speckled sheep reminds one of the artifice resorted to by Jacob to increase his share in his uncle's flock.*

In the best watered parts of the peninsula, the Beduins dwell more permanently and cultivate plantations of the date palm. In the western part of the wilderness the Beduins are good-natured, honest, and generally of noble bearing; they are quite free from the sordid cupidity of the

* Gen. 30: 37-43.

lower classes in Egypt, and the cry for backsheesh is not often heard among them. They do not practice polygamy, and their families are generally small. The young Beduins have opportunities of seeing the girls of their tribes unveiled, while tending their herds on the mountains, and of forming attachments for them. Marriages from inclination are therefore frequent here, but custom requires that the bridegroom should purchase the bride from her father, the usual price being several camels and a certain sum of money; but the bargain is seldom concluded without protracted negotiations, conducted by a third party. The girl is not permitted to know anything of these negotiations between the father, the suitor, and the matchmaker, or friend of the bridegroom; and if she should happen to have been a witness of them, decorum requires that she should retire into the mountains, though only for a few hours. Some tribes require that she should remain among the mountains for three days preceding the marriage; but among others she spends them in a tent erected by the side of that of her father, whence she is removed to the dwelling of her future husband. It sometimes happens that the girl flees of her own accord to the mountains, and seriously resists and throws stones at an unacceptable suitor.

Each tribe has a sheik, or chief, a title of honor which is sometimes given to the oldest and most respected members of the tribe. The dress of these people is very simple and scanty. They wear a tarbush (fez) or a turban on the head, and a gray gown fastened about the waist with a girdle. In cold weather they wear a heavy, coarse outer garment; many of them are barefoot, but the wealthier wear sandals made of camel's skin. Their usual weapons consist of sabres and knives; the guns they use for hunting are of great length and poorly made. They are not very

accurate marksmen. They use neither horses nor lances, the camel being their beast of burden. Each tribe has its own particular district, the boundaries of which are distinctly marked at doubtful points. They hold the Moham-medan faith, but know very little of the doctrine of the false prophet. They are seldom seen to pray, but they celebrate festivals in honor of their national saints, at which victims are sacrificed.*

Such are the people who now dwell in the wilderness where the Israelites wandered so many, many years.

After leaving their camping place at the wells of Moses, which we described in a preceding letter, Moses led the hosts along the gravelly plain between the mountain and the sea into the wilderness. They camped at Elim, where were twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees. Of this route Palmer says: "From the wells of Moses we traversed an unwearied desert plain for three days: there is nothing to attract attention but the bleached camel-bones that mark the track. . . . A little farther on the eye is again refreshed by the sight of green tamarisks and feathery palms, and just off the beaten track is a pleasant stream of water." Other travelers did not find a running stream. Dr. Robinson found water by digging shallow wells. From this it would seem that at times the water comes to the surface and forms a stream, while at others it sinks into the land. So it must have been when the Israelites reached Elim, for twelve wells had to be dug to reach water. There are a number of palm trees growing at Elim. Dr. Ridgeway counted forty-seven.

We next hear of the wanderers camping by the sea,† but the next move recorded in Exodus reads as follows:

* Baedeker, "Lower Egypt," pages 478, 479.

† Num. 33: 10.

“And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai.” Ex. 16: 1. It was here in this wilderness that the people “murmured against Moses and Aaron.” It was here that their minds went back to Egypt, and they said, “Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.” Ex. 16: 3. We are sometimes disposed to wonder that the Israelites were so easily discouraged. Why should they so soon forget the wonders wrought in Egypt and the Red Sea? But the account is in full accord with human nature. It would have been surprising if they had not murmured. Here they were, a great host, six hundred thousand men of war with their wives and little ones in this great wilderness, a sandy desert stretching out on all sides of them. They felt the pangs of hunger, their little ones were doubtless crying for bread, and starvation was apparently staring them in the face. How natural it was, then, for them to think of the “flesh pots of Egypt” and wish themselves back again in the green fields of Goshen! In the presence of a great necessity for food they forgot what the Lord had done for them. They forgot, too, the oppression and slavery, thought only of the best part of their living in Egypt, and so fell to murmuring. And how similar are professing Christians to-day? How often do we forget what the Lord has done for us and murmur and complain at our lot in life, and that, too, without as much cause as was apparent to the Israelites! It will be noticed that the Lord did not especially rebuke the people at this time for their discontent and murmurings. Here it was, while traversing this plain,

that he gave them the bread of heaven to eat and sent them the first flight of quails.

The Israelites now marched to Rephidim, where the rock was smitten and a plentiful supply of fresh, pure water gushed out to supply the thirsty host. It was here, too, that Amalek fought against Israel, and Aaron and Hur held up the hands of their leader until the going down of the sun, and Amalek was discomfited and his people fell before Joshua, the youthful commander of the Israelites, who was afterward to become their leader and one of their greatest generals. Leaving Rephidim, they came to Sinai, "and there Israel camped before the mount." They had traversed the desert and were at the end of the first stage of their journey. The distance traveled was a little less than three hundred miles. At the present time it takes twelve days' steady camel riding to cover the distance between Suez and Mount Sinai. The Israelites spent two months in making the journey.

On the peninsula, upon which the children of Israel wandered so many weary years, there are three groups or ranges of mountains. In the northwest is a group of which Mount Serbal is the highest peak; in the southeast is the group about the peak of Urum Schomer, and in the east is a central cluster in which Mount Catharine towers above all the rest. In this group is Mount Sinai, one of the most remarkable mountains, not only in the whole peninsula, but in the world. It rises to a height of seven thousand, three hundred and three feet above the sea level, and is high enough to present an imposing appearance from the plain below. The range is known as the Sinaitic Mountains, taking its name from its most noted peak.

We are now in one of the noted and interesting localities of the world. It was from "the throne of the mount



Jebel Musa, Mount of Moses.

of God" that Jehovah spoke to Moses and promulgated the wisest and purest code of laws ever given to man. The Ten Commandments are in themselves a miracle, they establish the divine call of Moses and place him far above all ancient and modern lawgivers. The law proclaimed amid the clouds, the thunderings, and the lightnings of Sinai has found its way into the codes of all the civilized and enlightened nations of the earth. That law, given more than three thousand years ago, still holds an important place and wields a wonderful influence in the world to-day. No wonder the mountain is a noted one, and that it has been said that Mount Sinai looks like "a huge altar" of incense. There it stands in solemn silence and solitary grandeur, surrounded by death and desolation, and reflects the terrible majesty and holiness of God. In ascending Jebel Musa* and Ras Sufsafeh,† where Moses communed with the Infinite Jehovah as no other mortal ever did, I was overwhelmed with this idea. Such a sight of terrific grandeur and awful majesty I never saw before, nor expect to see again in this world.‡

It was also here that God spoke to Moses from the midst of the burning bush and made known to him his purpose concerning Israel, and that he, the shepherd and the great scholar, had been selected to lead the people out of the Egyptian bondage. And from this place the future leader and lawgiver set out on his great mission, which was to terminate so successfully. It was here, after the Israelites had been delivered by the hand of the Lord through his servant Moses, that the people, having been corrupted by their long intercourse with an idolatrous nation, lapsed

* Mount of Moses.

† A peak adjoining Mount of Moses.

‡ "Through Bible Lands," page 172.

into the same sin. And how natural it was for them that in their idol worship they should select the Egyptian god Apis, and have Aaron make for them a golden calf! They had seen the worship of the calf at Memphis and Heliopolis, and they now selected it. It was to this mountain that the prophet Elijah fled from the threats of Jezebel after the slaughter of the priests on Mount Carmel, and it is to be noted that after the giving of the law the Old Testament refers but once to Mount Sinai, and that one time is in connection with the prophet's flight.

The mountain consists of two peaks, Jebel Musa, or "Mount of Moses," and Ras Sufsafeh, or "Peak of the Willow." Schaff says, "The former is the traditional, the latter, as I take it, is the real spot of the giving of the law; but both together must be included in the 'Mount of God,' and scene of the giving of the law." "And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly." Ex. 19: 16-18.

Like many other localities mentioned in the Bible, Mount Sinai, or rather the place from which the law was proclaimed, has been the subject of considerable controversy. This grew out of the fact that the Justinian monks, when they first went to Sinai, without investigation decided that Jebel Musa was the place, and hence gave it the name of the Mount of Moses. This tradition was generally ac-

cepted until travelers began to examine the surroundings carefully, and it was found that this peak did not meet the Scriptural requirements, but that in its sister peak, Ras Sufsafeh, all the conditions were found. The Bible conditions as to the mountain from which the law was given are as follows:

1. There must have been a great plain at the foot of the mountain where the people could assemble to hear the law, from which they could see the cloud, the smoke and the lightnings. Ex. 19: 16.

2. They must have been near enough so that they could hear the voice of the trumpet, which caused all the people to tremble when they heard it.

3. The plain must have come up to the foot of the mountain, for the Lord commanded Moses to "set bounds unto the people," so that they should not go "up into the mount, or touch the border of it."

These conditions are exactly met in the peak of Sinai known as Ras Sufsafeh. At the foot of the mountain is the great plain, er-Rahah, which contains two million square yards, and is so large that the whole camp of Israel could find room upon it. Dean Stanley, Schaff, Robinson and others clearly identify this as the point from which the law was given.

Robinson says: "While the monks were engaged in lighting tapers and burning incense, we determined to scale the almost inaccessible peak of Sufsafeh before us, in order to look out upon the plain, and judge for ourselves as to the adaptedness of this part of the Mount, to the circumstances of the Scriptural history. The cliff rises some five hundred feet above the basin; and the distance to the summit is more than half a mile. We first attempted to climb the side in a direct course, but found the rock so smooth

and precipitous that after some falls and more exposures, we were obliged to give it up, and clamber upwards along a steep ravine by a more northern and circuitous course.

"The extreme difficulty and even danger of the ascent was well rewarded by the prospect that now opened before us. The whole plain er-Rahah lay spread out beneath our feet, with the adjacent wadys and mountains. Our conviction was strengthened that here, or on some of the adjacent cliffs, was the spot where the Lord 'descended in fire,' and proclaimed the law; here lay the plain where the whole congregation might be assembled; here was the mount that might be approached and touched, if not forbidden; and here the mountain brow, where alone the lightnings and the thick cloud could be seen, and the thunders of the voice of the trump be heard when the Lord 'came down in the sight of all the people on mount Sinai.' We gave ourselves up to the impressions of the awful scene, and read, with a feeling that will never be forgotten, the sublime account of the transaction, and the commandments there promulgated in the original words as recorded by the great Hebrew legislator." Ex. 19: 9-25; 20: 1-21.*

Dean Stanley says of the same place, "I am sure if the monks of Justinian had fixed the traditional scene on the Ras Sufsafeh, no one would, for an instant, have doubted that this could be the only spot."

Schaff, in referring to this matter, says, "I fully satisfied my mind that Ras Sufsafeh is the platform from which the law was proclaimed. Here all the conditions required by the Scripture narrative are combined."

"A calculation made by Captain Palmer, from actual measurements taken on the spot, proves that the space extending from the base of the mountain to the watershed or

* "Biblical Researches," pages 157, 158.

Er-Rahah and Ras Sufsfeh, the Mount from which the Lazo was given.



crest of the plain, is large enough to have accommodated the entire host of the Israelites, estimated at two million souls, with an allowance of about one square yard for each individual."* Bartlett, after surveying the district carefully, was forced to the conclusion that this was the great pulpit from which the law was given, and did not hesitate a single moment to add his vote "to that of Robinson, Stanley, Palmer, Holland, and the whole Ordinance Survey."

It is interesting to know that there is a locality at Mount Sinai that meets all the Scriptural requirements, and that all questions as to the place are settled beyond any reasonable doubt.

Dr. Bartlett gives the following account of his approach and visit to Mount Sinai: "Meanwhile we were toiling up the rough and rocky pass of a huge mountain gorge, flanked by somber, weather-beaten cliffs of dark red, occasionally seamed with colors, and near a thousand feet high. The pass, though much longer, was scarcely more difficult than parts of that the day before from Hebron to Solaf. Our sheik pressed us repeatedly to dismount, apparently under the pretext of insecurity, but we declined. We wished to test the security of the pass. One of our camels lay down twice with his rider, and required vigorous measures, and uttered a deal of growling, before he would get up and go on. We did not wonder that the loaded portion of the camels was sent around seven hours farther. The encumbered portion of the Israelites could hardly have climbed this pass, although their leader might. In two places I observed Sinaitic inscriptions. When we halted to lunch, at the top of the steepest part of the pass, and close by the source of the little brook, we turned over

* "Desert of the Exodus," Vol. I, page 117.

a stone and found a scorpion of goodly size, but now motionless and cold.

“From this place the ascent was much more gradual, though constant, till in another half hour Jebel Musa (the Mount of Moses) came in sight at some distance to our left. After eighteen minutes more of ups and downs, we reached a stream rushing vigorously down into Wady T'lah. We soon crossed one source of it, which issued from a palm tree on our left, and we saw another source running down from the rocks on our right. We still continued ascending a wide, smooth slope; till, three-quarters of an hour more, we stood on the watershed and looked down the long, broad plain of er-Rahah (the Plain of Assembly), upon the mountain rising sharply at the other end,—the ‘mountain that could be touched.’ The first thought was, What an admirable place for a great encampment; and in this respect what a contrast to any place in the immediate neighborhood of Serbal! High up, on a distant peak to our right, could be seen the residence formerly built by Abbas Pasha; before us, on the left of the Mount of Moses, was the Convent of St. Catharine; and on the right of the mountain, the gardens of the former convents of St. Mary, St. Peter and St. Paul. The surface of the valley was smooth; and, with the exception of scanty desert herbs, now entirely bare, although at a different season, Mr. Holland writes ‘that he has seen it a vast green, with blades of grass springing up in every direction over it.’

“In the clear desert air the mountain seemed close at hand; but it took half an hour from the watershed to reach the foot of Ras Sufsafeh, its northern peak, and ten minutes more to enter Wady ed Deir (the ‘Valley of the Convent’), where we passed the ‘Hill of Aaron’ on the left.

We observed that the convent gardens were badly washed, and a considerable part of them well-nigh ruined by torrents that had descended from the mountain, prostrated the walls, and swept away the trees. We passed a little stream now running down the valley, and in a few minutes drew up at the convent walls, having ascended twenty-three hundred feet from our encampment. Two or three of the monks stood on a flat roof or terrace of the convent, watching our approach, and with scarcely a minute's delay we entered through the little iron gate over the remnant of a snowdrift, wound our way through a series of narrow passages, into a small, open court, then mounted a rude, wooden stairway to the steward's room. Here we were ceremoniously received and refreshed with some kind of conserve in small quantities, *araki* (which we did not care to drink), and more execrable French than often falls to the lot of man to hear. As our tents had not arrived, we were to spend the night here, and were shown to very comfortable rooms of fair size, provided with divans and cushions around the sides, a bed in one corner, a table, and a rude washstand. We afterward found good reason to suppose that these rooms had more occupants than first appeared to the eye.

"From the door of our room, which opened out of a long gallery, we overlooked the irregular pile of buildings which forms the interior part of the convent, among which are a church and a mosque in fraternal proximity. The Greek church dates back as far as the time of Justinian, but claims Helena as the builder of one tower. The mosque is declared to have been a precautionary device, which saved the convent at a time when the Saracens made a general destruction of such establishments. The enclosing walls of the convent, forty or fifty feet high, were begun by Justin-

ian when the empire was losing its hold on the East, and completed by Napoleon's general, Kleber. But the monastery was founded far earlier than Justinian. In the fourth century the region of Sinai was full of hermits; Eusebius refers to them early in the third century; and it is probable that the Egyptian and Syrian persecutions of the second century compelled them to find here a refuge. The place has venerable associations."*

The persecuted Christians fled to this mountain as Elijah fled from the threatenings of Jezebel, and carried with them many of their sacred books; this accounts for the fact that a number of exceedingly interesting manuscripts have been found in the convent. But none of these exceed in interest the copy of the New Testament by Tischendorf. It is a remarkable coincidence that on the same mountain where the law was given to Moses was preserved the most perfect manuscript copy of the Gospel now known to exist.

It was on May 12, 1844, that Tischendorf left Cairo for Mount Sinai. Crossing the desert by the usual route, he reached the sacred mountain twelve days later, and was cordially received and entertained by the monks of the convent. While searching in the library he discovered in the corner of the room a box used for rubbish. In this box he noticed some parchment leaves, and his practiced eye at once saw that the writing was in Old Greek capitals, known as uncials, and that it was a part of the Old Testament written at a very early period. It proved to be a part of the now famous copy of the Scriptures, the oldest now known to exist; but at that time he was able to find only a few leaves of the parchment. Ten years later he made another trip to Sinai, but failed to discover the coveted treasure.

* "From Egypt to Palestine," pages 261-264.

Finally, in 1859, fifteen years after his first trip, Tischendorf succeeded in gaining from the Russian Government financial aid and moral support, which enabled him to visit Sinai again. He reached the place Jan. 31, 1859, and began his search for the missing leaves; but he searched in vain until the afternoon of Feb. 4, when the steward of the convent called his attention to a manuscript which he had laid away. To the great joy of the German scholar it proved to be the missing manuscript, an entire copy of the New Testament, and a part of the Old. His long, patient search had been amply rewarded. The discovery has made his name famous. After many perplexities and difficulties he was enabled to make a copy of the manuscript, and finally succeeded in placing the original in the library at St. Petersburg, Russia, where it still remains. We now have photographic copies of the original.

This valuable manuscript contains twenty-six books of the Old Testament, all of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas, with a part of the Epistle of Hermas. It is justly regarded by scholars as the most important manuscript copy of the New Testament now known to exist. Tischendorf rendered great service to Christianity by his valuable discovery and his persistent efforts to secure this copy of the Scriptures. His name will be associated with the New Testament until the end shall come.

Dr. Schaff visited Tischendorf some time after his discovery and says: "He was the happiest theologian I ever knew. He never got over the intense satisfaction of the discovery which would immortalize a man of far less learning and merit than Tischendorf. His indomitable perseverance in the search and subsequent publication of the manuscripts in these forms is almost without parallel in the


history of literature. He lived long enough* to utilize this and all other important sources of the text in the critical apparatus of the eighth edition of his large Greek Testament."

* Tischendorf died in 1874.

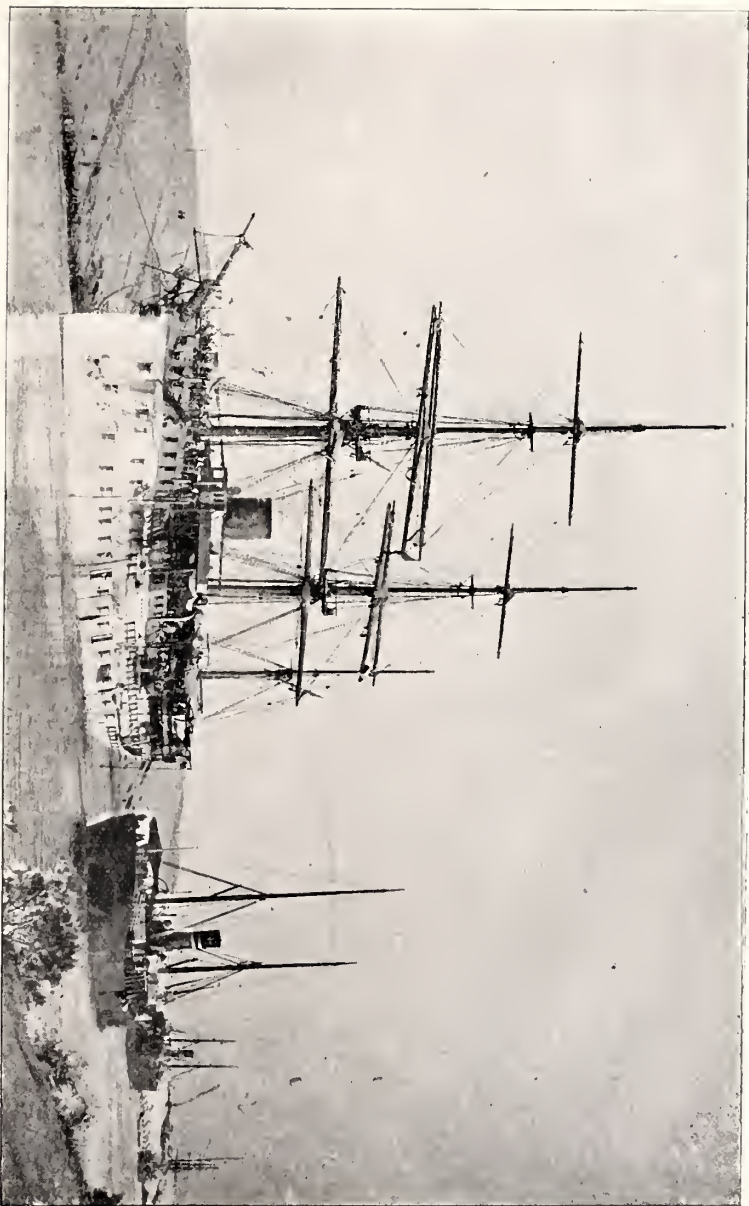


CHAPTER XXVI.

Leaving Suez.—Journeying to the Land of Canaan.—On the Canal Again.—Farewell to Egypt.—A Comforting Prophecy.—Jaffa.—Dangerous Landing.—Our Old Dragoman.—Suleiman the Boatman.—A Sample of Turkish Justice.—Improvements at Jaffa.—The Landing-place.—The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway.—Commerce.—House of Simon the Tanner.—Praying on the Housetop.—Flat Roofs.—Breaking up the Roof.—Continued Dropping on a Rainy Day.—The Grass on the Housetop and a Wasted Life.—Dorcas.—The Tanneries.—Wrecked Ships.—The Market-place.—The Blind.

HE time for leaving Suez came none too soon after we had completed our work at that place, and we left without the slightest degree of reluctance. Aside from the great historical associations connected with the locality the place is without interest to the traveler. Turning away from the Red Sea we set our faces toward Palestine and the City of Jerusalem. Nine years ago the writer visited and spent some time in the Holy Land, and now, under God's blessing, we are to return again to the "Land of sacred song and story." We are again to go up to Jerusalem and walk about its streets and around its walls. We are to revisit the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives and the Vale of Kidron. But let us not anticipate.

By railway from Suez to Ismailia, with a repetition of the unpleasant experience of a ride across the sands of the desert, and we are again on the Egyptian mail steamer skimming over the waters of the Suez Canal for Port Said,



A View on the Suez Canal.

from which place we are to set sail for Jaffa. On the canal we meet and pass many large steamers, either going to or returning from India, China, or Australia. These show the importance of this great water way to the commerce of the world. Our photogravure presents a scene that may be witnessed almost any day on the canal. At Port Said we rest a day and then board the Austrian Lloyd steamer Achilles and are soon steaming away from the land of the Pharaohs to the Land of Promise. Looking back from the deck of our steamer we see the coast line grow dimmer and dimmer as the shades of evening come down upon us, and then sink away; and so we lose sight of Egypt perhaps forever, and bid farewell to the

“Land of the palm-tree and pyramid,
Land of sweet waters from a mystic urn.”

Turning away from Egypt and her hidden mysteries of the past we ask, What of her future? The prophets denounced her and we have seen that the words of the Lord have been literally fulfilled. She has become desolate, without a prince; but the future holds the promise of prosperity for her. The same prophet who proclaimed the judgments of the Lord against her also told of a time when the Egyptians should return unto the Lord, and he would be gracious to them and heal them:

“In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt,

And a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord.

And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt:

For they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors,

And He shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and He shall deliver them.

And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day;

And shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord, and perform it.

And the Lord shall smite Egypt: He shall smite and heal it:

And they shall return even to the Lord,

And He shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them.

In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria,

And the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria,

And the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians.

In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria,

Even a blessing in the midst of the land: whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying,

Blessed be Egypt My people,

And Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel Mine inheritance.*"

So we leave Egypt, not without hope for her future.

It was very early on the Lord's Day morning, even before the dim twilight broke upon the eastern sky, when our ship cast anchor at Jaffa, the oldest seaport town in the world. The word harbor does not apply to this open roadstead. An indentation in the coast line, in the shape of a slightly-flattened semicircle, with a ledge of rocks a hundred yards from the shore, upon which many a good ship has been wrecked, is all there is of a harbor at Jaffa. Beyond the ledge of rocks, which is partly covered by water, is a sheltered spot accessible to small boats only. In the center of the semicircle rises a steep hill, the foot of which is washed by the waters of the sea. On this hill, rising citadel-like above its surroundings, is the City of Jaffa. The sea wall against which the waters dash and break into spray and foam forms part of the ancient wall of the city.

The sea at Joppa is rarely calm, and the large steamers seldom venture nearer than a half mile to the ledge of rocks before casting anchor. Very often, when the sea is rough and the waves run high, the ships are unable to land their passengers and are compelled to take them to Haifa

* Isaiah 19: 19-25.

or Beirut if going north, or to Port Said if on the southward way, much to the inconvenience of those who want to land. We had a rough passage from Port Said, and having had some experience in landing at Jaffa entertained fears that we might not be able to go ashore; and our fears were not lessened by the rolling and pitching of the Achilles. The waves were running high, the surf was breaking on the ledge of rocks, and it really looked as if we should have great difficulty in going ashore. We scanned the shore for some time, and at length saw several small rowboats pull away for the ship. The rowers worked hard and at times, when their boats went down into the trough of the sea, men and boats were entirely lost to view. In a few minutes the boats would again be seen on the crest of the waves and then disappear again. At length the boats reached the ship and the men climbed aboard.

Nine years ago when the writer and wife visited Palestine we were fortunate enough to secure for our interpreter and dragoman Mr. Bernard Heilpern, and he proved in every way an efficient leader. Judge of our surprise when we saw among those who came aboard the Achilles our old dragoman. Our recognition was mutual, and we warmly embraced each other after the eastern custom. Mr. Heilpern, as we soon learned, had been promoted and now has entire charge of the tourist business at Jaffa. He well deserves his promotion. It seems to us that the years which have elapsed since we rode together nearly a month over the hills and valleys of Palestine have dealt gently with our friend and quondam dragoman. He is as full of energy and work as ever, and has introduced some system in landing passengers. The yelling and crowding of the Arabs has given place to a more orderly method of going ashore. He said, "The sea is very rough this morning, but I have a

strong boat and sturdy boatmen and I will take you ashore in safety." And he made good his word. But it all looks dangerous enough, climbing down the ladder on the side of the ship, then waiting until the little boat rises on the crest of a wave and then jumping in. Finally the passengers, some twenty in number, are all on board and our boatmen pull for the shore. As we near the rocks we are made fully aware of the dangers of the situation; but our boatmen are strong-armed, our little boat shoots through the surf and we reach the sheltered water and are soon landed. We thank the Lord that we are safely landed and that we have the privilege of revisiting the Holy Land.

And here we refer to a sad accident which occurred at this place only a few months ago. It illustrates the dangers of the landing and the quality of justice under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey. The chief boatman at Joppa was a splendid specimen of the Arab race. He was a giant in strength, an expert swimmer, and had the courage and bravery born of his dangerous calling. Several years ago three ships were wrecked at Jaffa and a number of lives were lost. At the risk of his life Suleiman swam to and from the wrecks a number of times and each time saved a human life. For this gallant service he was made the recipient of valuable decorations and presents from the Russian, French and English governments. The attention thus shown him aroused the jealousy of the chief of the police system at Jaffa. Later Suleiman, by risking his life, was the means of saving a number of Americans from a shipwrecked boat, and in gratitude a handsome gold watch with a large sum of money was given to him. The jealous officer had the hardihood to demand that the watch should be turned over to him, but the brave Arab boatman refused to

give up his rightful possessions. The officer indulged in threats, and at last his opportunity came.

Several months before we landed a ship cast anchor at Jaffa. The sea was rough, but Suleiman put off with his boat and crew to bring the passengers ashore. There were twenty-four who came down the side of the ship and seated themselves in the ill-fated boat. Less than half that number reached the shore alive. In passing the ledge of rocks a great wave struck the boat and in an instant it was overturned and the passengers were struggling in the water. Again Suleiman saved a number of lives, but this availed him nothing. He was ordered to be arrested, but fled before the officers secured him. Then they laid hold on his father, bound him and cast him into prison. Hearing this, Suleiman at once returned and gave himself up, so that his aged father might be released. Charges were brought against him for running his boat on the rocks. He was tried and condemned to many (perhaps twenty) years' imprisonment. And to-day the brave Arab boatman is in prison and the jealous officer has revenge. Prominent officials of the English government are making efforts to secure his release, but up to this time their efforts have been entirely fruitless. We were informed that the jealous officer now wears Suleiman's watch. Such is the character of Mohammedan justice as administered in Jaffa.

After landing we found comfortable quarters at the Jerusalem Hotel, where we stopped nine years ago. The proprietor, instead of numbering his rooms in the usual way, has named a dozen of them after the twelve tribes of Israel. The Elder and the writer slept within the borders of Dan during our stay at the old seaport town of Palestine.

Jaffa is one among the oldest cities of the world. It was a flourishing city when the cedars for Solomon's Tem-

ple were landed here and carried over to Jerusalem, and when Jonah came hither, fleeing from the voice of God. It was a flourishing city when Peter dwelt with one Simon the tanner by the sea, from where he was called to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles; and it is still a flourishing city to-day. Its history is as old as the Bible and is not without interest. An unknown poet has thus written of the ancient City of Jaffa:

“Oldest of cities! Sidon of the north,
And Kirjath-arba of the rocky south,
And Egypt's Zoan, cannot equal thee;
Andromeda and Perseus, if the lay
Of classic fable speak the truth, were here;
Monarchs of Palestine, and kings of Tyre,
And the brave Maccabee, have all been here;
And Cestius with his Roman plunderers;
And Saladin, and Baldwin, and the host
Of fierce Crusaders from the British north,
Once shook their swords above thee, and thy blood
Flowed down like water to thine ancient sea.”

Like Damascus and Jerusalem, Jaffa has been destroyed many times, and as many times it has been rebuilt and its trade and commerce regained. The ancient cities of Egypt and Mesopotamia have not only been destroyed, but many of them have been completely obliterated, so that their sites have been lost; others are known to us only by their massive and interesting ruins. In Palestine, however, we find it different. These ancient cities have been destroyed again and again, and again and again they have been rebuilt, and remain even unto this day with name and site unchanged. So Jaffa has survived the ravages of time and is now entering upon a period of prosperity unknown to the cities for centuries.

On our second visit to the Holy Land we notice particularly the changes which have taken place and the im-

provements that have been made since we were here before. The first we notice is at the landing-place. Then passengers were either carried ashore from the small row-boats on the backs of the stalwart Arabs, or, if the tide were favorable, the boats were brought so close to the shore that by stepping on large, flat stones they were enabled to make the landing. Now a small but substantial stone pier has been constructed, with suitable steps, so that passengers may land from the small boats without inconvenience. This is a decided improvement, but one loses the novelty of a ride on the back of an Arab. But by far the greatest improvement, not only in Jaffa but in all the land of Palestine, is the completion of the first railway in the Holy Land, connecting the cities of Jaffa and Jerusalem.

We anticipate our journey up to Jerusalem in order to give an account of the inception and completion of this railway which, without doubt, is to play an important part in the future history of Palestine. In writing this sketch we wish in a special manner to acknowledge our indebtedness to Dr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, whom we met here nine years ago and now have the pleasure of meeting again. He was here during the building, completion, and opening of the road and gave us many facts relative to the history of the enterprise. He has also written an exceedingly interesting account of the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway, which has since been published in *Scribner's Magazine*. The article is illustrated with engravings made from photographs taken by the Doctor himself.

As early as 1850 the project of building a railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem was seriously discussed, but it was not until 1860-63 that surveys and definite plans were made. After that several routes were surveyed and the

question was more or less agitated. But it was not until 1889 that work actually began. The road was finally completed in August, 1892. The first through train from Jaffa reached the station at Jerusalem August 27, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The road was formally opened to the public Sept. 27, 1892, a day that will long be remembered at Jerusalem.

The surveys for the road followed three different lines: The southern or the one that was finally adopted, the middle or the one following very closely the present wagon road between Jaffa and Jerusalem, and the northern which, as Dr. Merrill says, was the line of the old Roman road from Jerusalem to Cesarea; it passed close by Mizpèh, the home of the prophet Samuel; it crossed the battle field where Joshua routed the army of the five kings, Josh. 10; it went down the mountain by the pass Beth-horon, where, in A. D. 66, the Twelfth Legion, under Cestius, was cut to pieces by the infuriated Jews; it touched Lydda where "saints" then "dwelt,"* a class that has long since disappeared from the country; and it was the road by which Paul went as a prisoner. It was proposed to cross the plain in an easterly direction from Jaffa, climb the foothills to the pass of Beth-horon and thence approach Jerusalem. This route had historic interest and sentiment in its favor, and it was more than once surveyed. In 1874-75 French engineers surveyed and marked out the railway line along this route, and the scheme seemed so certain that individuals began to think of investments along that line, in anticipation of the road being built.† But the southern route was after all accepted, and Dr. Merrill gives this fragment of hitherto unwritten history in connection with the railway

* Acts 9: 32.

† Dr. Merrill, *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1893.

project in which he says Americans should take not merely a curious interest, but a bit of "honest pride":

"There was a man here named Charles Zimpel, a Prussian by birth but a naturalized American citizen, who, in 1860 to 1863, surveyed the different routes carefully, and decided to lay down the line of the proposed road along what has been mentioned as the southern route. Mr. Zimpel was a man of excellent education, and of very versatile talents. In early life he had received a thorough military training. He was regularly graduated as a doctor of medicine and also of philosophy. He had a special liking for pharmaceutical studies, took a special interest in railroad engineering, and had withal a passionate love for the Holy Land. He was never married, he traveled extensively, and the year 1852 found him in Palestine examining with enthusiasm its many places of interest. In 1853 he published a book entitled, '*Neue Oertliche Topographische Beleuchtung der heiligen Weltstadt Jerusalem.*' The next seven years he spent in the United States, devoting himself exclusively to the work of surveying and constructing railroads. He came thence to Jerusalem, having accumulated considerable means, and surveyed and mapped out the railroad as has been described. He spent a year in Constantinople trying to obtain a 'concession' for building the road, but without success. He returned to Jerusalem and to the practice of medicine. About this time it was noticed that he had become somewhat eccentric, and as an 'experimenting pharmacist' he discovered some wonderful remedies which he called Sunlight Pills, and Jerusalem Life Extract, in which he himself had great faith. He had also much to say about the 'hundred and forty and four thousand' of St. John's Revelation, and his hope of being worthy to be numbered among them. Not long after he went to Italy,

and died at San Remo. Dr. Zimpel (simple as most people thought him at last) was at rest and his railroad scheme was practically forgotten.

"Thirty years after this Sunlight-pill man had been in a land made one of perpetual sunshine and song by the presence of the Master whom he loved, other men entered into his labors. Within thirty months past, men backed by French capitalists have come to Palestine and, rejecting the northern and middle routes, have actually built a railroad following minutely Dr. Zimpel's plan. The only variations are at two points, one near Jaffa and the other near Ramleh, both on the flat land, where the change was simply a matter of convenience. Dr. Zimpel's survey made the road eighty kilometres in length, while the road as built is eighty-six and one-half kilometres. The significance of having chosen the best route may be emphasized in the reader's mind when it is stated that two-thirds of this road is on the plain and one-third in the mountains, which must be climbed in order to reach Jerusalem, two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"What has been said is but a brief and imperfect tribute to the memory of this well-nigh forgotten man, and if full justice were to be done to one to whom, as in this case, honor is so justly due, stronger and much more fitting words should have been chosen."*

The road was finally built by a French company with French capital, and it is to the French that Palestine is indebted for its first line of railroad. The difficulties to be overcome were many and great. About everything used in the construction and equipment of the road,—ties, rails, iron bridges, spikes, cars and engines,—had to be shipped to Jaffa on steamers and taken ashore. When we consider

* Dr. Selah Merrill, *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1893.

the difficulty of landing passengers the magnitude of this work is intensified. Laborers to work in stone and in the mountains had to be brought from Switzerland and Italy. It was found that while the native Arabs could work in the loose soil and sand of the plain, when it came to working in stone, tunneling and cutting away the mountain, and building bridges, they were entirely worthless.

It is a matter of interest to Americans that all the engines used on the road were manufactured by the Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia, Pa. The steam whistle, as it awakened the echoes on the plain of Sharon or reverberated among the hills of Judea, had a home-like sound.

The wages paid the laborers who made the road-bed seem quite inadequate to us: from twenty to thirty cents per day was paid for work on the plain, while the more skilled workmen who labored in the mountains received from seventy cents to one dollar per day, and furnished their own food. In our own country we should call these starvation wages; but we have not yet learned the lesson of economy, taught by want, that has become a part of the life of the laborers in many parts of Europe and the East. Two years and a half it required to build the fifty-three miles of railroad between the seaport and the capital of Palestine. The cost was not far from two million dollars, and in our judgment the stockholders will not grow rich from the dividends. Four dollars will buy a first-class round-trip ticket from Jerusalem to Jaffa, good for two days, but the tourist who lands at the seaport must pay four dollars for a ticket to the Holy City. During the entire summer, say from May until November, no tourists land at Jaffa and the road will have no use for its engines and cars.

The effect of this line of railway, in many respects the most important in the world, upon the future of Palestine, who can tell? It will doubtless revolutionize the entire country. Already the English, not to be outdone by the French, are building a road from Haifa, a port at the foot of Mt. Carmel, across the country to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee, with Damascus as the final objective point. This may, and doubtless will, be the beginning of a new era of prosperity for the Holy Land, and in it all there may be the hand of God who rules the destinies of men and nations. The ruler of Turkey, who so long refused a concession to build the railway, at last consented, and this is only another evidence that the semibarbarism of the Mohammedan religion must in the end give way to Christian civilization. The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway is a great object lesson to the natives, and it is doubtless the beginning of the end of Moslem rule in Syria. England and France are always ready to look after the interests of their own people, and since English and French capital is building railways in Palestine, neither of these nations would hesitate, in case of war, to claim a protectorate over the country, just as England has done with Egypt. Then, too, the burden of prophecy rests upon Palestine; in God's own good time it will be fulfilled, and the desolation of Canaan will be turned into prosperity. The Lord uses nations to bring about results, and he may use France and England now as he used Darius and Alexander the Great to accomplish his purposes so many centuries ago.

Jaffa has not only improved in having a railway and a new pier for landing, but the city has grown in population and in trade. It is always a difficult matter to ascertain the population of a Mohammedan town or city, but there are certainly not less than twenty thousand inhabitants in

Jaffa now. One of the principal products of the place and its surroundings is oranges. The fine orange groves about the city are the admiration of all travelers, and the fruit grown here is probably not equaled for fine flavor and juiciness in any other part of the world. We walked through the orange groves and gardens and among the men gathering and packing the luscious fruit. The owner of one of the groves gave each of us a half dozen of the largest oranges we had ever seen. Two of the largest measured, the one fourteen, the other sixteen inches in circumference.

Jaffa now ships oranges to every port on the Mediterranean Sea and also to London and other European cities. The result is that a good market is opened up for the fruit, better prices are realized and the orange grower prospers. The total annual exportation reaches the large number of sixty million oranges. These figures will give some idea of the immense crop that is grown. Jaffa also exports more than half a million dollars worth of native soap. Judging from the looks of the natives, they sell much more soap than they use. With its oranges, soap, wheat, barley, olive oil and other commodities, its commerce amounts to some millions of dollars annually. The railway will of course tend to increase this already increasing trade, and Jaffa may yet become a commercial center of considerable importance. The town is Mohammedan, but its prosperity is not due to the Moslem but to the Christian element in it.

We spent our time here in looking about the city and walking along the seashore and among the gardens and groves. Not many places of special interest are to be seen. The house of Simon the tanner and that of Dorcas are pointed out, but of course no one supposes for a moment that the modern buildings shown to travelers are the houses that stood here when Peter was in Jaffa. Of course we

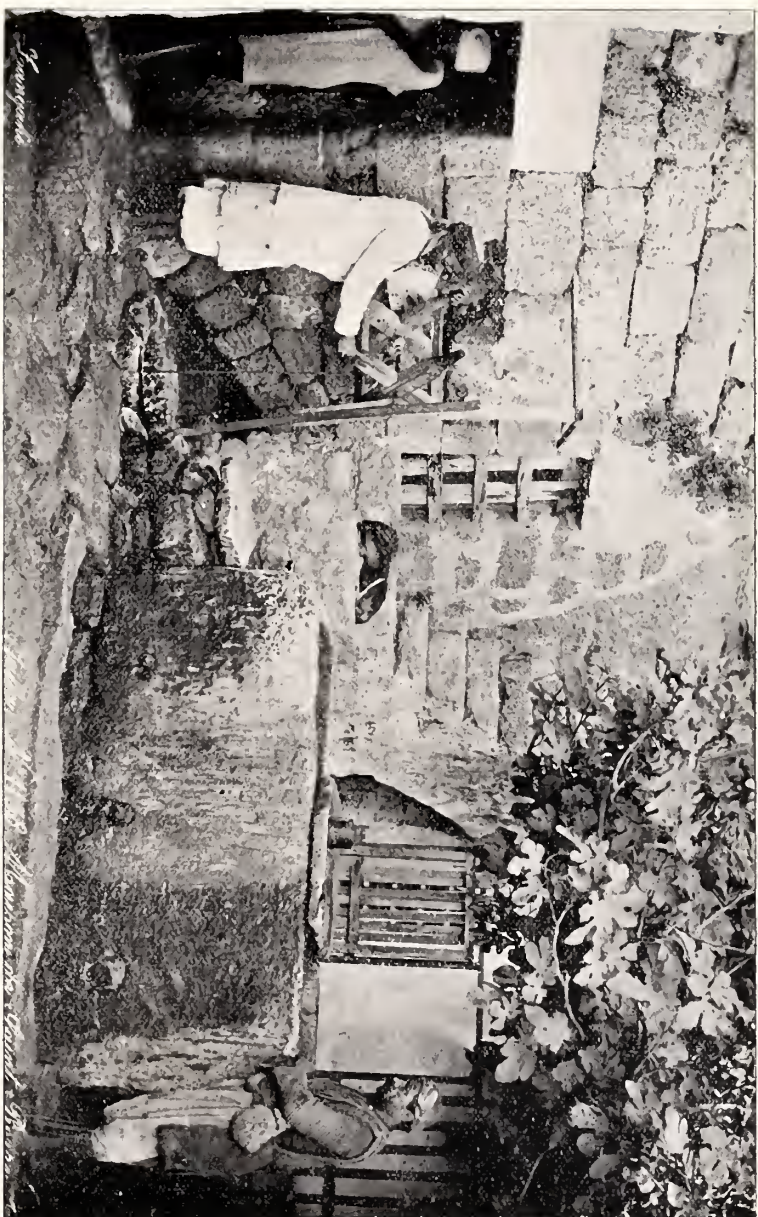
went to the house of Simon the tanner, as we did when we were here before. The present building, without doubt, stands near where the house of Simon stood and may for aught we know occupy the same ground. It is by the sea-side,* and not far away are the tanneries, where doubtless Simon worked when Peter lodged with him. A strong stone stairway, built against the outer wall of the house, leads to the housetop which is almost flat. It was doubtless to the top of a house like this that Peter came up "to pray about the sixth hour." As we climbed up the stairway and reached the top of the house, judge of our surprise when we saw a man kneeling there earnestly engaged in prayer. How singular it is that the custom of going on the housetop to pray should have been kept up all these centuries, since the time when the great apostle who first preached the Gospel to the Gentiles was in the habit of coming to the top of the house to pray just as we see this man praying here to-day. We sat down and read from our Bible the tenth chapter of Acts, and it all seemed so real with the man yonder kneeling in prayer that we almost felt that we had been carried back to the time when the tanner dwelt here and had a lodger, "one Simon, whose surname was Peter."† How real scenes like this make the story of the Bible, and how near they bring the incidents recorded in the Book to us as we witness them to-day.

On the top of the house and growing out of the crevices in the wall we saw a number of bunches of the hyssop‡ of the Bible. We gathered some of the leaves and flowers of the plant and came down the stone stairway. At the foot of the steps is a very old well from which water has

* Acts 10: 6; Acts 10: 9.

† Acts 10: 5.

‡ Heb. 9: 19.



The House of Simon the Tanner.

been drawn for centuries. The attendant drew water for us, which we found rather pleasant to the taste. Our photograph shows the well, and a large stone water tank standing near by. The attendant is in the act of drawing water with his rude windlass. Beyond him is to be seen the step by which the ascent to the housetop is made. Bunches of hyssop are also to be seen growing out of the wall above the window. The picture is an exact reproduction of a part of the house of Simon the tanner at Jaffa, and if any of our readers have ever been there they will recognize it at once.

The Bible contains many references to houses and housetops, all of which are made very plain and clear in the light thrown upon them by the manners and customs of the people in Palestine to-day. The flat roof and the outer stairway made the top of the house easy of access, and then it was a quiet place where one might be alone, hence a suitable place for meditation and prayer. The houses in the towns and villages are low and the roofs, as before stated, are flat. Beams are laid across from wall to wall and on top of these is thrown a quantity of earth which is stamped until it becomes quite solid and protects the inmates from ordinary rain storms.

With this construction of the house and roof in mind it is easy to understand how the men who carried the one sick with the palsy proceeded to place him before the Savior. "And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay."* The uncovering of the roof, the lifting aside of the beams, the carrying the sick man up by the outer stairway, the kneeling down and holding to the

* Mark 2: 4.

four corners of the bed in which the sick lay, letting it down before the Master, are all clear enough as we examine the houses.

The roofs made of earth become water-soaked during the long, continued storms of the rainy seasons and then they leak in a very annoying manner. It was to this continual dripping of the water through the roof that Solomon was indebted for one of his striking proverbs: "A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."* Dr. Thomson relates his experience in one of these houses during a long, continued rain storm and says: "This continual dropping—tuk—tuk—all day long and all night, if not the most annoying thing in the world, can only be exceeded by the ceaseless clatter of a contentious woman." We presume Solomon and the Doctor knew whereof they wrote, the former doubtless from experience, and with our knowledge of the leaky roofs of the houses in Palestine we can see the force of the proverb, and of the Doctor's experience.

On the top of the earthen roofs just at the close of the rainy season the coarse grass springs up very quickly and as quickly disappears, when the clouds are dispersed and the hot rays of the sun strike the tender shoots. Because it has no depth of soil it withers away, dries up, and is blown away by the wind. It is entirely useless and worthless. We have seen the grass thus growing on many houses in Palestine, and to this David refers when he says: "Let them be as the grass upon the housetops, which withereth afore it groweth up: wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom."† What a picture of a wasted life is here drawn in a few words! And

* Prov. 27: 15.

† Ps. 129: 6, 7.

the illustration is intensified when we see the real picture from which it is taken. How many men and women there are who waste their lives and are like the grass that grows on the housetop! They start with fair promise of the future, but the hour of temptation comes and they fall, and when the end comes only a wasted, useless life goes out. No hand has been filled with kindly deeds by them; they have filled no bosom with joy because of a noble life,—wrecked and wasted is written over against their lives. How strong and how wonderfully apt is the illustration drawn by the Psalmist from the grass growing on the housetop. The prophet Isaiah also used the same illustration, coupling with it the blasted corn and the green herb, when he came to comfort Hezekiah and strengthen him against the Assyrian.*

Zephaniah takes up a denunciation against those who go to the roofs of their houses, not to pray to the living God, but to engage in idolatrous worship. They "that worship the host of heaven upon the housetops,"† he says, shall be cut off from among the people. The language clearly implies that there were some among the Israelites who worshiped the sun, moon and stars, and that they assembled on their housetops to carry on their devotion.

Proclamations were also very frequently made from the housetops to the people of the towns and villages. It was a convenient place to reach, and overlooked the streets thus forming an excellent rostrum. It was to this custom that the Master referred when he said, "That which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."‡ We saw and heard this Scripture illus-

* Isa. 37: 27.

† Zeph. 1: 5.

‡ Luke 12: 3.

trated one evening while wandering alone in the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom just southeast of Jerusalem. We passed by the village of Siloam, and just before we reached the junction of the valleys a man appeared on one of the housetops in the village and began speaking in a loud, clear voice. The evening was hushed and still and the speaker woke the echoes along the valley and the eastern wall of Jerusalem. We did not understand a single word he said, but we knew that he was proclaiming from the housetop, and we saw and heard just what the Savior referred to in the Scripture quoted.

The house pointed out as that of Dorcas has neither tradition nor landmark favoring the site, and it is so manifestly a modern building that we pass it by without other interest than that it recalls vividly to mind the almsdeeds, the death and the miraculous raising from the dead of the Jaffa "disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas." Peter at that time was at Lydda, distant but twelve miles from Jaffa. He had just raised the sick Æneas, "which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy."* To him they sent posthaste with the tidings of the death of the woman whom they all loved, desiring that he would not delay to come to them. Peter doubtless left Lydda hurriedly, and if he did not know the love and esteem which the poor of Jaffa had for Dorcas, he soon learned of it, for "when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them."† Then came the notable miracle of raising the dead, which has made Jaffa famous ever since. There is a naturalness about the

* Acts 9: 33.

† Acts 9: 39.

incident and the account given by the author of the Acts that carries conviction with it, and when it is seen in its oriental surroundings it becomes all the more real. Dorcas, with but a needle in her hand, did a work among the poor that will be told over and over again as long as the Gospel is preached, and her good example has induced other good women, with the love of God and of humanity in their hearts, to do as she did, until we have hundreds of Dorcas societies all over the lands where Christianity prevails.

Leaving the so-called house of Dorcas and going southward from the place where Simon the tanner dwelt, we continue our walk along the seashore. Here are the tanneries and here they have been since the days of Peter. Without doubt he walked along this same shore in company with the tanner and saw the restless billows break and waste their strength on the sand beneath his feet, as we see them to-day. If he had a love for the beautiful he no doubt gathered up the beautiful, colored shells painted by the hand of the Creator and admired their beauty just as the Elder and the writer did in their long walk on the seashore. But we must curb our imagination and tell of what is now here.

We notice that the tanners use the sea as a great soaking tank. A long, heavy chain is securely fastened to the shore and its full length is stretched out in the water. To this the skins are lashed and here they remain until they are ready for the tanner's block. They are then taken out and treated much in the same manner as in tanneries in other parts of the world. The goat skin after being tanned is dyed either red or yellow, and is made into shoes. The religion of the wearer is made known by the color of his shoes. The Mohammedans wear yellow and the Christians red leather. Reference is made to this custom of dyeing

skins in Exodus. When the people brought together a free-will offering for the tabernacle, among other things they brought the "red skins of rams, and badger skins."*

Both to the north and south of Jaffa as we walked along the seashore we saw the broken hulls and ribs of a number of ships that had been wrecked on the rocky reefs on the coast at this place. These wrecks are an unpleasant reminder of the dangerous character of the port of Jaffa. Many a good, staunch ship has been wrecked and pounded to pieces on the rocks at this place since Jonah's ship was overtaken by a storm as it sailed away from Jaffa and was finally saved only by throwing the runaway prophet overboard. Since then the sea along this coast has opened its insatiable mouth and swallowed seafaring men, pilgrims and travelers by the thousand. Just now there is some talk of a sea wall and a pier for large steamers, and since the railroad has been built such an improvement may be made. If it were, hundreds who are now deterred from visiting southern Palestine because of the dangerous landing would gladly go.

The streets of Jaffa present a lively appearance on market day and we were much interested in wandering about the market and noting what was going on. The market-place of any city is a good place to study the people, and especially is this true of eastern cities. Almost the entire population is to be seen on the streets and at the market-place. Here are lemons and oranges, pomegranates and quinces, apples and apricots, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables in their season, which are produced in the extensive gardens of Jaffa. The villagers bring their sheep and goats, their lambs and kids, their cows and calves, their milk and butter and cheese, their poultry and eggs,

* Ex. 35: 23.

their figs and olives, and every other kind of fruit, fresh or dry, which they possess; in baskets or round trays or small earthen jugs, in jars or in large skin bottles, on camels or mules, on horses or donkeys, on the heads of men or boys, women or girls, are they brought and set down here to be sold.* The selling is carried on amid much quarreling and bickering. Looking at buyer and seller you are persuaded by their angry talk and violent gesticulation that they will at once come to blows; but this rarely occurs. It is only their way of buying and selling. Many of those who come to the market are ragged and filthy, and, to judge by their appearance, must be wretchedly poor. Many of them do not have sufficient clothing to hide their nakedness. Around about the market-place and in the streets leading to it are the beggars. Some are blind, others with painful physical defects—all appealing in the most pitiful and beseeching tones for alms. These are the beggars by the wayside, and they are to be seen all over the Land of Palestine. Here one is reminded over and over again of the blind son of Timæus who sat by the wayside near Jericho begging from those who passed by. The Savior came that way, and the blind man when he “heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me.”† Then came the call of the Master to the blind and the question, “What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?” How quick came the reply of him who was afflicted, and as quickly the Master restored his sight.

Blindness and diseases of the eye are very common in Palestine, and in this country in a single day one will see more men and women who have lost the sight of one eye

* “The Land and the Book,” page 25.


† Mark 10: 47.

or are totally blind than in half a lifetime in the United States, unless it were in some institution for those who have lost their sight. When the Savior was here he found the blind in every village and city in the land. They sat by the wayside begging then as they do to-day, and as he passed by he healed them. What wonder then that the blind called to him when they knew he was passing, as did the blind Bartimæus at Jericho, and how the poor unfortunate fellows must have crowded upon him, even leaving their outer garments behind so that they might go unhindered to the one Physician who could restore their sight! And as they went away seeing, what rejoicing there must have been amongst them all! To-day there is no one in Palestine to restore sight to the blind. Thousands lose their sight from exposure and neglect of the eyes. An oculist could here find a great field for mitigating human suffering. Then, too, the people are also suffering from spiritual blindness. What a field for the earnest missionary who will carry to the people the Gospel of Christ and open their spiritual eyes!



CHAPTER XXVII.

From Jaffa to Jerusalem. — "Blest Land of Judea." — Sentiment Destroyed. — Sharon's Plain. — Plowing. — Lydda. — The Healing of Aeneas. — Ramleh. — A rich Land. — The Home of Samson. — The Foxes. — Mountain Scenery. — Terraced Hills. — The Shepherd and his Flock. — The Valley of Roses. — The Plain of Rephaim. — The Defeat of the Philistines. — Jerusalem. — A Contrast.

 FROM Jaffa to Jerusalem by railway robs this most interesting journey of much of its old-time sentiment and brings it down to the common place of every-day life. The first feeling that comes to us as we stand on the platform at the depot at Jaffa and hear the bell ring and the voice of the conductor shouting, "All aboard for Jerusalem," is that a great sacrilege has been committed in the very act of building a railroad in the Holy Land. It all seems out of place, with its surroundings. One likes to think of the land where the Master was born and lived as she was before these modern innovations came to her, with her hallowed associations and tender memories unbroken by the march of nineteenth century improvements. One likes to give way to thoughts such as inspired our own Quaker poet when he wrote:

"Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed in song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

"With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

"Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
 Thy waters, Genessaret, chime on my ear;
 Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
 And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.

* * * * * *

"I tread where the TWELVE in their wayfaring trod;
 I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God,
 Where his blessing was heard and his lessons were taught;
 Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

"O here with his flock the sad wanderer came,—
 These hills he toiled over in grief are the same,—
 The founts where he drank by the wayside still flow,
 And the same airs are blowing that breathed on his brow!

"And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
 But the dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
 For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
 And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone."

It is in this mood that one loves to linger among the holy and blessed associations of the Land of Canaan, and live again in imagination and in spirit in the days long since gone. But to rush across the beautiful and fertile plain of Sharon, beautiful yet amid all its desolation, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and to dash up the picturesque valleys among the quiet and peaceful hills of Judea, and to hear their echoes awakened by sound of steam whistle and rushing train, takes one with a great leap from the first to the nineteenth century and from the realm of sentiment to that of this practical age of steam and electricity. But, as Dr. Merrill observes, we all believe that Providence is wisely guiding the march of civilization, and hence there can be nothing unholy in the fact that its advance guard, the railway, has reached Palestine and the sound of the steam whistle reverberates about the walls of ancient Jerusalem.

But while we meditate and philosophize the bell rings, the whistle sounds, and we are off on the way to the Holy

City. We leave the gardens of Jaffa far behind us, cross the sand along the seashore and are out upon the plain of Sharon. Our little company has been doubled. At Cairo we met and enjoyed the company of Mr. Geo. Holmes, Traveling Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of London, and at Jaffa we had the pleasure of meeting him again. Dr. Simpson, of New York, President of the Evangelical Missionary Society, on a tour of missionary inspection, we met at Port Said. Both these friends are with us and we enjoy the association very much.

The day is bright and clear and warm enough to be delightfully pleasant. The plain of Sharon presents a busy picture of farm life, for it is the season of plowing and sowing. The one-handled plows that have been in use on this plain and in the valleys of Palestine since the days of Abraham are still in use. We are again reminded of the language of the Master, "No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."* This apt illustration shows that the one-handled plow of to-day was used when he taught the great lessons of the Gospel here nearly two thousand years ago. Nine years ago when we rode across the plain of Sharon we saw men plowing and sowing as we see them to-day; no change has been made.

The rude implement used for plowing is in many cases made after the pattern used by the fathers centuries ago. Occasionally we notice a slight attempt at improvement, but for the most part the farmers on the plains of Sharon, like the fathers of the shaduf in Egypt, are not wiser than their fathers, and are quite content to use the same kind of agricultural implements used by them. The plows that we examined were very simple in their construction. A

* Luke 9: 62.

strong, tough piece of wood about three and a half feet long serves as a post, to one end of which is fastened the plowshare and to the other the handle. Near the center is mortised a hole, into which a long pole is securely fastened, which may be called a beam or, better still, a tongue. It is long enough to reach to the yoke on the necks of the oxen, to which it is fastened by a rope, or piece of rawhide. One end of the post is pointed and is sometimes armed with a piece of iron. This is the plowshare to which reference is made in Joel 3: 10. The upper end of the post is fitted with a short, round crosspiece of wood, which serves as a handle.

With one hand the farmer grasps the handle of his plow; in the other he carries a strong pole about eight feet long, armed at one end with an iron bit, or chisel, used for scraping the dirt from the plow, and, at the other, with a sharp spear; and this is the ox-goad. We examined one of these ox-goads closely and could well believe that it might become a powerful and deadly weapon in the hands of a strong man, as the Philistines found, to their sorrow, when Shamgar, son of Anath, slew of them six hundred men with only such a weapon as this.*

At one place we induced a plowman to let us try his implement. The Arab looked on, much amused at our vain efforts to handle the rude implement with one hand and make it work. It was a difficult task, and we soon gave it up, quite willing to admit that the Arab was the better plowman. We learned that if he who puts his hand to the plow would accomplish any work he must look forward and keep his eye on his work. The lesson taught by the Savior is apparent. The Christian must look forward,

* Judges 3: 31.

and not backward, if he is to become fit for the kingdom of God.

Twelve miles from Jaffa we reach Ludd, the first stopping-place and station on the way to Jerusalem. A grove of tall palm trees, their feathery branches waving in the air, give the place the appearance of an Egyptian town. Fine old olive groves also add much to the attractions of the place. These groves cover some twelve square miles of the plain about Ludd and Ramleh, the next station, only two miles away, and the vigorous growth of the trees shows that the plain of Sharon has lost none of its old-time fertility.

Ludd is the Lod* of the Hebrews and the Lydda of the New Testament. It was occupied by the Benjamites after the captivity, and attained to some importance because it was located on the principal caravan route between Egypt and Syria. It was to Lydda that Peter came preaching the Gospel and visiting all the saints; and "he found a certain man Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy. And Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord."† There must have been a wonderful revival in those days around about Lydda on the plain of Sharon. Everybody in the town was converted and turned to the Lord, and the news of what was done spread into the country and the Sharonites all embraced Christianity. The preaching of the Word and the working of the miracle had a powerful effect on the minds of the people.

* 1 Chron. 8: 12; Neh. 11: 35.

† Acts 9: 32-35.

During the reign of Nero Lydda was destroyed by his general, Cestius Gallus, but it was rebuilt again, and in A. D. 445 a great church council was held there, at which Pelagius was tried for heresy and ably defended himself. It is now an unimportant village, saving that it is a railway station, and this may, if the road proves a success, bring it into more prominence again.

Ramleh, on the carriage road between Jaffa and Jerusalem, is the next station on the railway and is fourteen miles from the former place. Here nine years ago we saw the lepers for the first time and here they are yet. Perhaps not those we saw then, for doubtless they perished long ago, but others have taken their places. The coming of the train into the stations seems to be a source of great curiosity to the natives. They collect in groups and watch the coming and going of the trains with open-eyed wonder. The Arab is slow and uncertain. He will invariably put off until to-morrow what he ought to do to-day, and then to-morrow he will, if possible, put it off again. One source of surprise to him is that the trains should come and go on time. When the road was first opened for travel and the time card arranged, the Arab who wished to avail himself of its advantages invariably came too late for the train. He could not understand why it should go on time and that he should be left behind. He and his fathers have been traveling for so many centuries on camels and donkeys and on foot that it will take some time to teach him that there is a vast difference between railroading and camel riding.

From Ramleh to Es Sejed, where the engines are supplied with water from a spring, the road crosses over ten miles of rich, level land which reminds us of our own western prairies. With proper tillage and care it would pro-

duce abundant harvests. Indeed the entire plain of Sharon has the appearance of our rich prairie country. Replace the native villages with farmhouses, barns and well-kept farmyards; the one-handed implements used for scratching the soil with steel clipper riding plows; the sower and his basket of grain with the seeding machine; the hand sickle with the reaper and self-binder; the threshing floor and the unmuzzled oxen treading out the grain with the steam thresher, and the change would be so complete that one would at once imagine himself on the western prairies. The railroad is already here; will the other improvements come? If so the country will be revolutionized. As it is now the railway seems quite out of place with its surroundings. It is a bit of nineteenth century progress set back in the lap of the first.

We are now passing over a country of great historic interest. Here may be pointed out Gezer, once a royal city of the ancient Canaanites. Yonder are the great hills guarding Beth-horon, the scene of Joshua's memorable battle. From yonder height he may have looked down upon the valley of Ajalon while the battle raged. It was here that he overcame the five kings and slew them. The pleadings of the king of Jerusalem for help, sent to the king of Egypt and found on the Tell Amarna Tablets, availed him nothing, and he was put to death with his comrades.

Another stop and we are at Deir Aban at the foot of the bold and rugged mountains of Judea. Of this place and of the journey to Bittir, the next station, fourteen miles distant, Dr. Merrill says: "We are in the country of Samson, and probably near the place of his birth and burial; and in a land where there are twenty foxes to one jackal, and where hundreds of them are caught every year, we may be allowed to suppose, contrary to the opinion of 'learned

commentators,' that the former, and not the latter, were the instruments of his vengeance upon the Philistines. We now pass through wild and romantic scenery, of which even Switzerland might be proud. The gorges, the cliffs, the peaks rising skyward, the masses of broken rock, the deep cuttings for the road-bed, the bridges, the few clusters of olive trees deep in the valley or clinging to a little earth far up on the mountain side, make a picture in which there is an endless charm. In the Alps there is in winter an abundance of ice which helps to disintegrate the rocks, and which forms streamlets of beauty; in the waterless Judean hills the rocks look old and time-worn, barren and dry. In the Alps the patches of earth in valley or on mountain side are made fruitful and attractive by untiring and skillful industry; in the Judean hills neglect is everywhere apparent and the result is desolation. Were the same kind of skill and persistent energy spent here every year that is spent in the Alps, this aspect of desolation would in a large measure be removed. At the same time, unassisted nature does all in her power to remedy these defects, and those travelers who see Palestine in the spring may think the description just given to be overdrawn.

"At Bittir the mountains recede or bend round in such a way as to form a vast natural amphitheatre, in the middle of which the town is situated. Below the village are large vegetable gardens for supplying the Jerusalem market,—gardens most attractive in this worn-out land. The view down the gorge to the west and up the valley for miles to the north, its superb air, and the fact that its fountain affords an unfailing water supply, mark this as the place for a summer hotel—the delightful retreat of the Jerusalemites from the city's stifling and dusty atmosphere. Rising far above the town is a long, oval ridge covered with ancient

ruins, admirable for a place of defense, and called the Ruin of the Jews. It is the traditional site of the city and stronghold Bethar, when in the second revolt against Rome, A. D. 132-136, Bar Cochab and his brave followers made a memorable resistance against the Roman troops, but at last were compelled to yield, the famous Hebrew patriot himself perishing in the final slaughter."*

The abundant water supply at Bittir makes it an important station on the railway. Water is carried from here to Jerusalem, eight miles away, and stored in great tanks for the use of the engines. The station at Jerusalem is without a natural supply of water. At Jaffa there is a well, another at Ramleh, and these, with the fountains at Es Sejed and at Bittir, furnish all the water for the railway.

The hillsides along the valleys both north and south of Bittir show very plainly the ancient terraces, for when the country was at the high tide of its prosperity all these hills were covered with orchards and vineyards, and the valleys were blooming gardens. Commencing at the foot of the mountain the stones were loosened and built into a strong wall from eight to ten feet high, and between the wall and the sloping hill the space was filled up with the loose earth. In this way a level surface of earth some twenty feet wide was formed. Back of this another wall was built and the interior space filled with earth, and this was continued until the top of the mountain was reached. When the work was completed the side of the hill presented the appearance of a giant stairway. On the level spaces trees and vines were planted, and that it must have presented a beautiful appearance when under a full state of cultivation is attested by the clumps of olive trees still clinging to the earth and rocks on the terraces. But the walls have been broken

* "The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway," *Scribner's Magazine*, Dr. Selah Merrill.

down. The trees were destroyed by the Romans, the heavy rains carried the earth down into the valleys and the old Judean hills are barren and desolate.

Along the valleys and on the hillsides wherever a patch of earth remains the grass grows very rank, showing the natural fertility of the soil. The shepherd leads his flock from the valley to the hilltop, so that every bunch of green grass is utilized for pasture. One cannot see a shepherd leading his flock in Palestine without bringing to mind the numerous Scriptural allusions to the shepherd and his flock. The shepherds of to-day are much the same as were the shepherds of Christ's time. When he said, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine," he used an illustration with which his disciples were familiar; and how well the following language is understood in Palestine: "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."* In our wanderings in Palestine we have seen the shepherds lead their flocks among the hills which encompass Jerusalem on every side, on the plains about Bethlehem, in the valley of Jordan, along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, over Hermon and Lebanon and by the waters of Abana and Pharpar, and they always went before and called their sheep by name, and the sheep, familiar with voice and name, followed their leaders. Once in the valley south of Jerusalem we saw a shepherd leading his flock and we called to the sheep, but they recognized not the voice of the stranger and fled away affrighted.

* John 10: 3-5.

The shepherd goes before and leads the way, and sees that the ground is safe and secure. There is something strikingly beautiful and assuring in the language of the first verses of the twenty-third Psalm, and it is not a fancy of the imagination; it is a simple fact, both as to the custom to which David alludes and the care of the Lord for his people: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."* Could language be more tender, or beautiful? Then to see the shepherd leading his flock with tender care to the pastures and to the water brooks makes the language all the more real and gives the entire figure an intensified meaning.

The prophet Isaiah also refers to the good shepherd in this beautiful language: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."† And Micah says: "Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage."‡ As a rule the shepherd does not need to feed his flock, but late in the fall, when the pastures are dried up, this becomes necessary. The shepherd carries a rod or staff when he leads his flock forth to the pastures to feed them. With it he guides his flock and defends them from their enemies. The staff and rod David refers to when he says, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."§ Thomson says of the shepherds of Palestine that they are armed in order to defend their charges and are very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts, not unlike that recounted by David, occur; and though there are now no lions here, wolves, leopards and

* Ps. 23: 1, 2.

† Isa. 40: 11.

‡ Micah 7: 14.

§ Ps. 23: 4.

panthers still prowl about these wild valleys.* They not unfrequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd. I have listened with interest to their descriptions of desperate fights with those savage beasts. And when the thief and robber come, and come they do, the faithful shepherd has often to defend his flock at the hazard of his life. "The shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."†

No animals are more helpless than sheep that have strayed away from the flock; they become utterly bewildered, for they seem to have no sense or knowledge of locality and are without the instinct that leads other animals from a strange place to their homes. This peculiarity seems to be implied in the prayer and confession of the Psalmist: "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant."‡ And so the shepherd in the parable leaves "the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray,"§ for he well knows that the poor wanderer will never find the way back by any skill of its own.||

Leaving Bittir and the shepherd and his flock, we follow the Valley of Roses, so called because of the great quantity of these beautiful flowers which are raised here. The valley is well watered by three springs which send forth a copious supply of fresh, sweet water and are of immense value to the land. One sees here and at many other places in Palestine evidences of the fact that the land "drinketh water of the rain of heaven."¶

* 1 Sam. 17: 34-37.

† John 10: 11.

‡ Ps. 119: 176.

§ Matt. 18: 12.

|| "The Land and the Book," pages 594, 595.

¶ Deut. 11: 11.

Within two miles of Jerusalem the road enters the valley of Rephaim which is only a continuation of the Valley of Roses, widened out as we approach the Holy City. Through the valley of Rephaim ran the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin,* and here it is called the Valley of the Giants. This name was given it because of the aboriginal inhabitants who dwelt in the valley. Here in the broad valley of Rephaim the Philistines often encamped, and here it was that they were signally defeated by David. "The Philistines also came up and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim."† David enquired of the Lord as to whether he should attack his enemy, and receiving a favorable answer he fell upon them and smote them and said, "The Lord hath broken forth upon mine enemies before me, as the breach of waters." The first defeat did not satisfy the ancient enemies, for they came up again and spread themselves in the valley of Rephaim, and again David defeated them, driving them down the valley past Bittir until "thou come to Gazer,"‡ a distance of some twenty-five miles.

On the west side of the plain or valley of Rephaim are the heaps of stone known as the Seven Ruins. Of these heaps Dr. Merrill says: "No one knows who placed them there, and the imagination gives them an exaggerated importance. The practical explanation of their existence is in the tradition that the plain of Rephaim was once covered with gardens, of which there is now no possible trace, and that these stones were gathered from the soil, that its cultivation might be more complete and perfect. These hills the railroad company have purchased, laid a track to them,

* Josh. 15: 8.

† 2 Sam. 5: 18.

‡ 2 Sam. 5: 25.

and are using the small stones of which they are entirely composed to bed down their main track. How accommodating the old inhabitants were to place these millions of cubic feet of stones just where they would be most convenient for use in these modern times."

We have crossed the plain of Rephaim, the whistle sounds out over the hills of Judea, the conductor shouts, "Je-ru-sa-lem," as we pull up to a neat new station built of stone, and we are at the end of our first railroad journey in Palestine. The station is one mile from the city in a south-westerly direction. The trip from Jaffa has been made in four hours and has been delightfully pleasant and full of interest. The Elder and the writer are soon seated in a carriage provided by our excellent dragoman, Dimitrie N. Tadros, and being driven out upon the road leading from Jerusalem to Hebron. Then, turning northward, with the new city and the walls of the old in full view, we cross over the valley at Hinnom, the lower pool of Gihon to our left, and in a few minutes reach the Jaffa Gate. The sun is just tipping the western hills of Judea as we enter the gate, and see just within the walls a new hotel in which we find most comfortable quarters. It was our home during our temporary stay in Jerusalem, and we found it in every respect a most comfortable home indeed.

We could not help contrasting this with our previous visit to Jerusalem. We then rode from Jaffa in heavy, jolting wagons over a miserably rough road, and in order to break the monotony of the journey we walked a good part of the way. We came up to the walls at midnight, and we then wrote, "In a few minutes our wagons halt at a high tower in the wall. We are soon on the ground and entering the Jaffa Gate. We are in Jerusalem. Travelers have written many pages describing their emotions upon first

viewing and entering the city of cities. Shivering with cold and the dampness of our clothing, we do not feel in a mood to meditate. We hurry to our hotel, where a cold reception awaits us. There is no fire in the house, and at midnight we go shivering to our beds, in rooms with stone floors, that have something of the appearance of prison cells.* And that was only nine years ago. As we sit in the large reception room of the New Hotel before a blazing fire, for the evening is chilly, surrounded by all the comforts of a first-class hotel at home, we can scarcely realize that we are in Jerusalem. Surely a great change has taken place in the City of David.

* "Europe and Bible Lands," page 242.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Jerusalem from Mount of Olives.—Walks about the Holy City.—The Jaffa Gate.—Scriptural Allusions.—Abraham.—Boaz.—Slaying of Abner in the Gate.—Eli.—Absalom's Rebellion.—David's Great Sorrow.—The Gate a Symbol of Power.—Our Beggars.—Street Scene in Jerusalem.—The Minaret.—Praying Moslems.—A Mixed Multitude.—Lentiles.—Wine and Water Bottles.—The Milk Seller.

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion! City of our God."



THE first sight of Jerusalem is apt to be disappointing to the traveler, and especially is this true if he approach from the north, south or west. From the east, however, the view is very fine and inspiring. Here one catches the first sight of the place from the Mount of Olives, and the Holy City is spread out in a grand panoramic view, most beautiful and impressive to look upon. There is no other equal to it in the world.

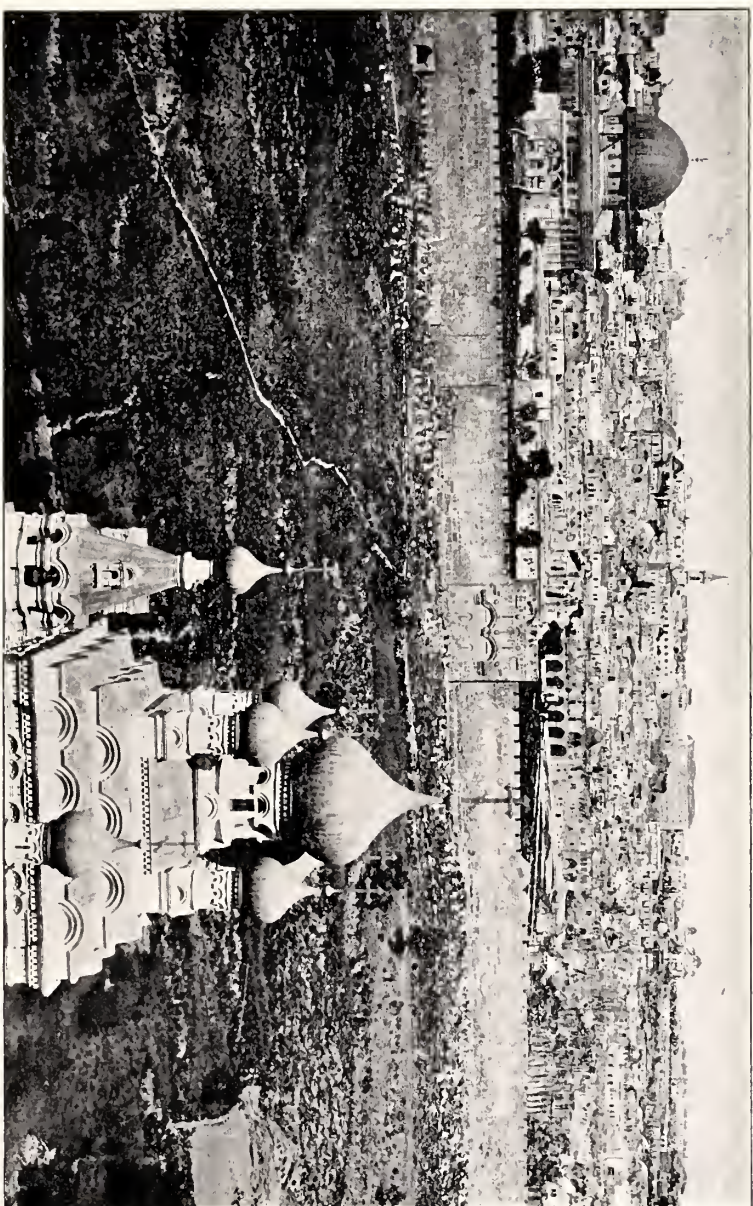
Our artist gives us a photograph of this view of Jerusalem, which is here reproduced. It was taken on the side of Mount Olivet, above and beyond the Garden of Gethsemane, just in the rear of the new Greek church, the peculiar shaped roof and spires of which form the foreground of the picture. The eastern wall of the city and the Golden Gate, centrally located, with the Moslem cemetery in front, are all plainly shown. To the left in the view is a large dome-shaped building. It is the Mosque of Omar, a Mohammedan church, and occupies a place on Mount Moriah not far from, if not on, the very spot where Solomon's Temple once stood. The buildings west of the mosque are on Mt.

Zion, the site of the Wise King's palace. The pathway seen in the picture leads down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, crosses the brook Kidron and intersects the road to Bethany. The observer, of course, overlooks the deep valley which is only partly shown in the photograph. The view is an excellent one, and if any of our readers should visit the Holy City and climb the Mount of Olives, they will recognize how true the picture is to the real.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of Jerusalem. This we have already done in a previous volume.* We shall content ourselves with sketches of our walks about the City of David. Volumes have been written, and volumes will be written, without number, descriptive of the Holy City, and yet the subject is still fresh and new. It is an inexhaustible mine of interest. Here, within and about the compass of these walls, only two and a half miles in extent, occurred events which have changed the history of the world. From amid these hills round about Zion have gone forth influences that have wrought greater and deeper changes upon the human race than can be fathomed by the finite mind. We know something of the one supreme event connected with the history of this old city, but we shall only know its full significance and its mystery when we shall have passed the portals of the grave. It is because of these influences and the deep hold they have upon the human heart that so much interest is taken in Jerusalem and its surroundings.

But to our walks, and let the first one be to the gates of the city. The New Hotel, our Jerusalem home, stands within a stone's throw of the Jaffa Gate, the principal entrance and thoroughfare of the Holy City. Many times we passed in and out at the Jaffa Gate, at morning, noon and

* "Europe and Bible Lands," 1884.



Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives. New Greek Church in the Foreground.

night. We have walked, stood and sat in the gate. We have gone there to study the Scriptural allusions to the gates of the city and have seen how clearly the conditions, even to-day, after so many changes have been made, agree with the Bible language. Then, too, it has been a source of never-failing interest to take a stand near the gate and watch those who come in and go out. Here at the Jaffa Gate one may stand or sit an hour or two during the busy part of the day and see people coming and going from about every part of the Christian and Mohammedan world, to say nothing of the Jews who come from the four quarters of the globe.

The Jaffa Gate stands near the northwest angle of the walls and within a short distance of the Tower of David. It is a castle-like tower built in connection with the walls of the city and is some forty feet high and nearly as many square. The top of the tower serves as a lookout for the watchman, and in the upper part a chamber was originally built which was reached by a flight of stairs. Entering the gate, a turn at right angles must be made before one gets through. In fact there are two gates, one into the tower, the other from the tower into the city; a plan adopted in the construction of the gates to assist in the defense of the place. The doorways are twelve feet wide and sixteen high. Within the tower is a considerable space arched overhead where one may stand or sit at pleasure. It is a cool, shady place, and is something of a resort for the people of the city. The heavy, iron-plated doors were formerly closed at sundown, but now stand wide open day and night, and the inhabitants come and go at will. Even the Turkish soldier who once guarded the gateway is no more on duty.

While we are standing in the gate or, rather, between "the gates," let us look at some of the Scriptural references that bear directly upon this subject. We shall find many of them, for the Bible refers to the gates of the city, both literally and figuratively, a great number of times. In the olden time the gate of the city was a place where assemblies were held, judgment rendered, and contracts concluded and witnessed. Jerome says that, as the Jews were for the most part engaged in laboring in the field, it was wisely arranged that assemblies should be held at the city gates, and that justice should be administered there, so that the laboring men who were busy at their work might lose no time, and that the country people who had affairs on their hands to settle might find the judges at the gates, instead of going into the city.

When Abraham was bowed down with grief by the death of his beloved wife Sarah, he communed with the children of Heth and bargained with them for the cave of Machpelah where he might bury his dead out of his sight. The sum of money to be paid was agreed upon, and the silver weighed out, but the contract was not fully completed until all was "made sure unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city."* So also Boaz, when he arranged for the marriage of Ruth, the beautiful Moabitess, went up to the gate of the city "and sat him down there." Then he called to him ten elders of the city and said to them, "Sit ye down here. And they sat down." And before these judges and the witnesses before the gate he bought the parcel of land which belonged to Elimelech and with the inheritance came also the hand of the fair widow Ruth. The bargain was made and Boaz called upon

* Gen. 23: 17, 18,

them to witness what had been done: "And all the people that were in the gate, and the elders, said, We are witnesses."*

The gate of the city was also the scene of sorrow and bloodshed. Here in this open space where we are now standing Joab took Abner aside as if he would speak to him privately, "and smote him there under the fifth rib, that he died."† It must have been in the open space at the entrance of the gate that Eli sat waiting anxiously with trembling heart, fearing lest the battle should go against Israel and the ark of God be taken; and when the news of defeat came and his worst fears were realized, "he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck broke, and he died."‡ And yonder "beside the way of the gate" stood David's handsome but rebellious son, and as the people came and went, as they are coming and going now, he spoke to them courteously, and when any came near to bow to him he took them by the hand, greeted them cordially and kissed them, and thus he "stole the hearts of the men of Israel."§

The story of the rebellion of Absalom is one of the most pathetic in the Old Testament. The closing scene of the tragedy was enacted in the gate of the city, when the news of the death of his boy came with such crushing force upon King David. Standing in the gate we can see how natural the whole story is. There by the side of the gate stood the king, as the people came out by hundreds and by thousands to go to the battle against Absalom, and all the people heard the appeal that came from the father heart, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with

* Ruth 4: 1-12.

† 2 Sam. 3: 27.

‡ 1 Sam. 4: 18.

§ 2 Sam. 15: 6.

Absalom.”* Then came the long, weary day of watching and waiting for news of the battle. “And David sat between the two gates,” that is, here between the inner and outer gate where he was protected from the rays of the sun, and the watchman stood on top of the tower and looking out over the plain caught sight of a man running alone, and he cried out and told the king. Then came the messenger, and the first question that came from the anxious heart of the father was, “Is the young man Absalom safe?” The messenger turned aside unable to answer the question. Then came the second runner Cush, and again came the question, “Is the young man Absalom safe?” The blunt Cush broke the news in a few words: “The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.” Then the king knew that his wayward, rebellious boy was dead. He cared to hear no more. What was the victory to him,—the son he loved was dead. He turned away, and “went up to the chamber that was over the gate, and wept.” Here he might hide his face, and the cry of anguish that was wrung from his broken heart as he went up has been echoed by millions of heart-broken fathers and mothers over wayward sons and daughters since these words burst from the lips of King David: “O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!”†

The gates of the city were built very strong and fortified in every possible way. In the strength of the gates the people trusted for safety, and from the top of the towers and from the chamber above the gate, where soldiers were stationed, the archers discharged volleys of arrows at their

* 2 Sam. 18: 5.

† 2 Sam. 18: 33.

enemies. Because of the strength of the gate the word became the symbol of power and dominion. In this sense the word is used many times in the Bible, as, for example, in the promise made to Abraham that his seed should possess the gates of his enemies.* The Savior also gives the word this same meaning when he tells his disciples that "upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."†

Of a different character is the allusion made by the Savior to the strait gate and narrow way.‡ The language does not apply to the Jaffa Gate where we are now standing, for it is wide and multitudes are going in and out; but it does apply to some of the gates of the city. Dr. Thomas says: "I have seen these strait gates and narrow ways with here and there a traveler. They are in the retired corners, and must be sought for, and are opened only to those who knock; and when the sun goes down and the night comes on, they are shut and locked. It is then too late."§

Thus we might sit here in the gate of the city and call up one Bible allusion after another, all of which are so clearly illustrated in the conditions found here to-day. It would be pleasant and interesting to do so, and a small volume might be written, and yet the subject would not be exhausted; but we leave the gate and enter the city.

Just inside the Jaffa Gate is a broad way or street, on one side of which stands the New Hotel, while the other side is lined with shops of various kinds. Among others are several baker shops. In our walks about the city we found three beggars or, rather, they found us. Two half-grown boys nearly naked (indeed the few rags they wore

* Gen. 22: 17.

† Matt. 16: 18.

‡ Matt. 7: 14.

§ Luke 13: 25.

only made their nakedness the more apparent), and a poor, miserable cripple who hobbled along on crutches composed the trio. We met them near the Jaffa Gate on our first walk through the city. They soon made us understand what they wanted. Pointing to the shops where bread was sold and then laying their hands on that portion of the body where the pangs of hunger are the most keenly felt, they gave such a pitiful look out of their hungry eyes that we at once crossed the street with them and bought them a supply of bread. It was well worth the money spent to see them eat. Every morning after this, during our stay of some weeks in the city, our three beggars waited for us at the hotel door, and as regularly were they supplied with bread. They had picked up a few words of English, French and Italian, and they usually greeted us with a jumble of these words: "Good morning, Signor, Madame, Bonjour Katera. Muskeen; Backsheesh, you please Signor, Madame, good-bye." They never failed to kiss our hands and were profuse in thanks after receiving the bread.

Jerusalem is situated in the hill country of Judea and is a city of hills. In walking through the city from west to east one must go down from Mount Zion, which in the olden time was the City of David, and climb to the top of Mount Moriah, where was located the threshing floor of the Jebusite which David bought and turned into a place of worship, and where King Solomon subsequently built his great temple. Both these hills or mountains are now inside the walls of the city. The streets are constructed with a view of facilitating going up hill and down, and are at some places so many great stairways, the steps of which are ten to twelve inches high and as many feet wide. These are paved with blocks of stone from side to side, and if they were kept clean they would present a pleasing ap-



Street View in Jerusalem.

pearance. But cleanliness is unknown among the authorities of the city, and dirt and filth prevail on every side. It must have been the same in David's time, for he alludes to it when he says, "I did cast them out as dirt in the streets."* The streets are narrow, and when it rains walking is anything but a pleasure. Our photogravure is a reproduction of a street and a street scene in Jerusalem. The steps before referred to are plainly brought out, as well as the stone pavement of the street. In the group at the left may be seen several European ladies; the other figures are natives. In the distance is a high tower with a platform near the top. It is the minaret of a Mohammedan mosque. The minaret is to the mosque what steeples and belfries are to churches. Instead, however, of having a bell to call the people to worship, the muezzin, a Moslem with lusty lung power and strong of voice, attends to this duty. Five times a day he takes his place upon the platform at the top of the minaret and, facing east, west, north and south successively, calls the faithful Moslem to prayer. At daybreak, at sunrise, at midday, and before and after sunset, the voice of the muezzin may be heard sounding out over the city from his high station, *Allah ak-bar ashhadu anna la ilaha ill' Allah, wa Muhammedu-r-rasul Allah hayya; alas-sala*. "Allah is great; I testify that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah; come to prayer." Sometimes at midnight the solemn stillness of the night is broken by the call to prayer, and the faithful Moslem who may be awake at that hour engages in devotion.

At the call of the muezzin the Moslem at once engages in prayer, be he in the street, in the field, in the shop, or in his house. We have watched them kneeling down and say-

* Ps. 18: 42.

ing their prayers, and they seem to be wholly absorbed in their devotions. They pay no attention whatever to lookers-on, and as they pray seem entirely oblivious to their surroundings. This is the result of training and habit. Children are taught to pray and during their devotions they, like the men, seem to be entirely isolated from their surroundings. Dr. Thomson says: "There is certainly an air of great solemnity in their mode of worship and, when performed by a large assembly in the mosques, or by a detachment of soldiers in concert, guided in the movements of their bodies by an iman or Dervish, chanting the service, it is quite impressive. I have seen it enacted by moonlight, on the wild banks of the Orontes, in the plain of Hamath, and the scene was something more than romantic. But, alas! it was by as villainous a set of robbers as could be found even in that lawless region."

The peculiar attitudes assumed in prayer by the Moslems often attracted our attention and are rather interesting. The shoes or sandals are removed from the feet, and among the wealthy a rug is spread upon the floor or ground. The next care is to turn the face toward Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. This custom was borrowed from the Jews. Daniel kneeled before the open window in his chamber toward Jerusalem "three times a day, and prayed and gave thanks before his God."* After securing a correct position the devotee raises the open hands until the thumbs nearly touch the ear, repeating at the same time the words, *Allah ku akbar*, "God is most great." The hands are next folded together across the waist, and the first chapter of the Koran is recited. The hands are next placed on the knees and the body bent forward. This is repeated, and then dropping upon the knees the

* Dan. 6: 10.

body is bent forward until the forehead touches the ground between the extended hands. This is repeated three times, and while these movements are going on short portions of the Koran are mumbled over, and the statement is made over and over again that there is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet. This finishes the prayer. The Moslem rises and goes about his work again, ready to repeat the performance at the next call of the muezzin.

If much praying made people good, then the Moslems would stand high in piety and virtue. Unfortunately in his case the opposite is true. He will rise from his prayers and steal, lie, and cheat as if these were virtues instead of vices. Of course there are exceptions, but the exceptions are so rare that they exemplify the rule.

Walking through these ancient streets one sees people from almost every nation under the sun. Here are pilgrims from the cold regions of the north and from equatorial Africa. The Western World is well represented, and the Orient sends in a full quota of pilgrims with their peculiar costumes and singular habits. Not only are professing Christians attracted to Jerusalem and make pilgrimages hither, but here are devout and pious Jews from all quarters of the globe, who come hoping against hope that the deliverer will come and that the throne of their ancient city will be again restored to the house of David. They come here to weep and pray over the desolation of their beloved Zion, and surely they have cause for weeping. And then the Moslem considers a pilgrimage to the Mosque of Omar a pious undertaking, second only to going to Mecca itself, for which he is sure to be rewarded; and so he may be seen on the temple platform scowling at every Christian who crosses the sacred ground, or praying in some of the many

open spaces about what was once the court of Solomon's Temple.

In a single day's walk through the streets of the city and about its walls we met nearly a score of representatives of the different nations of the earth. Here is a band of Russian pilgrims, men and women who are returning from the Jordan. They have made the journey on foot and are dusty and travel-stained. Their homes are in the cold regions of northern Europe and they wear the heavy woollen and fur clothing, with the fur boots of that northern climate. They are low in stature, are heavy set, and their thick clothing gives them a dumpy appearance. The men wear full beards and the hair falls down upon the shoulders. They present a striking appearance as they trudge along, each with a pilgrim's staff in hand.

And here we have the other extreme—pilgrims from Abyssinia. They are clad in light, scanty garments, which here are scarcely sufficient to keep them warm, but are more than they have need of under the tropical sun where their lot in life is cast. They come here to see and to worship. The religious instinct in them is strong and it finds expression in the long, weary pilgrimage they have made to visit Jerusalem. A journey of this kind to these people means self-sacrifice and hardship. It is by no means a pleasure trip. While we admire their zeal we pity their ignorance.

The Jews one meets everywhere except on the temple platform, where they are forbidden to go. In recent years their number has largely increased here by immigration. Just now an order is in force from the Sultan, forbidding Jews to land in Palestine. As you meet them in the streets and on the highway you may know them by the Jewish type of face, by their long, black robes and caps trimmed

with fur. Years of oppression and persecution have left their stamp upon the faces of these people. There is a look of sadness about them that appeals to the heart of the sympathetic.

Here is a group of Beduins from beyond the Jordan, robbers every one of them, but a wholesome dread of the law restrains them. But woe to the luckless traveler who enters their territory without a sufficient guard. The fate of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves awaits him. With these are native Arabs, men and women, the dwellers in the villages around about Jerusalem, with the Bethlehemites, a distinct class. Then there is a mixture of Copts and Armenians from the East, Greeks and Moslems from various parts of Asia Minor, Egyptians and Nubians from the banks of the Nile, Persians and Mesopotamians from the Tigris and Euphrates, Turkish soldiers quartered in the Tower of David, with English, German, French, Austrian, Italian, Spanish and, last but by no means least, American representatives. One might search a long time and not find a better school in which to study various specimens of the human race than may be found in Jerusalem during the season of the year when the pilgrimages are made, say from February to May.

The bazaars and shops in the city are by no means equal to those of Cairo or Damascus, and yet we may pass some time not without profit among the tradespeople on the business streets. Here all the products of the country are exposed for sale, and here, too, the money changers do a thriving business. It is to be presumed that in character they do not essentially differ from the same class who were driven from the temple by our Savior.*

In the grain market we saw the red and yellow lentiles

* John 2: 14.

which are common both here and in Egypt. A quantity of these were purchased, and a test will be made as to whether they will grow on the prairies of Illinois. The lentil is a small pea a fourth of an inch in diameter, of an oval shape, convex on both sides. A thin, brownish hull covers the kernel. When stewed and properly seasoned the lentiles have an appetizing fragrance, tempting to a hungry person. It was from these red lentiles that Jacob made the mess of savory pottage that tempted the hungry Esau, and he exclaimed, "Feed me with that same red pottage." Jacob saw his opportunity, and, with that shrewdness which has since characterized his descendants, drove a sharp bargain. "Sell me this day thy birthright," and his weak, careless brother was easily overreached. The contract was made and sealed by an oath, "And Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils. . . . And he sold his birthright to Jacob."*

The plant of the lentiles, as we have seen them growing both in Palestine and Egypt, attains to a height of about one foot. It resembles the pea-vine in some respects, the leaves being longer and narrower. The blossoms are purple in color, and come out in clusters. These are followed by the pod which is flat and contains a number of the small peas. When ripe the lentiles are pulled and taken to the threshing-floor, where they are threshed and winnowed like wheat. They form an important article of food in Palestine. They are stewed as before described, and are also ground and mixed with wheat or barley flour and made into bread. Ezekiel refers to this when he says, "Take thou also unto thee wheat, and barley, and beans, and lentiles, . . . and put them in one vessel, and make thee bread thereof."†

* Gen. 25: 30-34.

† Ezek. 4: 9.

Not far from the grain market is a little shop in which a workman carries on the business of mending wine and water bottles. The shop is quite open to the street and about the man are piled up "wine bottles, old and rent, and bound up."* Just now he is busy patching and sewing up a rent in an old, bursted bottle which, from its looks, had been in his hands for repairs before. Such a collection of bottles as this the Gibeonites must have made when they so easily deceived Joshua, and secured from him by craft a league and covenant of peace. "And these bottles of wine," said they, "which we filled were new; and, now, behold, they be rent."†

Then, too, we recall at once the Savior's language as we stand before the bottle-mender's shop: "And no man putteth new wine into old bottles; else the new wine will burst the bottles, and be spilled, and the bottles shall perish. But new wine must be put into new bottles; and both are preserved."‡ Here one can see the full force of the illustration, for who would think of using one of these old bottles for wine? The bottles are the skins of goats stripped from the body with as little cutting as possible. The neck of the animal forms the mouth of the bottle. New wine always ferments and expands, and when put into a new bottle, which is strong and elastic and stretches as the wine ferments, it is saved; but if put into one of these old wine skins, which is no longer elastic but hard and brittle, the bottle bursts, and wine and bottle both perish. How natural the illustration is when seen in the light thrown upon it here at this little shop with the old wine bottles.

* Josh. 9: 4.

† Josh. 9: 13

‡ Luke 5: 37, 38.

The skin bottle also serves the purpose of a churn. The cream is put into it and it is then suspended, often from the branch of a tree where it is shaken and twisted, pounded and kneaded, until the butter comes. It is then taken out, boiled, and put into goat skins for use. It is like oil and is the only kind of butter the natives have. Of the churn and churning Dr. Thomson says: "I suppose they made butter in much the same way in olden times. Solomon says: 'Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood.'*" But the word for churning and wringing is the same in Hebrew. It is the wringing of milk that bringeth forth butter, just as these women are squeezing and wringing the milk in that skin bottle. There is no analogy between our mode of churning, and pulling a man's nose until the blood comes; but in this native operation the comparison is quite natural and emphatic."†

The skin of the kid is carefully prepared and made into bottles in which milk is carried and sold in the streets of the city. Leaving the bottle-mender's shop, carrying with us one of the old wine bottles, on the way to our hotel we pass a milkmaid. She carries the kid skin with the milk in it in a basket on her head. Finding a customer she sets the basket on the ground and squats beside it. Then she places the measure near the basket, takes hold of the neck of the bottle with one hand and, pressing on the skin with the other, causes the milk to flow into the cup. So skillfully is this done that not a drop of the milk is wasted. The skill manifested in filling the measure is the only thing attractive about the milkmaid. Her hands and face are covered with dirt, and the skin bottle is in the same condition, and we are glad that with us milk is not one of the necessities of life.

* Prov. 30: 33.

† "The Land and the Book," page 456.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Quiet Lord's Day. — The Last Supper. — Gethsemane. — Mount of Olives. — Meditation. — David's Sorrow. — Solomon's Builders. — Captivity. — The Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem. — The Agony. — The Shadow of the Cross. — Abide with Me.

HERE are some impressions made upon the mind that are more lasting than others, some memories that cling to us while others vanish away and are forgotten. These may result from some deep sorrow that covers the soul as the flood of many waters, the shadow of which follows us all along our pathway, casting a sombre hue over every landscape and giving an undertone of sadness to all that is left of life to us; or they may come from a great joy filling the soul and thrilling the whole being with an ecstasy of gladness never to be forgotten; or from that peace which flows into the heart when we are alone with God enjoying sweet communion with our Creator, a peace that passeth all understanding and leaves an impress upon the heart and soul that will stay with us even as we enter the valley and shadow of death. Be the causes what they may, such events occur and stand out prominently in our life experiences. From them we date the lesser and more commonplace happenings, so that they become milestones telling off the journey of life. One of these events in my own life was a Sabbath Day's journey from Jerusalem to Bethany, stopping by the way at the Garden of Gethsemane and spending hours in Bible reading, meditation and prayer on the slopes of Olivet.

In this never-to-be-forgotten walk about the Holy City my purpose was to follow, as nearly as I might, the footsteps of our Master on the night of his betrayal.

It is now conceded by all who have studied the subject that the supper recorded in the thirteenth chapter of St. John was eaten at Jerusalem the evening before the day of the crucifixion. Tradition, which has been so busy looking after the holy places here, points out the place where this important event occurred, but it is without historic basis. The traditional upper room is just outside the Zion Gate on Zion's Hill, but as there can be no certainty as to its authenticity, we may leave it without further notice. We do know that somewhere in the city, probably on Mount Zion, the Lord gathered his disciples and ate his last sad meal with them. The shadow of the cross was now upon him, and after the supper the sorrowing company threaded their way through the dark streets of the city. Emerging at one of the gates on the eastern side, they descended into the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed the Kidron and sought seclusion beneath the olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane.

There is something inexpressibly tender and touching thrown about the scene of that last supper. It was the last meeting between Master and disciples. It was here that the purpose of the betrayer was made manifest. It was here that the last lessons were given and the ordinances instituted that have come down to us from the Master. It was here, too, that the Lord showed his great love for his own and taught the lesson of humility. "Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."* As they were seated at the table came the crowning act of humility. The Son of God "riseth from supper,"

* John 13: 1.

girds himself with a towel, pours water into a basin and washes and wipes the feet of his disciples. What wonderful condescension! The objection of the impulsive Peter was met in such a way that his willingness carried him far beyond what was necessary, "Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." After this was given the command, so strongly worded and so often disregarded, "If I then your Lord and Master have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."* And then the promised reward for obedience was also given: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."†

After these things came the touching farewell words, that last address, and the new commandment which the Master gave his followers, making it at the same time the supreme test of discipleship: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."‡ Then they sang a hymn, the music and sentiment of which must have been full of tender pathos, and went out, and it was night. The paschal moon was shining above the brow of Olivet, casting dark shadows over hill and valley as the Son of God, with his eleven followers, threaded his way through the dark, narrow streets of the City of David. It was a sad company. The cup of sorrow, which was to be drained to the dregs on the morrow, was already pressed to the lips of our dear Savior. Silently they passed through the city and then, going down the steep hillside, they came

* John 13: 14, 15.

† John 13: 17.

John 13: 34, 35.

to the flowing brook of Kidron. Here it was that he told his disciples that the Shepherd should be smitten and the sheep scattered, and Peter vehemently protested that he would not deny him in any wise, even if he should die with him. Then they crossed over the brook, walked up the slope of Olivet and entered the Garden of Gethsemane.

There are times in our lives when we love to be alone, when the presence of our dearest friends is not desired. At such times it is pleasant to wander away from the busy throng to some quiet place, where the solitude is unbroken, and spend the hours in meditation and prayer, holding sweet communion in spirit with God. So I felt when I started out from our hotel to spend the Lord's Day on Olivet and at Bethany. The Elder also desired to spend the day alone, and so each of us went his way.

At the door our beggars are met, and each goes his way with a loaf of bread. Then I walk down to the descent of the valley of Kidron, and here I know I am not far from the path trod by the Savior. It may be, indeed it is altogether likely, that he went down into the valley by this very pathway. How the very thought stirs the heart with emotions too deep and sacred for utterance!

Just at this point outside the city wall, a short distance from St. Stephen's Gate, the original of the annexed photogravure was taken. It presents a beautiful view of the Mount of Olives as it appears to-day. In the foreground it will be observed that the road, after crossing Kidron, passes between two walls, and farther on it forks. The enclosure at the right is known as the Garden of Gethsemane and is to be distinguished by the tall, pointed cypress trees growing within the wall. The other trees we see growing in the garden and elsewhere on the mountain are olives. Many of them show extreme age and have stood on the



Mount of Olives from the Golden Gate.

slopes of the hill for many centuries. Above the garden and farther to the right is the new Greek church, the top of which is seen in the foreground of the photogravure of Jerusalem on page 529. To the right and rear of the church is the Jewish cemetery. The top of the mountain, it will be observed, is covered with olive trees. This is the traditional place from which Christ ascended, and is marked by a Greek church and modern mosque. The Greek church with the tall spire, to the left, was completed only a few years ago, and is a beautiful structure built of cut stone. The other has stood on the summit of Olivet for many centuries, and Christians may worship in it. Three roads or pathways lead over the mountain. The one to the left goes up to the northern height of Mount Olivet. The one in the center leads to the summit and to the traditional site of the ascension. It was doubtless by this pathway that David went up when he fled from his rebellious son Absalom. The other will be observed at the foot of the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane. It passes over the southern slope of the mountain and leads to Bethany, Jericho, the Dead Sea and the fords of the Jordan.

Continuing my walk, I go down the path and enter the roadway leading to the Garden of Gethsemane. A stone bridge has been thrown across the now dry bed of the brook of Kidron, and the road has been broadened and improved until it has become an excellent highway for wagons and carriages. Sitting by the wayside just beyond the bridge were a number of poor, unfortunate human beings afflicted with the terrible disease of leprosy. They begged alms of the passers-by. One of them, a poor woman with face and arms covered with scales and disfigured by the loathsome disease, came toward me begging piteously for help. Her voice was harsh and cracked, but her plea was

heart-touching, "Muskeen, Leprous. Backsheesh, Howadjii,—I am a poor leper, give me alms, O pilgrim." The bestowal of a small coin turned the piteous appeal into grateful thanks which doubtless came from the heart of the poor unfortunate. But the pitiful cry of the poor woman, *Leprous! LEPROUS!* sounded in my ears long after I had left her behind.

Then I thought of the time when, long centuries ago, the dear Lord trod this same pathway and with a heart full of love for suffering humanity healed the lepers, restored sight to the blind and raised the dead. I thought of the poor fellow, stricken with the terrible disease, who asked the Master not for alms but for a gift that only divine power could bestow. How trembling between hope and fear he said, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." What faith the leper must have had in the power of the young prophet of Nazareth to heal him and cleanse him of the terrible malady that had fastened itself upon him! "Thou canst make me clean" was the expression of faith and hope which came with impassioned cry from the very soul of the leper. The Lord turned to the poor fellow. His compassionate heart was touched. He put forth his hand and touched him and uttered these words which must have thrilled every nerve of the suppliant, "I will, be thou clean."*

"And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped him.

Continuing my walk I pass by the Garden of Gethsemane, the scene of Christ's great agony, and climb the steep

* Matt. 8: 2-4.

hillside, taking the middle pathway to where the new Greek church stands. An accommodating attendant opens the door and a hurried glance is taken at the interior. But this is not a day for visiting churches, and the custodian seems surprised at the lack of interest shown in the really tasty and beautiful building. Beyond the church on the steep hillside a secluded spot is found and here, beneath the spreading branches of an ancient olive tree, I sit down and read from my Bible many of the wonderful events which occurred within sight of my resting-place.

The day is wonderfully bright and clear. The sun shines from an unclouded sky, and the dense shade of the olive tree is a grateful protection from his rays. The air borne across the king's dale from the hills of the Holy City is soft and balmy. The singular clearness of the atmosphere brings distant objects very close. It is just such a Lord's Day as I long had hoped I might have to spend alone on the Mount of Olives. Sitting here, how the events and the sacred associations of the past come crowding upon the mind! Within sight of this spot the greatest events in the history of the world occurred. As I read and meditate the present grows dim and the spirit of the ages gone comes upon me. Jerusalem is spread out before me, and on the hill of Zion stands the palace of King David. It is built of the cedars of Lebanon, and here the shepherd king dwells in regal splendor. But he is not a happy man. In days long since gone he sowed the seed, and now he is reaping the harvest. I see an old man, bent with age but still a king in appearance, coming out of the city surrounded by a few faithful followers. They descend the hillside, cross the valley of Jehoshaphat, and climb up the steep side of Olivet by the very path where I am sitting. As they come nearer I notice that the old man is barefoot, and

his feet are bruised and torn by the rough stones in his pathway, that his head is covered with sackcloth, and that the whole company is weeping. It is King David in his old age, and he is fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom. "And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went."* The sad, sorrowing company, with the barefoot, broken-hearted father and king in their midst, continue their journey. Reaching the summit of the mountain they pass over the brow of the hill and are lost to sight.

Time in its ceaseless flight rolls on and King David is dead and has been laid in the tomb of his fathers, and his wise son Solomon reigns in his stead. Yonder on Mount Moriah, which seems but a stone's throw from me, there is the excitement and bustle of thousands of men at work. The mountain is being encased with great heavy walls. The stonecutters and hewers who are hid away in the bowels of the mountain are cutting and squaring the great blocks that are to be placed in the foundation wall. For the king has commanded that great, costly, hewed stones shall be brought wherewith to lay the foundation.† And the seventy thousand burden bearers bring the huge blocks of cut stones from the quarries, and they are placed in the walls by "Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders." The walls are carried up nearly as high as the top of the mountain, and the inner space is filled up and made level. And now on top of the platform around about the very summit of Moriah the workmen lay the foundations of the temple. The structure rises and at last the most magnificent build-

* 2 Sam. 15: 30.

† 1 Kings 5: 17.

ing the world has known rises before me. The temple is completed and there is great rejoicing in the city. The roads and paths converging at the walls of Jerusalem are alive with people. Israel is coming up to the dedication of the temple. It is a great holiday over all the land, a day of gladness and rejoicing. And now on the temple platform are gathered together with King Solomon the "elders of Israel," the "heads of the tribes, the chiefs of the fathers" of the sons of Jacob. They have in their midst the ark of the covenant and all the holy vessels pertaining to the house of the Lord. These they place in the holy and most holy places in the temple. At last the ark of God has found a resting-place; and now behold the cloud of glory coming down from heaven and resting upon and filling the temple. It is the Shekinah of God, the evidence of his presence with his people Israel. Then the Wise King kneels down in the presence of the mighty congregation that covers the hills and valleys around about the holy mountain and spreads forth his hands toward heaven and offers up his prayer to the God of his fathers. Sitting here one could hear his fervent words, "Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath, who keepeth covenant and mercy with thy servants that walk before thee with all their heart. . . . But will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded."*

Another step forward and the sound of prayer and rejoicing gives place to the din of battle. Centuries have rolled away, the Wise King is dead, and his sayings have been gathered up and placed among the sacred books. The city with its beautiful temple is surrounded by a hos-

* 1 Kings 8: 23, 27.

tile foe. The dreaded Assyrian has come "down like a wolf on the fold," the walls of the city are broken down, the cries of the vanquished and dying are mingled with the shouts of the victors. The streets of Jerusalem are dyed with blood, the magnificent temple is destroyed, the Holy of holies is rifled and the vessels of gold, sacred to the service of the most high God, are borne away. Judah is carried into captivity to far-away Babylon. The glory of the City of David is departed; as a widow bereft of her children she weeps in her great desolation. And why? Because her children did not walk before God with a full heart to obey his commandments.

Again the years roll on and a returning band of hope, who have not forgotten Jerusalem in their captivity, come back from the rivers of Babylon and commence the work of restoring the waste places of Zion. The walls grow under their hands, notwithstanding the taunts of their enemies. They work and pray with swords girded about them to repel the attacks of the scorers, and at last, after years of labor, the sound of rejoicing is again heard on Moriah and Zion. The walls are restored, the temple rebuilt, and a solemn dedication service is held unto the Lord.

Another flight of centuries with their hush of silence is noted by the recording angels, and along yonder pathway, just at my feet, comes a procession from the little town of Bethany, the home of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, and, behold, a greater than David or Solomon is here. "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass."* The great multitude forming the procession covers all the hillside and extends far down into the valley. As they pass along they cast their outer garments upon the

* Matt. 21: 5.

ground and cut the branches from the olive and palm trees and strew them in the way. The great company join their voices in song, saying, "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."* In the very midst of the great shouting, swaying multitude, seated on a colt, is Jesus of Nazareth, the Savior of the world, the King of Glory in his humility, entering the City of David; and as he crosses the brook of Kidron and ascends the hill to the gate of the city there falls upon him a shadow. It is the shadow of the cross.

And now a few more days have gone and a little company, twelve in number, emerge from the eastern wall of the city, towering yonder on Moriah, and coming down the slope of the hill they cross the stream and enter the Garden of Gethsemane, lying here almost at my feet. Can it be possible, I ask myself, that this is the place to which the Master led his sorrowing disciples? Is this the spot where he knelt in such great agony and prayed until his sweat became great drops of blood? Whether this enclosure be the true garden where the struggle took place cannot be determined, but I do know that it was very near this spot that the prayer of agony was offered. "The general position of Gethsemane is clear; and then, as now, the gray leaves, the dark-brown trunks, the soft, green sward, the ravine with Olivet towering over it to the eastward and Jerusalem to the west, must have been the main external features of a place which must be regarded with undying interest while time shall be, as the place where the Savior of the world entered alone into the Valley of the Shadow."† Looking down into and across the deep valley I can see the path

* Matt. 21: 9.

† Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ."

way down which he came with the eleven. There they crossed the brook of Kidron and slowly ascending the hill-side came to Gethsemane. Here he uttered these sad words, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me."* And then he retired from them about a stone's cast and there he fell on the ground and prayed that the cup might pass from him, "And being in agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."†

He left them near and went a little on,
 And in the depth of that hushed silence,
 Alone with God, he fell upon his face,
 And as his heart was broken with the rush
 Of his surpassing agony, and death,
 Wrung to him from a dying universe,
 Was mightier than the Son of Man could bear,
 He gave his sorrows way—and in the deep
 Prostration of his soul breathed out the prayer
 "Father, if it be possible with thee,
 Let this cup pass from me." Oh, how a word,
 Like the forced drop before the fountain breaks,
 Stilleth the press of human agony!
 The Savior felt its quiet in his soul;
 And though his strength was weakness, and the light
 Which led him on till now was sorely dim,
 He breathed a new submission—"Not my will
 But thine be done, O Father!" As he spoke,
 Voices were heard in heaven, and music stole
 Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
 As if the stars were swept like instruments.
 No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
 Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
 And as the Savior rose, a glorious one
 With illumined forehead, and the light
 Whose fountain is the mystery of God
 Encalmed within his eye, bowed down to him,

* Matt. 26: 38.

† Luke 22: 44.

And nerved him with a ministry of strength.
It was enough—and with his godlike brow
Re-written of his Father's messenger,
With meekness, whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, he returned again
To his disciples, and awaked their sleep.*

And now the hour has come when the power of the world is to prevail. Even while he speaks the words that awake his slumbering disciples, the sound of tramping feet and clashing swords is heard, and the flashing of torches in the darkness is seen in the garden. The betrayer kisses the Master who is then taken and led away. The shadow of the cross grows darker and deeper as it falls upon him now. Only a few more hours shall pass and the terrible ordeal of the crucifixion will come. They lead him away from the garden, the brook of Kidron is crossed again, and very soon the multitude with their lonely prisoner disappear from sight.

How real this all seems to me as I sit here beneath the olive tree within a stone's cast of where it all occurred, and how close it comes to me as I read over and over again the old pathetic story from the New Testament. Who could read the story of suffering and anguish without sympathy? The coldest heart would be touched and melted. In this life we all have emotions and feelings which we fail to find words to express. And so to-day, as I sit here and read and meditate and pray, my soul is stirred with emotions too strong for feeble words. With them comes the thought that Jesus bore all this for me. Yes, for me he bore the crown of thorns and the cross. And what am I that such a price should be paid for me? A sinner, saved only by the blood of Christ. Oh the peace that comes into the soul that has been washed in that fountain which

* Willis.

flowed from Calvary! And what am I doing for him who died for me?

“Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there’s a cross for every one
And there’s a cross for me.”

God help me! God help us all to bear our cross, following all the way the Master trod in weariness and pain, even if that way leads to the place of crucifixion. For this we do know, if we bear the cross we shall also wear the crown. And if we walk in his ways he has promised to be with us alway, even unto the end. As we bear his cross may he be with us. Here on the slope of Olivet, surrounded by these sacred and hallowed associations, I make this my prayer:

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless! oh abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;
Earth’s joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
Oh thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter’s power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death’s sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven’s morning breaks and earth’s vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord! abide with me.

CHAPTER XXX.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem." — The Desolation of Palestine.—A View from the Top of Olivet.—The Bright Arab Boy.—The Olives.—Bethany.—The Death and Resurrection of Lazarus.—A Cloud not Larger than a Man's Hand.



ONE might sit here in this quiet, shady nook on the side of Olivet, the most noted mountain in the world, and write volumes touching the Biblical allusions to places within sight, and yet utterly fail to exhaust the subject, for yonder city and these hills and valleys have played an important part in the history of the world. But it is not my present purpose to allude further to these interesting events, unless it be to give one more illustration of this character and then continue my Sabbath Day's journey to Bethany. The incident is suggested by the magnificent view to be had of the Holy City from the spot where I sit.

Jerusalem can be seen at its very best from the Mount of Olives, and I can very well believe that it may have been from a point of view like this that Jesus, coming out from the temple, uttered those memorable and most pathetic words concerning his love for the city and the terrible fate in store for it.

He had been telling the scribes and Pharisees that their profession was empty, hollow mockery, that their worship was at best a lip service, while their hearts were far from God, and that they were hypocrites like unto whited sepulchres, beautiful to look upon but inwardly full

of corruption and dead men's bones. How his words must have stung them to the heart, and how they must have hated him who thus held them up as they were. After setting them forth in their true light, in strong and scathing language, the strongest he used in his ministry, he looked out upon Jerusalem, his own city, and his compassionate heart was full of pity. As he beheld the place the veil which hides the future was turned aside, and as he saw the terrible fate in store for Zion, who will doubt that the Master wept? Then came the touching, tender words showing how his heart yearned toward those who had already rejected him and were plotting to put him to death: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."* And how literally have these prophetic words uttered in deep sorrow by the Master been fulfilled! "Your house shall be left unto you desolate." Desolation has fallen upon the City of David. On Mount Moriah, where stood in all its splendor the great temple, now stands the Mosque of Omar, a building dedicated to the worship of the false prophet, and we only need walk down through the narrow streets of the city to the Jews' wailing place to see a practical illustration of the fulfillment of the prophetic words of the Lord.

* For the palace that lies desolate, we
Sit in solitude and mourn."

Well may the descendants of those who rejected and crucified Christ, the Son of God, sit in solitude and weep

* Matt. 23: 37-39.



Tower of the New Greek Church on the Top of the Mount of Olives,
Marking the Supposed Site of the Ascension.

and mourn over the desolation of palace and temple, "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!"* The crown of glory has been taken away from Jerusalem and who shall restore her greatness?

"The desolation of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe."

But not only is Jerusalem desolate, but all the Land of Palestine has shared her fate. From Dan to Beersheba, from the "great sea" to the Jordan, and beyond, desolation tells the story. These words are written about the site of every city, across every hillside and valley and by the side of river and sea, "Behold, your land is left unto you desolate."

Ascending the slope of Olivet still farther, we have before us the Greek church and the mosque surrounded by groves of olive trees. These buildings mark the traditional spot of the ascension. The New Testament refers to the place in a general way, leaving the spot from which our Lord ascended uncertain.† And this is well. If the exact spot where the great events in the life of Christ took place had been authoritatively pointed out, they would have become places of too sacred importance to men. The record is wisely silent on these things.

Our photogravure gives a beautiful view of the top of Olivet. In the foreground are two very old olive trees, and those of our readers who have not seen trees of this kind will be able to form an idea of their shape and growth. To the right is the dome of a building, once a Christian church but now in possession of the Moslems, while to the left is

* Lam. 1: 1.

† Luke 24: 52; Acts 1: 9-12.

seen the tower of the new Greek church recently constructed at this place. From the upper windows of the tower one has the finest and, without doubt, the most interesting view in Palestine.

Climbing to the top of the tower and looking eastward over the hills down into a deep depression, the valley of the Jordan seems to be almost at my feet. The clear, transparent atmosphere is nowhere else so deceptive. The course of the river, winding its way downward until it is lost forever in the mysterious waters of the Dead Sea, is fully in view. The blue waters of the sea seem but a few miles away, and yet it is some fifteen miles in a straight line to its shore. In that distance the hills sink away from where I am standing, so that the Dead Sea is three thousand, nine hundred feet below the top of the Mount of Olives. Were it not for the fact that I had ridden down to Jericho, the valley of the Jordan and the sea, spending seven hours in the saddle and passing over barren hills and through many deep-cut ravines, I could scarcely believe that it is so far away. Beyond the valley of the Jordan rise the mountains of Moab, once the possession of the tribe of Reuben; and it is among these hills that we must look for Mount Pisgah where Moses stood when he looked over into the land which he was not permitted to enter, and Mount Nebo where the great lawgiver died. On a small eminence to the south of this range is Kerak. Here it was, when his capital was besieged by the Israelites, that King Mesha offered up on the walls of the city to the god Chemosh his eldest son "who should have reigned in his stead."* Northward across the Jordan rises Gilead which once belonged to the tribe of Gad. Not far away is the Jabbok, where Jacob divided his flocks for fear of his

* 2 Kings 3: 27.

brother Esau, and Peniel where he wrestled with the angel of the Lord through the long hours of the night.

Turning southward and westward the hills which fringe the plain of Rephaim are before me. By the roadside which winds away towards Bethlehem and Hebron stands the Monastery of St. Elias, beyond which is Bethlchem, where Christ was born. The place itself is scarcely visible, but the surrounding country is in full view, and in the valley yonder may have been the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks by night when the choir of heaven came down to earth singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."* Directly west, and at my very feet, as it seems, is the City of Jerusalem, and from this high place one can see down into the narrow streets. North from the Damascus Gate the rich olive groves spread over the country toward the long slope of the mountain of Samuel, the home of the prophet, the Mizpeh of the Bible. "And Mizpeh; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."† Nebi Samwil, as the mountain is now called, rises two thousand, nine hundred and thirty-five feet above the sea level and is the highest elevation in southern Palestine. It shuts off the view to the north. Close at hand is the upper valley of the Kidron, bounded on the east by Mt. Scopus, where Titus, the Roman general, had his headquarters when he besieged and took the city.

Coming down again from the Mount of Olives on the western side, I cross the Jewish cemetery where the grave-diggers are at work cutting shallow tombs in the stubborn rocks, and reach the road leading to Bethany.

* Luke 2: 8.

† Gen. 31: 49.

Just before I left the olive grove two Arab boys came to me and, putting out their hands, asked for backsheesh. Instead of acceding to their request I put out my hand and repeated the word well known to them. Without a moment's hesitation the older boy unslung the shepherd's pouch which he carried on his shoulder, took out a small loaf of dark bread, broke off a generous portion, and handed it to me saying, Tyab, "Very good." I took a small bit of the bread, ate it and handed the boy the coin which I felt that his quick wit and generosity earned for him. It was the first and last time I ever asked an Arab for backsheesh.

And now I have a delightful walk to Bethany. To my right and left are the olive groves from which the mountain takes its name, and the scene is one of great beauty. The olive grows no higher than the apple tree, and the narrow leaves are a light green on top with a tinge of white underneath. Hosea doubtless had in mind a scene like this when he said that when Israel was restored to divine favor "his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree."* Dr. Geikie has given some interesting facts concerning the olive, from which we glean. The olive was cultivated in Palestine long before the Hebrews came in to possess the land, for olive trees which they had not planted were among the good things which Moses said they should enjoy.† In ancient times the country was dotted everywhere with olive groves. "Thou shalt have olive trees," says Moses, "through all thy coasts."‡ Joel promised that, if the people turned to their God, "the fountains should overflow with oil."§ The olive harvest was as important to the

* Hosea 14: 6.

† Deut. 6: 11.

‡ Deut. 28: 40.

§ Joel 2: 24.

Hebrew farmer as that of the vine or of corn, the three being often mentioned together as the great staples of national prosperity.* It was so important in the royal revenues that King David appointed officers over stores of oil and his olive woods. More was raised than could be used for home consumption, and it was exported to Egypt and Phœnicia.

The olive tree is propagated from shoots or cuttings, which, after they have taken root, are grafted, since otherwise they would grow up "wild olives" and bear inferior fruit. Sometimes, however, a "good olive" from some cause ceases to bear, and in this case a shoot of the wild olive—that is, one of the shoots from those which spring up round the trunk—is grafted into the barren tree, with the result that the sap of the good olive turns this wild shoot into a good branch, bearing fruit such as the parent stem should have borne. It is to this practice that Paul alludes when he says of the Gentiles, "If some of the branches were broken off, and thou, being a wild olive, wast grafted in among them, and didst become partaker with them of the root of the fatness of the olive tree."† And further, "If thou wast cut out of that which is by nature a wild olive tree, and wast grafted contrary to nature into a good olive tree: how much more shall these, which are the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree?"‡ Here reference is made to the Jews as God's chosen olive tree and the grafting of the Gentiles into the good olive tree. Hitherto they were wild olives, but by grafting they are made to yield fruit, but only from the sap and fatness of the old stem. The "olive tree wild by nature" can only

* Deut. 28: 40; 7: 13; 11: 14; 12: 17; Joel 1: 10; 1 Chron. 27: 28; 2 Chron. 32: 28.

† Rom. 11: 17 (R. V.).

‡ Rom. 11: 24 (R. V.).

mean the shoots that spring up wild and worthless from the roots of the old tree. Apart from these there are no wild olives.

The olive tree is long lived. It bears no fruit for ten years, and a half century elapses before it comes to full bearing. Some of these on the slopes of Olivet are more than a thousand years old. The olive harvest takes place in October. The fruit is about the size of the small damson plum, being oval in shape and dark green in color. The gathering is done by women and boys, who climb into the trees and shake them or stand beneath and beat the branches with long poles. But the olives are not all taken, and the poor olive gleaner may still be seen every year gathering what he can after the trees have been stripped by their owners. One seems to live in the days of Moses when it was said, "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow."* Isaiah also refers to the same custom: "As the shaking of an olive tree, two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outmost fruitful branches thereof."†

The harvest time of the olives is a season of gladness. Some of the fruit falls before the crop is fully ripe, but this must lie there until a proclamation is made by the governor that the trees shall be picked. This is done so that the taxgatherer may be on hand to exact his share, and this tax is so heavy that it discourages the increase of olive orchards.

The olive is prepared for food by pickling, but the greater part of the crop is made into oil. In ancient times the gathered olives were either pressed or trodden by the

* Deut. 24: 20.

† Isa. 17: 6.

feet in an olive vat. The finest oil, however, was that which flowed from the berries when merely-beaten, not from those that were pressed; and it was the beaten oil that was used for religious purposes. "Thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oil olive beaten for the light."* The oil vats were hewn in the rocks and they are still found in various parts of the country. A vat of this kind found near the foot of Olivet gave its name to the Garden of Gethsemane. Along with the vats in which the fruit was trodden presses and mills were used after a time. The oil was so imperfectly separated by the feet that that custom is now discontinued.

Without cultivation the olive soon ceases to yield; hence the soil underneath it is plowed every spring, or oftener, so as to admit the air to the roots. No crop is raised as under other fruit trees. The earth is also drawn around the tree to keep it moist, but neither manuring nor pruning is practiced. It yields a full crop only every second year.

At the present time the mills used in obtaining the oil are of two kinds; the one, worked by hand, consisting of a heavy stone wheel, which is rolled over the berries thrown into a stone basin. When crushed, they are taken out as pulp and put into straw baskets, which are then placed in a screw press and squeezed. The oil thus obtained is of excellent quality, though inferior to the beaten; but a third quality is obtained by subjecting the already pressed pulp to a second squeezing. The other mill is a hollow cylinder, with iron rods projecting at the lower end. It stands upright, and turns on a round framework of stone, the iron rods beating the olives to pulp as they are thrown in. After being thus reduced they are put under a great beam,

* Ex. 27: 20.

heavily weighted at the end, and the oil is pressed out. It is then put into the ordinary skin bottles and is ready for the market.* Traveling in Palestine one meets at many places the Arabs taking the product of the olives to the market. Two skins filled with oil are tied together and slung over the back of the patient donkey, and in this way it is transported long distances.

I continued my walk along the smooth carriage road, now completed nearly as far east as Jericho. Just before reaching the brow of the hill an Arab overtook me and the usual eastern salutation was exchanged. He seemed anxious to talk, and what with making signs and using the few Arabic words I had learned, we got on quite well together. Near the top of the hill we came to the mouth of an open pit or cistern partly filled with water. My companion pointed to the cistern and said, "Moyah," the Arabic word for water, and then, raising his eyes and pointing heavenward, he reverently pronounced the word "Allah" (God), and I knew he was telling me that God had given the water in the cistern from the clouds of heaven. Near the cistern a woman was engaged in washing. She had drawn water from the cistern and poured it into a depression in the rock. Kneeling beside this she folded the garment and then threw water on it with her hands and pounded it with a small stone. The process of putting on water with the hands and pounding with the stone was continued until the garment was clean; that is, according to the Arab idea of cleanliness.

These open pits or cisterns are to be seen at many places and are a source of considerable danger. In Bible times a law was made compelling the people to cover their cisterns or pay damage if an accident occurred,

*Geikie, "The Holy Land and the Bible,"

"And if a man shall open a pit, or if a man shall dig a pit, and not cover it, and an ox or an ass fall therein; the owner of the pit shall make it good, and give money unto the owner of them; and the dead beast shall be his."* It was into a pit of this kind that Joseph was cast by his envious brethren. It will be noticed that the Bible says, "And the pit was empty, there was no water in it."† From these water-pits or cisterns David drew some of his striking figures when he wrote the Psalms: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock."‡ During the rainy season the cisterns are filled from the water running down the hillsides. As a result clay is carried into them, and when the water has been taken out the bottom of the cistern is in the condition described by the Psalmist. A man falling in would sink into "the miry clay" at the bottom, and when rescued and lifted out his feet would be placed on the solid rock at the mouth of the pit. It sometimes happened that the man who digged a pit and left it uncovered fell into it himself, and this led the Wise Man to say: "Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit."§ The references made to these open pits by the Savior when he rebuked the Pharisees for their hypocrisy concerning the Sabbath Day are familiar to all.||

And now I am at Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary and Lazarus. Here it was that the Master had his home, and here he slept at night during his ministry at Jerusalem, Three of his visits to Bethany are especially noticed in the

* Ex. 21: 33, 34.

† Gen. 37: 24.

‡ Ps. 40: 2.

§ Prov. 28: 10.

|| Matt. 12: 11; Luke 14: 5.

New Testament: once when Mary sat at his feet and careful Martha complained of her sister,* again when his friend Lazarus sickened and died, and he raised him from the dead;† and again when he was in Bethany at the house of Simon the leper, and Mary opened the alabaster box of ointment and anointed his body for his burial.‡ From the time of this last event the Savior seems to have spent every night at Bethany until the evening before his death, when he remained in Jerusalem and ate his last supper with his disciples and was betrayed later that same night in the Garden of Gethsemane.

As to the exact site of the ancient village of Bethany there is some difference of opinion, and I have no disposition to enter into this controversy. John says: "It was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off,"§ and it is also well known that in coming from and in going to the village from Jerusalem the Savior crossed over the Mount of Olives. For myself, I have no doubt that the village yonder, known to the Arabs as el-Azariyeh, in which the name of Lazarus is clearly distinguishable, if not occupying the exact site of Bethany, is near enough to it to be practically the same. Here, too, is a cave-like opening in which there are ancient tombs. It will be remembered that when Jesus came to the tomb of Lazarus he found that "it was a cave, and a stone lay upon it."|| I am well satisfied with the identity of the place and, finding a seat beneath the shade of an olive tree over against the village and not far away from the tombs, I sit down to rest.

* Luke 10: 38-42.

† John 11.

‡ Matt. 26: 6-13.

§ John 11: 18.

|| John 11: 38.

I realize fully that this little village and its surroundings was the scene of some of the wonderful events in the life of our blessed Lord. Here was the home to which he loved to retreat after the busy work of the day was completed. It was from here that the pathetic message was sent to him: "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick."* It was not far from this very place that the dear Lord led his disciples the last hours that he spent with them on earth, and here "he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."†

Sitting here restfully in the shade of the tree I read over again and again the story of the death and the resurrection from the dead of the man whom Jesus loved. Who could read it here where it all occurred without being deeply impressed? The entire incident, with all its details, is so in harmony with the surroundings and with the customs of the times when it occurred, many of which obtain here yet, that it seems quite natural. The message to the Lord, the death and burial of Lazarus, the coming of the friends of the family from Jerusalem to mourn with and comfort them, are all quite in harmony with the customs of the times. Then comes the touching meeting between the Lord and the sisters of the dead man, and the words wrung from their sorrowing hearts: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."‡ How these words touched the sympathetic heart of the dear Lord, and how he wept with the weeping sisters! Here we have the words of promise that have gladdened the heart of every Christian since they were uttered, "I am

*John 11: 3.

†Luke 24: 50, 51.

‡John 11: 21.

the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."* The sad procession wends its way yonder to the grave, and the command is given to take away the stone. The Lord lifting up his eyes prayed earnestly to the Father that he would hear him, and then crying with a loud voice he said, "Lazarus, come forth." And behold the dead form receives life and comes forth from the grave. The account closes here. One could wish that a glimpse of the reunion of the brother and sisters might have been given. There must have been rejoicing that day in the little village on the eastern slope of Olivet. And how their joy must have been pervaded with gratitude to the Lord for what he had done for them, and chastened by holy fear, for in their midst sat one who had gone beyond the portals of the grave and had been called back to life by the voice of the Son of God.

The sun is declining in the western horizon, and the Mount of Olives casts its shadow over Bethany and the tomb of Lazarus. Several children from the village have discovered my retreat and stand at a respectful distance watching with curious eyes the movements of Howadjii, as they call me. I turn my face again toward Jerusalem. In the western sky I notice a little cloud no larger than a man's hand. I have only a mile and a half to walk, and I make no haste to get me down. Presently the sun is obscured and I quicken my pace. Reaching the Garden of Gethsemane and crossing the brook of Kidron I climb up the steep path to St. Stephen's Gate, but before I enter the city the "heaven is black with clouds" and the rain commences falling. I hurry on and reach the hotel in a

* John 11: 25, 26.

drenching shower. The sudden rain storm reminds me of Elijah and Ahab's experience on Mount Carmel. There appeared a little cloud, arising out of the sea to the west, "like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."*


And so the day spent on Olivet and at Bethany ends; but the memory of this day will remain with me while life and reason last.

*1 Kings 18: 44, 45.



CHAPTER XXXI.

Peculiar People.—The Jews a Persecuted Race.—Their Hopes of the Future.—The Place of Weiling.—The Spoffords.—An Interesting Story.—Shipwreck.—Waiting for the Coming of the Lord in Jerusalem.—Prophecy.—The New City.—The Tombs.—The Ash Heap.—Wine Press.—Vineyards.

ERUSALEM is a common center to which are drawn multitudes of peculiar people from nearly all parts of the habitable globe. They come to the Holy City prompted by religious convictions and opinions which are so vague and visionary in their character that, were it not for the zeal manifested and the sacrifices made by those who are thus actuated, we could have but little patience with them. But when we are brought face to face with the fact that these people leave their homes and friends, sacrificing all that humanity generally holds most dear in this world, then our impatience turns to pity, and at most we can only say their zeal is without knowledge.

No class of people who are thus drawn to Jerusalem are more interesting to us than the sons of Jacob. Maintaining their identity, their race peculiarities, their language and their customs, the Jews are a miracle in themselves. No race of people has been more bitterly or cruelly persecuted than the Jews. Without a country or a home they have been broken and scattered to the four quarters of the globe. They have been robbed, tortured, burned at the stake, and subjected to the most fiendish

cruelty that the ingenuity of their persecutors could invent. They have become a byword among all the nations of the earth. And yet, notwithstanding they have thus been persecuted and cast out as the offscouring of the earth, they have clung to their faith and their peculiarities. The world affords no similar example of faith and steadfastness of purpose. The nearest approach to it is found in the persecution of the early Christians. But this ceased at the conversion of Constantine, and then for centuries the church was comparatively free from persecution. The persecution of the Jews still goes on. The last nation to place the iron hand on them in modern times is Russia, a so-called Christian country. How clearly in all this is marked out the fulfillment of prophecy: "Thou makest us a byword among the heathen."* The Jews are to be found in almost every nation under the sun, for the prophet said, "I shall scatter them among the nations, and disperse them in the countries."† And again, speaking of the dispersion of Israel, it is said that they shall be broken and scattered as a potter's vessel is broken in pieces and the sherds strewn upon the ground.‡ The dispersion is to be complete,§ the house of Israel is to be sifted "among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve." In the history of God's dealings with this people the words of his holy prophets have been literally fulfilled.

And so to-day devout Jews from almost every nation under the sun come here to the Holy City, holy and dear to them in a special sense, to pray and to die, so that they may receive burial under the shadow of the walls of Zion. For centuries they have come, hoping against hope for the

* Ps. 44: 14.

† Ezek. 12: 15.

‡ Isa. 30: 14.

§ Amos 9: 9.

coming of the long-expected Messiah who, according to their faith, is to restore the throne of Israel to the house of David, to drive out the oppressor and to set up, with Jerusalem as its capital, an earthly kingdom which shall far exceed in power and magnificence the splendor of the most prosperous days of David and Solomon. For this consummation of their dearest earthly hope they constantly pray, and for more than twelve hundred years they have assembled at the inner temple platform wall, where there is still to be seen a portion of the wall built by Solomon's builders. Here they weep and mourn over the destruction of Zion and pray to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for the speedy coming of the deliverer.

We visited the Jews' wailing place a number of times while we were in Jerusalem and never without absorbing interest. The annexed reproduction of a photograph shows the faces of some of the mourners, as well as their mode of dress and general appearance. The picture is so well executed that the faces would be easily recognizable by any one acquainted with the originals. At one time during a visit to the Jews' wailing place we counted one hundred and thirty-five men and women collected at the wall mourning over their beloved city. It is a sad sight, and although we visited the place a number of times we never went there without feeling deeply impressed with the zeal and devotion of the Jews.

The massive stones, hewn out of the mountain and placed in the wall by Solomon's builders, are clearly brought out in the picture. A curious custom prevails among the Jews who visit this place. Each one tries to drive a nail or a bit of old iron into the joints between the stones, and they have succeeded in driving thousands of nails into the wall. Whether this custom grows out of a



The Jews' Wailing Place.

desire to drive "a nail in a sure place,"* or from the wish to have a possession in Jerusalem, be it ever so small, we cannot say. The custom prevails and it is curious in its way.

Many times is the question asked as to the future of the Jews. Will a remnant of Israel be saved? We do not propose to discuss this question. Volumes have been written upon it, and some difference of opinion obtains among those who have given the subject thought and study. The belief that a remnant of Israel will be restored is based on the prophecies of the Old and upon what is said in the New Testament on the subject. In the former frequent reference is made to the saving of Israel, and the Master in speaking of Jerusalem says it "shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."† And Paul refers to the same thing when he says "that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."‡ According to these promises it seems to us we may look for the restoration of Israel. It will come, however, when the blindness has been removed from the eyes of Israel, and the gathering of the Jews at Jerusalem may indicate that the fullness of the times of the Gentiles may not be far distant. Since our first visit to the Holy City nine years ago large numbers of Jews have collected here; but about a year ago the Sultan of Turkey issued an edict forbidding Jews to land in Palestine, and this order has for the present put a stop to the influx of these people. In

* Isa. 22: 23.

† Luke 21: 24.

‡ Rom. 11: 25, 26.

God's own good time, however, Israel will be restored, the Sultan's edicts to the contrary notwithstanding.

We were also interested in another class of people who are living at Jerusalem waiting patiently for the second coming of the Lord and the ushering in of the millennium. They are known as the American Colony, and they have an interesting history. Some fifteen years ago there lived in the City of Chicago an eminently successful lawyer by the name of Spofford. He had a large and profitable practice and had amassed considerable wealth. His wife was a woman of education and culture, and his home was blessed with the happy faces of four beautiful children. In order to enjoy a season of rest from hard work Mr. Spofford took his family to Europe to spend the summer. At Paris he received a dispatch calling him home at once to look after some important business. He left his family in the gay capital of Europe and hurried home by the first steamer. Several weeks later his wife and children determined to follow him. They took passage on the ill-fated French steamer *Ville du Havre* for New York. But the ship never reached her port. In mid-ocean she came into collision with another vessel, and she went to the bottom of the sea with nearly all her passengers. Mrs. Spofford and one of her children, the youngest, were among the saved. She was in the water a number of hours, clinging to a piece of the wreck and holding her child in her arms. It was while floating in the water that the impression was made upon her mind that changed the entire course of her and her husband's life.

Reaching her home in Chicago, now made desolate by the loss of the children who were sleeping beneath the waters of the ocean, she revealed to her husband what seemed to her to be God's will concerning them. This

was to sell all their earthly possessions, leave their home and friends and go to Jerusalem, and there await the coming of Christ. And this they did. They reached the city some twelve years ago, with a number of friends who were induced to accept their views. Here, in comparative poverty and obscurity, they have lived since. Mr. Spofford became well known among the native Arabs and was called the "Good Father." He was kind-hearted and gave to others until his money was all gone. Two years ago he died. Mrs. Spofford is still the leading spirit in the little community.

We called upon her and found a pleasant, highly-cultured woman. She has a remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, is a fluent and ready talker, and impressed us as one who had known suffering and sorrow. And yet the years of waiting and disappointment have not lessened her faith in her peculiar belief, and she is still waiting patiently for the coming of the Lord. She holds literally the Scripture which says we must give up all for Christ's sake, and this means to her father, mother, husband, children, friends and all earthly possessions. She believes that if all professed Christians would do this the Lord would not delay his second coming.

Since our visit to the Holy City in 1884 there has been, it may be said, a new Jerusalem built outside the walls of the old city. The buildings extend northward along the Jaffa Road about three-fourths of a mile. They extend also as far west as the upper part of Gihon, and eastward toward the upper valley of the brook of Kidron. We were much interested in our walks about the new city, especially after our attention was called to the fact that there seems to be a possibility that the present course of building is in line with prophecy. If this be true the sub-

ject assumes a very interesting phase indeed. The prophecy alluded to reads as follows: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner. And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass about to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies, and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kidron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever."* And again the prophet says: "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein. All the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from Benjamin's gate unto the place of the first gate, unto the corner gate, and from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's vinepresses."†

In company with the Elder and Jacob, a converted Jew, we walked about the new city and noted the line of building.

One part of prophecy has been literally fulfilled: "Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls."‡ When this was spoken the walls of the city were a protection to the inhabitants, and during the day watchmen stood on the towers above the gates to give warning of the approach of an enemy. At night the gates were closed and securely barred to keep out all intruders. This condition of affairs has continued even until modern times, and it has been only a very few years since the gates have not been closed at night. Now they are left open and

* Jer. 31: 38-40.

† Zech. 2: 4; 14: 10.

‡ Zech. 2: 4.

people dwell in safety within and without the walls, as in "towns without walls."

Those who regard the building of the new city as in line with the fulfillment of prophecy place the tower of Hananeel, from which the buildings were to start, near the Jaffa Gate. Walking out of the Jaffa Gate with this thought in mind, we find that many new buildings have been erected since our former visit. The walls northeast of the gate are entirely hidden from view by new buildings, and a street running along the line of the Jaffa Road has shops and stores on either side. Following the course of this street, in a few minutes' walk we reach a new hotel, built for the accommodation of travelers. We follow the course of the strong, well-constructed, cut-stone buildings, many of them large and well built, to the hills of Gareb and Goath, or at least to what are, in our guide's mind, those localities. If the tower of Hananeel be at or near the Jaffa Gate, and if these places pointed out be the hills of Gareb and Goath, then thus far the buildings are exactly in line with the prophecy of Jeremiah. Our guide, Jacob, was fully persuaded in his own mind that this is the case, and that the building of the new city is certainly a fulfillment of the prophecy referred to.

We now turn our faces eastward, and after crossing several fields and climbing over the stone walls, we reach a large stone-quarry, where a number of Jews are engaged in quarrying and cutting stone for building purposes. The work is carried on by a benevolent German who has interested himself in behalf of the poor Jews. He gives them employment, and thus while helping them gets them to work. The rock here is the blue limestone and is quite hard. After it has been blasted and the larger stones cut and removed, the smaller ones are thrown into the cavity

and covered with earth. Then, after the rainy season is over, olive trees are planted. Near by the quarry the German has put up a soap factory, where soap is made with olive oil as a base. As the Jews here are very orthodox they will use no soap in which animal fat is used. The German is a benefactor in more ways than one, for the Jews at Jerusalem surely need soap, and plenty of it.

Leaving the quarry, near which has recently been discovered an old-time wine press, from which the place has been called "Abraham's vineyard," we climb over stone walls, and after walking a considerable distance reach a valley along the rocky sides of which are a number of tombs cut in the solid limestone. Most travelers who visit Jerusalem satisfy themselves by going to the Tombs of the Kings, not knowing that this valley contains very many interesting tombs. After examining a number of these tombs we climbed to the top of the hill and were surprised to note that the buildings were being constructed in the line of this "valley of the dead bodies," and we set down another item in the prophecy which seems to be in the course of fulfillment.

From the "valley of the dead bodies" we next reach the recently discovered wine presses which, owing to the great size of the wine vats and the immense cellar in which to store the wine, have been called, perhaps not incorrectly, the king's wine presses. We leave a description of the wine press until we complete our walk. A single glance at the buildings constructed shows that they are reaching out toward the wine press; and if this be the "king's wine press," spoken of by Zechariah, we may set down another item in which the prophecy is being fulfilled.

Continuing our walk we next come to a great mound which has been opened within the last few years, and has

been found to be a great ash heap. Two theories are held as to this great mound of ashes, which is now being taken away and used in making mortar for building purposes. One is that there must have been at one time a large soap factory here, and the ashes are the result. The other is that the ashes were carried here from the temple when the offerings were burned, and that this great heap was gathered here century after century from the altar of burnt offerings. This latter theory is supported by the fact that according to the law the ashes of the burnt offering were to be carried without the camp: "And the priest shall . . . take up the ashes which the fire hath consumed with the burnt offering on the altar, and he shall put them beside the altar. And he shall put off his garments, and put on other garments, and carry forth the ashes without the camp unto a clean place."* This place, say they who support this theory, is where the ashes were thrown and the accumulations here for nearly a thousand years formed this great mound. Another fact is also given us by Jacob. A quantity of the ashes was sent to England and America, and was carefully analyzed and found to contain both vegetable and animal matter. This statement is held to prove that the ashes, coming from the wood on the altar and the flesh of the burnt offering, would contain just the elements found in these great mounds; hence here is the clean place "without the camp" where the ashes from the altar of the burnt offering were thrown. This being true, when the prophet spoke of the rebuilding of the new city without walls he referred to the valley "of the ashes" as a place well known and said the measuring line of the builders should come this way. Standing on the mound and looking around us we see that some of the new houses

*Lev. 6: 10, 11.

are within a short distance of the ashes. If these be the ashes referred to by the prophet, we may set down another item in which the prophecy is being fulfilled.

From the ash mound we cross over the hills and fields "unto the brook of Kidron." North of Jerusalem is the ridge which divides the watershed between the Great and the Dead seas. Standing on this ridge we see to the north the depression sinking away and forming a valley through which the waters flow toward and finally into the Mediterranean; while southward the depression forms the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which the brook of Kidron flows between Olivet and Moriah, uniting with the valley of Hinnom south of Jerusalem and continuing on to the Dead Sea. Here are "all the fields unto the brook of Kidron," and here too comes the line of the new buildings, some of which have already been constructed in the fields. Here we may set down still another item in the prophecy which is being fulfilled.

Thus far we have followed our guide, and now, as the sun is setting behind the western hills of Judea, we hurry back to the city. The walk has been full of interest, and it has led us to examine very closely the prophecy and the question as to whether the new city which is now being builded here is the one that "shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more for ever." The interpretation of prophecy, owing to the many figures of speech used, is always attended with difficulty, and the best interpretation comes in the light of fulfillment. In the prophecies here referred to there are some strong points in favor of the view that the building of the new city outside the walls of the old is in line with their fulfillment. But we cannot assuredly say that it is until the various localities named are authenticated. Until this is done we can afford to

wait, and in the meantime we may rest assured that in God's own good time every word of the prophecy of his Book will be fulfilled.

We now go back again to the wine presses which we examined very carefully in our walk. These are simply a series of vats cut into the solid rock of the hillside and connected by gutters through which the juice of the grape passed from the full to the empty vats below. The upper vat on top of the rocky hillside was not less than four feet square and a foot deep. The gutter leading to the next vat below was not more than four inches deep. There were four vats in the series, all connected as before noted with gutters. The three lower vats were much larger and deeper than the upper one, and had capacity for a large quantity of grape juice.

The grapes were thrown into the upper vat and here the treading process took place. Men, barefoot, trod upon the grapes until the entire mass was reduced to pulp and juice. Then more grapes were thrown in and the treading process continued, and as the upper vat filled the juice was carried by the gutter into the vat next below. This process was kept up until all the vats were filled.

Treading the wine press was hard and wearisome labor, and as the red grape, with juice red as blood, was grown in Palestine, the raiment of those who trod in the vats became red, and from this fact Isaiah drew one of his most vivid figures of speech: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me."* The presses here were so large that several men could crush grapes at the same time. In some of the smaller wine presses there was but a

* Isaiah 63: 2, 3.

single vat and a shallow place at the one side of it where the wine press was "trodden alone." The treading out of the blood-red juice of the grape is referred to by St. John in the Apocalypse where he speaks of the "wine press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God," and of the wicked who are cast into "the great wine press of the wrath of God. And the winepress was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles."*

Near the wine presses is a great cistern or cellar cut into the rock in which it is more than likely the wine was stored in the skin bottles described in the preceding chapter. After the wine had fermented it was taken out of the vats and put into the skins, and then stored away in the cellars. The one here is forty-six feet deep and, it has been estimated, would hold fifty thousand wine skins, or not far from a half million gallons of wine. The kings' wine cellars were of so much importance that an overseer was appointed "over the increase of the vineyards for the wine cellars."†

The vineyard is also frequently referred to in the Scripture. The Savior refers to "a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower." The same conditions exist here now that obtained when the Master spoke the parable referred to. In one of our walks we saw a husbandman pruning the vine. We noticed with what care he cut away the dead and useless branches and how he pruned the good branches so that they might bring forth more fruit. And then, too, the withered branches were gathered into bundles and made ready for the fire. Before us we had the same object lesson which Christ beheld when

* Rev. 14: 20.

† 1 Chron. 27: 27.

he exclaimed: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned."*

* John 15: 1, 2, 6.



CHAPTER XXXII.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem.—An Interesting Interview.—Baptism.—Feet-washing.—The Division between Greeks and Latins.—Teaching of the Greek Church.—Number of Communicants.

ONE among our interesting experiences in Jerusalem was a visit to the Patriarch of the Greek church, who by virtue of his office is looked upon by all Greek Christians with much love and veneration. Our visit was arranged for by our excellent dragoman, Mr. Tadros, who is a member of the Greek church and in every respect a reliable guide. He speaks English very fluently and, being a native of Jerusalem, is thoroughly posted. Should any of our readers visit Jerusalem and require a dragoman they will find in Mr. Tadros a most trustworthy and excellent guide, one who can always be depended upon.

At the appointed hour, in company with our dragoman, we went to the Patriarch's home and were met at the door by his archdeacon, Father Stephanus, and conducted into a finely-furnished audience room. The deacon spoke English with remarkable fluency. He informed us that he had spent several years in America and was well pleased with our country. After waiting a few minutes the Patriarch in his official robes came into the room and received us very kindly and with warm-hearted cordiality. To us this was all the more surprising, for we carried no letters of introduction to him, and were simply presented as travelers especially interested in the religious practice of the Greek

church. After being seated a servant came in with preserved fruit and water, and each of the guests was served with a portion of the sweetmeats. After this coffee was served; and when these necessary acts of hospitality were dispensed with we were ready for the interview.



A Greek Priest.

The Patriarch, who is known as "His Beatitude GIRASSIMO, Patriarch of the Church of Jerusalem and of Syria," is a fine-looking, intelligent man of about fifty years. He has a pleasant face and wore the dress and cap of the Greek priest. Like all eastern people he wears a full beard, as in-

icated in the annexed engraving. He spoke in the Greek tongue and his archdeacon acted as interpreter.

The Patriarch impressed us as being a kind-hearted man, well informed as to the church over which he holds the bishopric. He made us feel quite at home, and very kindly inquired concerning the object of our visit to him. We told him of our interest in the practice of the early Christian church, and of the efforts of our own people in a reformatory movement to re-establish apostolic and primitive Christianity. He expressed pleasure at hearing this declaration, and at once said he would be very happy indeed to give us any information possible in regard to the practice of the Greek church, and kindly invited us to ask questions. We made the best use of the liberty granted, and spent an hour in asking questions bearing on the subject and receiving answers to them. The result of the interview is given in an abridged form from notes taken at the time. Many questions were asked and answered, but the following contains the substance of the interview:

1. What is the faith and practice of the Greek church as to baptism?

"We believe that Jesus Christ was baptized in the Jordan by John the Baptist by immersion. We believe the Holy Commission,* given by Jesus Christ to his apostles, and the church teaches that those who believe are to be baptized into the name of the Father, and into the name of the Son, and into the name of the Holy Ghost. So reads the Greek. In practice we take the adult candidate into the water, dipping him face forward three times, once into each of the three names in the Holy Trinity. In administering the ordinance of baptism, the minister uses the following formula: 'I, the servant of God, baptize thee

* Matt. 28: 19.

(pronouncing the surname of the candidate) into the name of the Father (dipping the candidate), and into the name of the Son (dipping the candidate), and into the name of the Holy Ghost (again dipping the candidate).' So Christ commanded. So the holy apostles baptized, so they handed it down to us, so we baptize."

2. Does the Greek church practice the rite of foot-washing?

"Yes! The last night Christ was with his disciples he washed his disciples' feet, and wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded.* This event occurred in the City of Jerusalem. Following the example of Jesus, we wash feet here once each year. The ceremony takes place during the Holy or Easter week. In practice twelve priests are selected and their feet are washed by the Patriarch. Patriarchs and bishops may wash feet in any of the Greek churches, but the practice is not now held as a dogma or doctrine of the church. The observance of washing feet is practiced at many places among the Greeks who are desirous of following the example of Christ."

3. What view do you take of the ancient *agape* or feast of love?

"In the early centuries of the Christian church the love-feast or *agape* was observed by all Christians. It was an apostolic practice, based on the example of Christ, who ate a supper with his disciples the night of his betrayal, when he instituted the Eucharist. The church at first was full of love and there was more simplicity among them. They then kept the feast of love. Later, as the church grew in numbers, abuses crept in, and because of abuses and excesses in the observance of the last supper or feast of love it fell into disrepute, gradually dropped out of

* John 13.

practice, and was finally set aside by an action of a great council. But the Greek church still keeps the spirit of the *agape* alive in a symbol of love, and this is done in the salutation of the holy kiss."

4. In what way do you observe the salutation to which you have referred?

"The Greek church maintain the apostolic form of salutation, and salute one another with an holy kiss.* In binding ourselves together with the kiss of love we symbolize the feast of love. In giving the salutation, equals salute each other by clasping hands and kissing each other on the lips or cheeks; those who are inferior, by kissing the hand of the superior; as, for example, the laymembers salute the patriarch or bishop by kissing his hand. The hand is grasped and the lips pressed to the back of it. In this way the Greek church maintain the apostolic practice and form of the salutation of the holy kiss."

At the close of the interview, which to us was exceedingly interesting, the Patriarch, when he knew that we intended to visit the Seven Churches of Asia, gave us a letter of introduction to the bishop of the church at Smyrna, which afterward proved quite helpful to us in our travels among the churches of the Apocalypse. We were also kindly invited to visit the ancient library, which is rich in old manuscripts and valuable books.

Other travelers who have visited and written of Jerusalem also refer to the Greek Patriarch and the practice of his church. Dr. Henry M. Field, who witnessed the ceremony of the washing of feet, says: "When it came to the feet-washing, the Patriarch, laying aside his costly vestments, girded himself with a towel, in imitation of his Divine Master, began to wash the feet of those who

* Rom 16: 16; 1 Cor. 16: 20; 2 Cor. 13: 12; 1 Thess. 5: 26; 1 Peter 5: 14.

represented the apostles." Dr. Schaff also witnessed the feet-washing during Easter week, but passes it without comment, simply referring to it as one of the sights in which he was interested at Jerusalem.

As to numbers, wealth and influence, the Greek church is much the strongest in Jerusalem, and in the last ten years there has been much activity in the old church. New churches have been built, notably those on the Mount of Olives, and land about the city purchased; and this has been so wisely done that to-day the Greeks have a very strong hold in and about Jerusalem. The Russian Government, the nominal head of the church in Russia, is back of the Greeks in Jerusalem, and this gives them power and influence that they would not otherwise possess. The native members are mostly Arabs who speak the Arabic, and are but little in advance of the native Moham-medans in intelligence. The ministers speak modern Greek, and come from the Greek islands. Many of them are well educated.

The Greek, or more properly speaking the Eastern, church is the source of the Latin or Western church, now known as the Roman Catholic. Christianity was established in the East, and the Scriptures were written in the Greek language. The first church services were also conducted in that language. After Christianity was introduced into Rome and other parts of Europe differences of opinion obtained between the East and the West. The East, always conservative and slow to change, clung to apostolic Christianity long after it had been entirely abandoned by the Latins in the West. At first there were five patriarchs: the bishops of Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople, and Rome. After the division the Patriarch of Rome became the pope, and was held by the

Roman church to have supreme power over all the churches as the representative of Christ.

To the eastern mind the idea of a pope with full ecclesiastical and plenary power was repugnant. In the Greek church the power was vested in the patriarchs and bishops, and the claim of the Bishop of Rome to the supreme control of all the churches was stoutly denied and repelled. In the East the pope was held as a heretic. The division widened, and after the fifth century was strongly manifest in the councils. Then came efforts to reconcile the conflicting elements, but without success. At length, in 1054, Pope Leo IX excommunicated the whole Eastern church. The division had been complete before this, and the action of the Roman prelate may be regarded as a useless display of power. He excommunicated those who for centuries did not hold to the Roman church. After the action of Leo IX efforts were again made to unite the Roman and Greek churches, but failed. Among other points of differences was that of the procession of the Holy Ghost, the Greek church holding that it proceeds from the Father only, while the Romans taught that the Holy Spirit "proceeds from the Father and the Son."

The Patriarch of Jerusalem has control over Syria, the country east of the Jordan known as Petra, and the Sinaitic Peninsula. Within his jurisdiction there are seven archbishops located as follows: Cesarea, Scythopolis, Petra, Ptolemais, Sinai, Shechem and Samaria.

The orthodox Greek church teaches that Christianity is a divine revelation given to the world by Christ; the Bible contains its saving truth, having been written through the influence of the Holy Ghost. The church interprets the Scriptures, but every believer should read them. Tradition is also held to be binding on the church.

God is a trinity, the Divine essence existing in three persons equal in nature and dignity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father only.

Man was created with immortality, perfect wisdom, and a will regulated by reason. Through the first sin Adam and his posterity lost immortality and his will received a bias toward evil. In this natural state man, who even before he actually sins is a sinner before God by original or inherited sin, commits many transgressions; but is not entirely without power of will toward good, and is not always doing evil.

Christ, the Son of God, became man in two natures, which, inseparably united, make One Person, and, according to the eternal purpose of God, has obtained reconciliation with God, and eternal life. Christ by his vicarious suffering has made satisfaction to God for the world's sins, and this satisfaction was perfectly commensurate with the sins of the world. Man is made a partaker of the reconciliation in the spiritual regeneration which he attains to, being led and kept by the Holy Ghost. This divine help is offered to all men without distinction, and may be rejected. In order to attain to salvation, man is justified, and when so justified can do no more than the commands of God. He may fall from a state of grace through mortal sin.

Regeneration is offered by the Word of God and in the sacraments, which under visible signs communicate God's invisible grace to Christians. Baptism entirely destroys original sin. In the bread and wine of the Communion the body and blood of Christ are substantially present, and all Christians should receive them. The new birth, when lost, may be restored through repentance.

The church of Christ is the fellowship of all those who accept and profess all the articles of faith transmitted by the apostles and approved by the General Synods. Without this visible church there is no salvation. It is under the abiding influence of the Holy Ghost, and therefore cannot err in matters of faith. Specially appointed persons are necessary in the church, and they form a three-fold order, distinct from other Christians, of bishops, priests and deacons. The four patriarchs, of equal dignity, have the highest rank among the bishops, and the bishops united in a General Council, represent the church, and infallibly decide, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, all matters of faith and 'ecclesiastical life. All ministers of Christ must be regularly called and appointed to their office, and are consecrated by the sacrament of orders. Bishops must be unmarried, and ministers and deacons must not marry the second time. To all ministers in common belongs, besides the preaching of the Word, the administration of the six Sacraments,—Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Eucharist, Matrimony, Anointing the Sick with Oil. The bishops alone can administer the Sacrament of Orders, *i. e.*, laying on of hands and ordaining ministers. Monks are alone eligible for election as bishops, and from the bishops the patriarchs are selected.*

The number of adherents to the Greek church can be given only approximately. This is due to the fact that a correct census is never taken among eastern peoples. The following figures will be found not far from correct:

Russia, including Poland, Siberia and the Caucasus,.....	58,000,000
Turkey,.....	10,000,000
Austria,.....	3,000,000
Roumania,.....	4,529,000
Servia, Montenegro, Greece,.....	2,785,000
All other countries,.....	10,492,000
Total,.....	88,806,000


*"Encyclopedia Britannica," under "Greek Church," page 159.

In round numbers it may be stated that there are now ninety million adherents to the Greek church, more than half of whom are to be found in Russia. While there is much formalism among these people, and while they have permitted many innovations to creep into their church, they still cling with considerable tenacity to many of the apostolic practices.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

Homeward Bound.—Down to Jaffa.—The Last View of Canaan.—Mt Carmel.—Elijah and Elisha.—Tyre and Sidon.—Antioch.—Tarsus —Smyrna, and the Seven Churches of Asia.—Greece.—Athens.—Corinth.—Patros.—Rome Again.—Sailing from Genoa.—A Hurricane.—New York.

ND now the time has come when we must say farewell to the Holy City. The weeks we have spent here have been full of interest and of profit to us, and we shall not soon forget them. Anxious as we are to continue our homeward journey and meet again the loved ones waiting for us, we turn away from Jerusalem with some degree of reluctance. We wish we had more time to spend in walking about the hills and valleys of the City of David and learning more of the old, old story which she reveals to all who come here to learn. But the end must come. We take a last walk about the city, farewells are said, and we go away feeling that we shall see Jerusalem no more.

We had arranged to go down to Jaffa by carriage, preferring this to the railway. Very early in the morning we go out of the Jaffa Gate and find a comfortable carriage waiting for us. Our friends come out to wish us a safe journey. Even our beggar boys are on hand and seem as hearty in their good wishes as any in the company. The driver takes his place and, touching his Arabian horses lightly with the lash, we are off for the seaside. We see the last of the walls of the city as we turn into the street

of the new Jerusalem. It is a bright, beautiful day. The sun shines quite warm, and the air is bracing and just cool enough not to be oppressive. With a comfortable carriage and a well-filled lunch-box, put up for us by our host of the New Hotel, we have all the requisites for a pleasant forty-mile drive. Since we passed over the road nine years ago it has been graded and macadamized, and the roadbed is as smooth and as solid as a floor. With all these favorable conditions it may well be imagined that our drive from Jerusalem to Jaffa was delightfully pleasant.

The country passed over is full of historic interest, but it is not our purpose to enter into a description of the route, as that has already been done.* At the foot of the mountains of Judea we stop to rest our horses and eat our noonday lunch. Then crossing over the plain of Ajalon we reach Ramleh, where we halt again for rest. Here we cross the railway and then continue our journey across the Plain of Sharon. Late in the evening we reach Jaffa and are ready to depart on the morrow for Smyrna. The clouds again obscure the sky, and the next morning the rain is falling.

Here at Jaffa we have another illustration of so-called Turkish justice, and of the cruelty of these people. During the night a house near our hotel was broken into and in the morning the officers arrested a young Arab, charging him with the crime. The only evidence against him was that he was a stranger in the town. They bound the poor fellow's hands behind him with cords, tying them so tight that circulation was impeded. Then they tied him to a post near the place where the burglary had been committed. There the poor fellow stood in the rain until he was wet to the skin and shivering with the cold. About noon

* "Europe and Bible Lands."

an official came up to him and asked him some questions. The answers did not seem to suit him, and he flew into a great rage and struck the prisoner a number of blows with his fist. After he had been standing there about seven hours he was taken away and put into an old building, and we saw no more of him.

At two o'clock in the afternoon we get into the small rowboat and are taken away from Jaffa to the steamer *Saturno*, which is lying at anchor nearly a mile from the shore. The wind is high and the rough sea tosses our boat about in a way that is anything but pleasant. We are forcibly reminded of the experience of Jonah, but at last we reach the ship in safety, none the worse for the trip, save a wetting from the spray of the sea. The *Saturno* is to be our home for an eight-day cruise on the Mediterranean, and we find her to be a staunch boat, strong enough for the buffetings of the rough winter sea.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we hoist anchor and are away for Smyrna. In the soft evening twilight we watch the receding shores of Canaan. Jaffa is lost to sight, the coast line grows dimmer and dimmer, and the hills of Judea, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun, fade away and are lost in the gloom of coming night. During the evening we reach the port of Haifa, where we stop to land and take on passengers.

Yonder dark, mountain-like bluff, forcing its way into the sea, is the terminus of Mt. Carmel. Here it was that the prophet Elijah entered into a contest with the priests of Baal and came out with such a grand victory. To the top of this very bluff the servant of the man of God came seven times, looking out over the sea for the first indication of the coming rain, and at last reported to his master, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a

man's hand;"* and very soon the heavens were overcast with black, threatening clouds. The rain came down in torrents and the three years' drought was broken. Here too Elisha, the successor of Elijah, had his home, and it was to this place that the Shunammite woman came in sore distress because of the death of her boy.†

Skirting the base of Carmel we sail along the coast of ancient Phœnicia, passing by Tyre and Sidon, both places of much interest to Bible students. Even in passing one cannot help recalling the wonderful fulfillment of prophecy concerning the City of Tyre: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea."‡

Alexander the Great, when he besieged Tyre, actually scraped the earth from the rocks of the ruins of the old city to form a roadway to carry on the attack against the new town, and the ancient Tyre was made "like the top of a rock." The great city was destroyed centuries ago, and for centuries was a mere fishing village. When Volney visited the place some years ago he wrote: "The whole village of Tyre contains only fifty or sixty poor families, who live obscurely on the produce of their little and trifling fishery."§ Bruce describes Tyre as a place "where fishermen spread their nets to dry." Tyre is now a considerable village, but to-day it is a place for the spreading of

* 1 Kings 18: 44.

† 2 Kings 4: 22-37.

‡ Ezek. 26: 3-5.

§ Volney's "Ruins."

nets in the midst of the sea. How literally have the words of the prophet been fulfilled, and who can doubt the inspiration of his words!

In the early morning we cast anchor off Beirut and have a beautiful view of the Mountains of Lebanon. A short stop here and then we sail away to the north to the port of Antioch, where Paul and Barnabas did such effectual missionary work, and where the disciples were first called Christians. The city, once noted for its beauty and prosperity, is now a village of huts built with mud and straw. The people live by the produce of the mulberry trees. They also engage in the cultivation of tobacco, which, it is said, is of very fine quality. The place contains about six thousand souls.

From Antioch our course takes us to Iskonderoon, a seaport in the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, not far from Aleppo. Here travelers for Mesopotamia, the Euphrates and Tigris usually land and continue their journey by caravan route to Nineveh and Babylon, crossing the Great Arabian Desert before reaching the site of these ancient cities of the Bible.

The port of Tarsus, the birthplace of the Apostle Paul, is our next stopping-place. When Saul was born Tarsus was "no mean city," for it had nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants. But the people were vain and luxurious in their habits. They lived for pleasure and their motto was doubtless the words which Paul quotes, "Let us eat and drink; for to morrow we die."* The city was at one time the metropolis of Cilicia and stood in a fertile plain on either bank of the river Cydnus, twelve miles from its mouth. It is now much decayed, is full of ruins, and contains a Turkish population of seven thousand, in the

* 1 Cor. 15: 32.

summer when it is excessively hot, and of twenty-five thousand during the winter months. During the hot weather many of the people retire to the Tarsus mountains, a short distance from the place.

From Tarsus our course lay by the island of Rhodes. Here we had an actual experience of what the Mediterranean can do in time of storm. Our little ship was very unsteady, and the writer, for the first time on the journey, succumbed to seasickness. Rhodes is passed by, also Chios, Samos, the island of Patmos, and after eight days voyaging on the "great sea," we land at Smyrna and find a home at the same hotel, with the same proprietor, at which we lodged when we were here nine years ago. The three weeks spent in this part of Asia Minor included a visit to the Seven Churches of Asia. We found the Archbishop at Smyrna a very pleasant, fatherly man. Our letter of introduction from Jerusalem gave us a cordial reception both here and at Philadelphia. Our interviews with the bishops in Asia Minor resulted in about what has already been given as the result of our talk with the Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Taking Smyrna as a starting-point, the Seven Churches of Asia are situated the following distances from the city:

Ephesus,.....	48 miles	Sardis,.....	77 miles
Pergamos,.....	128 miles	Philadelphia,.....	105 miles
Thyatira,.....	116 miles	Laodicea,.....	156 miles

Except Laodicea these were all visited in turn, and, except Philadelphia and Smyrna, all the places are in ruins. At Pergamos, Ephesus, Philadelphia and Sardis remains of the ancient churches are to be seen, but at the other places all traces have been obliterated.

Again taking ship at Smyrna, we sail away for sunny Greece, where we spend some time in Athens. We revisit

the fallen temples, Mars' Hill, the Acropolis and other places of interest. Then by rail we go to Corinth, the site of the ancient church to which Paul addressed the two Epistles to the Corinthians. Corinth was in Paul's time one of the most populous and wealthy cities of Greece. But its riches produced pride, ostentation, and all the vices that come with great wealth not consecrated to the accomplishment of good. Lasciviousness and lust of the vilest description were not only tolerated, but consecrated here by the worship of the goddess Venus. In the name of the goddess sensuality reigned supreme. It was about A. D. 52 when Paul reached Corinth the first time on his missionary tour. After preaching to the Areopagites on Mars' Hill he "departed from Athens, and came to Corinth."* Here he found Aquila and his wife Priscilla, tent-makers, and he lodged with them, working at his trade and supporting himself. He spent a year and a half in the city, preaching the Word of Truth and turning many people to Christ. During this visit to Corinth he wrote the Epistle to the Thessalonians. A few years later he visited the church here again, and it was during this latter visit that he wrote the Letter to the Romans.

Silvanus and Timotheus joined Paul at Corinth and assisted him in his important work. When he pressed the great central truth of Christianity, "that Jesus was the Christ," upon the Jews, they opposed him and blasphemed, and the apostle said to them, "Your blood be upon your own heads; I am clean: from henceforth I will go unto the Gentiles."† Among the Gentiles he met with much success and soon organized a church. Apollos followed

* Acts 18: 1.

† Acts 18: 6.

him in his labors at Corinth and Aquila and Sosthenes were among the early ministers in the church at that place.

The once proud City of Corinth is now but a wretched modern village. Seven columns of an exceedingly ancient temple of the Doric order are the only ruins that are left to bear witness to the departed greatness of the old Greek city.

At Corinth we have an opportunity to see the new ship canal now nearing completion. The isthmus is pierced and the waters of the gulfs of Lepanto and Aegina are united. Periander, of Corinth (B. C. 625), was the first to suggest the canal, and work was actually begun on this important water way by the Roman Emperor Nero. The belief that there was a difference in the water level of the two gulfs caused its abandonment. Not until 1881 was the work again undertaken. The French, flushed with the success of the Suez Canal, undertook this, and it was finally completed and opened to traffic Aug. 6, 1893. The length of the canal is only about four miles, and yet it cost the enormous sum of thirteen and a half million dollars. It is seventy-five feet wide and the depth of water is twenty-six and four-tenths feet. It shortens the distance from the Adriatic to Asia Minor ports one hundred and eighty-five miles.

From Corinth the road skirts the waters of the gulf and the scenery is beautiful. The farmers, men and women, are busily engaged in their vineyards, spading the ground and pruning the vines. In this part of Greece is grown the fruit known as the Zante currants of commerce, which are largely used in the United States. They are not currants, but small grapes growing on vines, and are dried very much the same as raisins are prepared for market.

During the afternoon as we are crossing Greece the sky becomes overcast with clouds, and when we reach Patros, the end of our railway journey, the rain is coming down in torrents. We are quickly transferred from the depot to the steamer *Venus*, and in a few hours we steam away for Corfu and Brindisi. A pleasant voyage of twenty-four hours and we land in Italy again; then taking an express train we reach the Eternal City in twenty-four hours. At Rome we receive our long-delayed mail, and we have the first news from home for many weeks. The letters contain cheering news of good health, and our hearts beat high with hopes of soon reaching home again.

Ten days are spent in the Imperial City. The Catacombs, the Coliseum, the Forum, the Pincian Hill, the Halls of Cæsar, St. Peter's, the Vatican and other places are revisited. At the Vatican we saw the Pope surrounded by all the pomp of royalty. Then by rail we hurry on. Passing Pisa with its leaning tower we are again in Genoa and on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm* ready for the hour of sailing to come. Capt. Störmer bids us welcome, and we meet a number of the passengers who came over on the *Kaiser* in November. At high noon we steam away from Genoa and set our faces homeward. We sail along the coast of Italy and Spain and cast anchor for a few hours again at the beetling rock of Gibraltar. And then steering westward we steam away for the port of New York. Capt. Störmer, to show his passengers a pleasure, steered the ship close to the south side of one of the Azores Islands. It was a pleasant sight to see the beautiful villages, the green fields, and other evidences of the prosperity of the people living here on the small islands far out in the Atlantic.

From the Azores we had a pleasant voyage with the exception of a two days' storm and an experience of only a few hours with a hurricane. The wind had been blowing a gale from the southwest and the ship rolled and pitched heavily. About four in the afternoon a heavy thunder-storm came up and the wind veered to the northwest. The captain immediately changed the course of the ship, placing the prow in face of the oncoming hurricane. We were in the gentlemen's room on deck. The atmosphere took on a yellow, copperish hue, and then the storm struck the ship. The wind blew at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Such was the pressure of the wind that it bore the waves down. As we watched this war of the elements, suddenly sea line and sky line were obliterated. The wind had assumed the form of a cyclone and was lifting and whirling the water in the air. The ship was enveloped in spray and water. Several heavy peals of thunder added to the noise of the raging elements. The wind blew with such force that the ship made but little progress. The fog horn was sounded, and for about a quarter of an hour we had the continuous roar of the fog signal. Then the storm cloud broke away, the wind abated and the ship again resumed her course. She had weathered the hurricane gallantly, and well she might, for she was built for storms. To us it was a new experience at sea.

The rest of the homeward voyage was uneventful, and at last we are steaming into the harbor of New York. Yonder floats the flag over the land of the free. At quarantine we stop to take on board the health and revenue officers. The revenue boat brings mail for the passengers, and how eager all are to receive news. Here is a letter from my dear wife, postmarked at Philadelphia, and I

know without breaking the seal that in a few hours she will meet me at the wharf in New York.

There are experiences that lay so close to our hearts that we are loath to speak or write about them. They are treasured as memories that live in our heart of hearts. Such an experience was my home coming and the meeting with my beloved life companion with whom I have journeyed for more than a quarter of a century. Over it all I drop the veil of silence as I write the closing words of this volume. God is good, and, oh, how good he has been to us!



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